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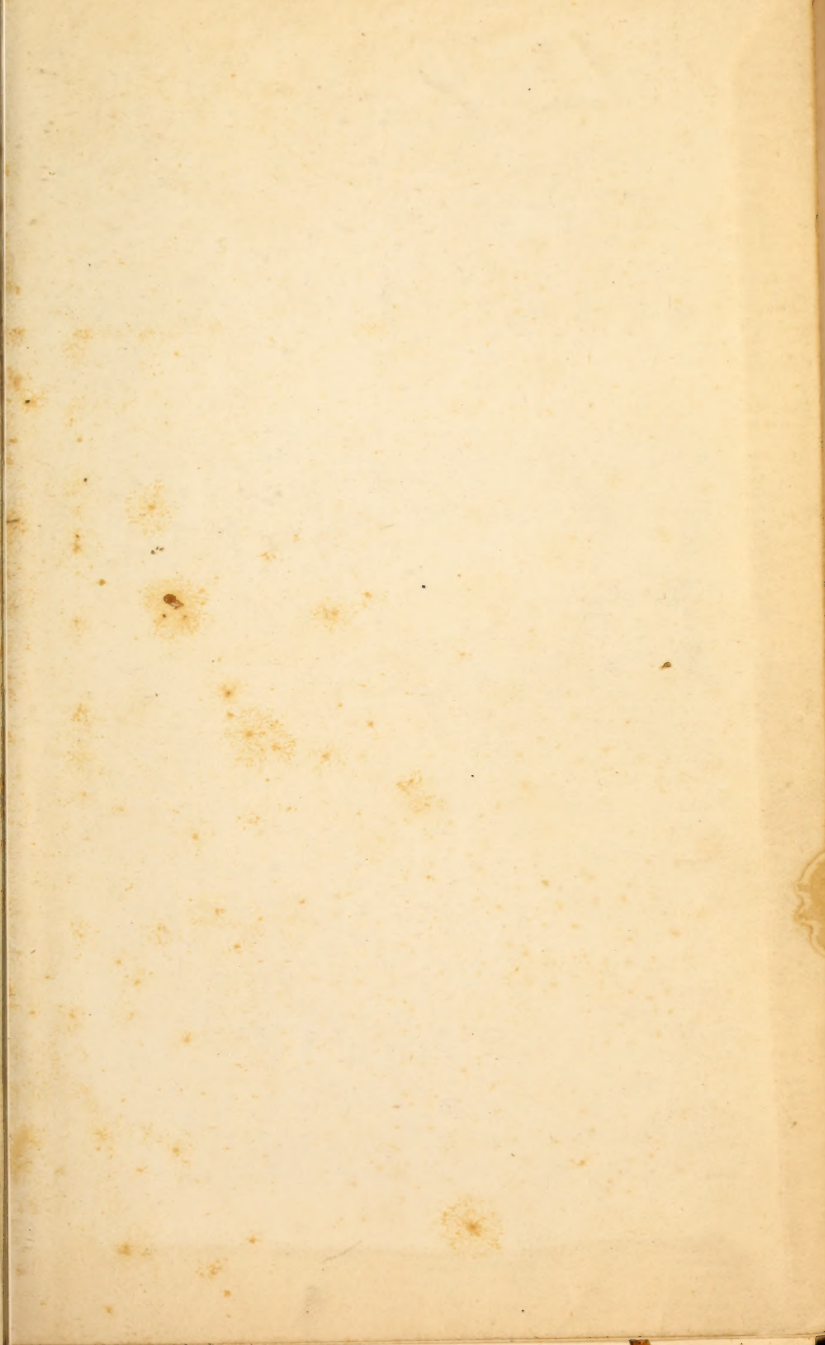
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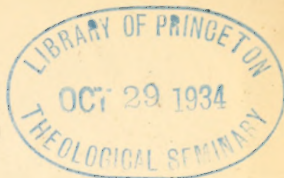




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HYMNS



FOR

DIVINE WORSHIP.

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF

✓
THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION. ANNUAL
✓ CONFERENCE.

FOUNDED A.D. 1797.

Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our KING, sing praises.
For God is the KING of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.
PSALM xlvii. 6, 7.

LONDON:

JOHN HUDSTON,
METHODIST NEW CONNEXION BOOK-ROOM,
NO. 4, LONDON-HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.

1875.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

PREFACE.

THIS Hymn Book has been compiled under the direction of the Annual Conference of the Methodist New Connexion, for the use of its various churches and members in public and private devotion. It takes the place of another similar Book, which, though for many years the companion and guide of multitudes "in the service of song in the house of the Lord," has long been felt to be defective, not only as containing too small a number of hymns for the purpose intended, with occasional alterations of these from the original compositions which time has shown to be not always for the better, but also as including in this number some which might well be dispensed with for others of higher character and greater utility.

The present collection is larger than was first contemplated, and larger also than can soon be exhausted in any series of services connected with one congregation. But then, in the first place, it was quickly found that the stores at command were so rich as to offer great temptations to exceed the limits originally prescribed. Again, it was remembered that the collection was not designed for a single congregation or society, but for many such united in one Denomination; nor therefore for a single minister, whose ordinary selection of hymns might be limited to his own individual taste or type of ministry, but for a considerable number discharging the same religious functions each Lord's-day, in whom varieties of taste and modes of handling the Word of God might reasonably be supposed to exist great enough to turn to profitable account even a larger collection than is here brought together. Moreover, the wish was to cover with "the service of song" as much of the whole field of Christian experience as possible,—to furnish a book of devotion for the closet, as well as a selection of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" for the sanctuary; and to do both with as much fulness and completeness as would minister to almost every variety of religious sentiment, either by first suggesting and exciting it, or, when excited, by supplying the language in which it should find most fitting expression.

For this purpose the works of nearly all our hymn-writers have been examined, and the best of them laid under heavy tribute. By far the largest contribution has been levied on the compositions of the two Wesleys, whose service in this department of Christian literature would probably be found, could we estimate its whole effect in the actual experience of now living and of glorified piety, the richest part of that entire legacy which their genius and sanctity have bequeathed to successive generations of believers from their own time to the end of all things. But to their compositions others have been added of men worthy to stand by their side, together with the choicest productions of many more only just inferior to these,

not only because of their often equal and sometimes greater excellence, nor only because of their acknowledged suitableness for the purposes of religious worship, but also to render the book itself as much as may be, consistently with a purely evangelical faith, representative of the poetry and piety of the Christian world in general. Indeed, the hymns in this compilation have been taken from many sources, while a few of them have never before been incorporated in any English collection whatever.

Some of the hymns will be deemed long, but it has not been thought expedient to shorten them, since what is not required for public worship may be serviceable for private use, and since the verses selected at one time, or by one minister, may be omitted at another and by a second. As a rule it is not desirable, because fatiguing, to protract the singing in any one instance, but rather to sing frequently than to sing long.

Great pains have been taken to secure an authentic and accurate text. The hymns have been collated line by line with the original compositions, when accessible ; when not, with the best editions that could be procured. In some cases emendations by later hands have been adopted in preference to the author's own words, but in no instance, it is believed, save where the emendation is a manifest improvement, or has been decisively accepted as such by the most competent judges, or by the voice of a common Christian sentiment.

In most cases the date of the first publication of the hymn has been appended, together with the author's name. When the name or date is enclosed between brackets, some uncertainty is denoted. The names of the authors of hymns of which translations are given are printed in italics, when not otherwise indicated.

Cordial thanks are due, and are here offered, to those who have permitted their copyright hymns to be used for this collection. Of these may be mentioned in particular the Rev. H. BONAR, D.D. ; the Rev. H. FISH, M.A., for the copyright portion of his edition of C. Wesley's version of the Psalms ; Miss WINKWORTH, for hymns from "*Lyra Germanica* ;" R. MASSIE, Esq., for his beautiful translations from the German ; the TRANSLATORS of "*Hymns from the Land of Luther* ;" the Rev. W. MERCER, M.A., for hymns 172 and 267, from his "*Church Psalter and Hymn Book* ;" Messrs. LONGMAN & Co., for permission to insert some hymns from the first series of "*Lyra Germanica*" and "*Lyra Domestica* ;" and to all others whose contributions, still recognised as private property, add to the completeness and value of this BOOK OF PRAISE.

The compilers commend their work to the Church of Christ in general, but to the Denomination which they have especially sought to serve in particular, in the hope that, in instances which no man can number, it may be a means of manifold spiritual profit, kindling the fire of devotion in hearts where little or no such fire existed before, and carrying up before the Lord, as incense ever grateful to Him, now the prayer of penitence, and again the voice of praise.

CONTENTS.

First Division.

THE WORSHIP, THE ATTRIBUTES, AND THE WORKS OF GOD.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE WORSHIP OF GOD :—

	HYMNS.
General Hymns on Worship	1— 10
The Lord's Prayer	10— 14
Calls to Worship	15— 24
Delight in Worship	25— 32
Worship only through Christ	33
Praise	34— 40
General Supplications	41— 50
Praying for a Blessing on the Word	51— 66
Benedictions	67— 70
THE LORD'S DAY	71— 79
ADORATION AND THANKSGIVING	80—220
GOD :—	
His Glory	80— 93
His Dominion	94— 97
His Attributes	98—125
Our Portion and Refuge	126—131
His Works—Creation	132—141
Providence	142—161
Redemption	162—172
THE HOLY TRINITY	173—183
GOD—THE SON :—	
His Worship	184—210
The Name of Jesus	211—216
Christ precious	217—220
His Characters and Titles	221—232
His Advent	233—243
His Miracles	244—245
His Example	246—248
His Atonement	249—268
His Resurrection and Ascension	269—277

GOD—THE SON:—					HYMNS.
His Intercession	278—282
His Reign	283—288
His Second Coming	289—291
GOD—THE HOLY GHOST:—					
Prayers for His Influence	292—301
—————	as the Spirit of Adoption	302—304
—————	as the Spirit of Prayer	305—306
—————	Teacher and Sanctifier	307—319
(See also 55, 59, 60, 734, 757, 759, 935.)					
Praise	320—322
THE WORD OF GOD:—					
Its Inspiration and Excellence	323—332

Second Division.

THE CHARACTER, PROBATION, AND SALVATION OF MAN.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE FALLEN CONDITION OF MAN:—					333—342
Describing Formal Religion	336—338
Appeal to the Saviour	340—341
The Holy Spirit convincing of Sin	342
THE GOSPEL CALL:—					
Exhorting Sinners to return to God	343—368
Describing the Pleasantness of Religion	369—382
—————	Inward Religion	383—385
—————	the Love of God to Man	386—403
TIME AND ETERNITY,—The Gospel Call urged:—					
Probation	404—410
Death	411—432
The Resurrection	433—436
Judgment	437—457
Heaven	(See also 841—846)	458—481
Hell	482—484
REPENTANCE AND FAITH:—					
Praying for Repentance	485—494
For Mourners convinced of Sin	495—563
	Backsliding	564—578
	Recovered from Backsliding	579—584

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :—

HYMNS.

Joy—	For Believers Rejoicing ...	585—628
	(See also 80—220)	
Conflict, Faith—	Fighting ...	629—655
Prayer—	Praying ...	656—669
Watchfulness—	Watching ...	670—684
Energy—	Working ...	685—696
Patience—	Suffering ...	697—723
	(See also 611)	
Holiness—	Seeking for Full Redemption	724—796
Entire Consecration—	Saved ...	797—825
Brotherly Kindness and Charity	821—825
	For Believers Interceding ...	826—838
Hopes and Aspirations	839—846

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :—

Its Blessedness and Security	847—850
Its Fellowship	851—859
Thanksgiving and Prayer	860—889
Baptism	890—895
The Lord's Supper	896—909
The Christian Ministry	910—923
Receiving Members, Covenant...	924—926
Erection and Dedication of the Sanctuary	927—932
Extension of Christ's Kingdom	933—950
Parting Hymns...	951—952

THE FAMILY :—

Domestic Religion	953—956
Morning, Evening, and Birthdays	957—968
Masters and Parents	969—972

THE YOUNG	973—979
Education of Youth	980—982

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR	983—991
----------------------	--------	---------

NATIONAL SOLEMNITIES	992—1000
----------------------	--------	----------

FOR USE AT SEA	1000—1003
----------------	--------	-----------

PRIVATE WORSHIP	1004—1015
-----------------	--------	-----------

DOXOLOGIES AND ANTHEMS	1016—1024
------------------------	--------	-----------

INDEX OF HYMNS AND VERSES.

REFERENCE TABLE.

Index of Occasions.

- Chapel Opening and Anniversaries. [927—932.] 3—7. 15—21. 23. 25—32. 34—37. 39. 42. 80—84. 92. 115. 123—125. 130. 163. 164. 175. 182. 184. 190. 193. 216.
- Charitable Collections. 821—825.
- Family Worship. 39, 40, 43—45. 50. 71—79. 87—89. 111—117. 129. 131. 140—151. 155. 168. 170. 172. 175. 179. 183. 273. 437. 857. 885—888. 891. 920.
- Funereal. 416. 419. 422—432. 469—474. 479. 841.
- Lord's Supper. [896—909.] 33. 81. 164. 187. 190. 193. 200—204. 210. 225. 249—267. 271. 391. 393. 475, 476. 560. 562. 589. 807, 808. 810. 812. 847.
- Missionary Services. [933—950.] 60. 205. 283—288. 592. 829. 865.
- National Services. [992—1000.] 61. 84. 93, 94, 95. 158, 159. 835—838.
- New Year. [983—991.] 157. 161. 354. 404, 405. 408. 411. 452. 564. 568, 569. 576. 581—584.
- Ordinations. [910—917.] 314. 691. 693. 695. 810. 819, 820. 991.
- Sermons, before and after. 45. 47—70. 239. 292—318. 340—342. 382. 485—494. 506—509. 514, 515. 520—522. 530. 538. 542. 547. 550, 551. 567.
- Sunday School Anniversaries. [973—982.] 3—7. 9. 15—21. 23. 80—85. 90—92. 123—125. 163, 164. 167. 169. 175. 177. 182, 183. 196. 198. 203, 204—206. 216. 326, 327. 611. 628. 823—825. 989.

Index of Psalms.

PSALM.	HYMNS.	PSALM.	HYMNS.	PSALM.	HYMNS.
V.	44. 78.	LXIII. 34. 40. 126.	128. 622.	CVII.	152. 207.
VIII.	166.	LXV.	34.	CXIII.	36.
XVIII.	86.	LXVIII.	6. 7.	CXIV.	106.
XIX.	133. 136. 324.	LXXII.	286. 940.	CXVII.	941.
XXIII.	146—148. 229.	LXXIII.	219.	CXVIII.	228.
XXIV.	124.	LXXX.	865.	CXIX.	326. 328.
XXXII.	371.	LXXXIV.	25. 30. 31. 35.	CXXI.	620.
XXXIII.	95.	LXXXVII.	850.	CXXII.	27. 849.
XXXIV.	154.	XO.	408. 411.	CXXV.	618.
XXXVI.	85. 115.	XCI.	129. 373.	CXXX.	498. 501.
XLV.	205. 227.	XCII.	73.	CXXXI.	665.
XLVI.	131. 993.	XCIII.	84.	CXXXVI.	132.
XLVII.	9.	XCV.	17. 21.	CXXXIX.	108. 109.
XLVIII.	29. 37.	C.	15. 16. 23.	CXLV.	112. 113.
LI.	495.	CII.	208.	CXLVI.	92. 130.
LVII.	97.	CIII. 39. 90. 91. 116. 170.		CXLVII.	93.
		CIV.	82.		

☞ For the Second Division, from Hymns 343 to 889, Mr. Wesley's arrangement has been generally preferred.

** The *small figures*, in brackets, following the Number of some of the Hymns, indicate the Number of the same Hymn in the former Book.

HYMNS.

First Division.

THE WORSHIP, THE ATTRIBUTES, AND THE WORKS OF GOD.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

- 1 (97) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.
O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for *me*.
- 5 He speaks,—and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

- 7 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.
- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
 The Lamb of God was slain,
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.
- 9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
 And Christ shall give you light,
 Cast all your sins into the deep,
 And wash the Æthiop white.
- 10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
 Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
 Anticipate your heaven below,
 And own that love is heaven.

2

(206)

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C. WESLEY. 1743

- M**EET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace :
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join :
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be Thine !
- 2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease :
 Angels and archangels, all
 Praise the mystic Three in One ;
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelmed before Thy throne !
- 3 Vying with that happy choir,
 Who chant Thy praise above,
 We, on eagles' wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love :

Thee *they* sing, with glory crowned ;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

- 4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
 Which gave Thy Son to die ;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify ;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turned to heaven.

3

(337)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17. From the German of G. TERSTEEGEN.

LO ! God is here ! let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this place !
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face ;
 Who know His power, His grace who prove,
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

- 2 Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night
 The' united choirs of angels sing :
 To Him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone :
 To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;
 O take, O seal them for Thine own:
 Thou art the God ; Thou art the Lord ;
 Be Thou by all Thy works adored !

- 4 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will :
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

- 5 In Thee we move :—all things of Thee
 Are full, Thou Source and Life of all ;
 Thou vast, unfathomable Sea !
 (Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
 Ye sons of men ; for God is man !)
 All may we lose, so Thee we gain !
- 6 As flowers their opening leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar fire,
 So may we catch Thy every ray,
 So may Thy influence us inspire ;
 Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
 Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening Flame !

4

998, ¶: 664, 88.

G. Tersteegen, 1860.

- L**ORD our God, in reverence lowly,
 The hosts of heaven call Thee "Holy."
 From cherubim and seraphim,
 From angel phalanx, far extending,
 In fuller tones is still ascending
 The "Holy, holy," of their hymn.
 The Fount of joy Thou art,
 Ever filling every heart,
 Ever ! ever !
- We too are Thine, and with them sing,
 'Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King.'
- 2 Lord, there are bending now before Thee
 The elders, with their crowned glory,
 The first-born of the blessed band.
 There, too, earth's ransomed and forgiven,
 Brought by the Saviour safe to heaven,
 In glad unnumbered myriads stand.
 Loud are the songs of praise
 Their mingled voices raise,
 Ever ! ever !
- We too are Thine, and with them sing,
 'Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King.'
- 3 They sing, in sweet, and sinless numbers,
 The wondrous love that never slumbers,

And of the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding.

But they can scarcely praise aright ;

For all is never sung,

Even by seraph's tongue,

Never ! never !

We too are Thine, and with them sing,
'Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King.'

5 (16)

L.M.

WATTS. 1705.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame ;
And worms have learn'd to lisp Thy name ;
But, O ! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !

5 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

6

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1854.

SING unto God, His praise proclaim,
Extol the great Jehovah's name,

Who rides upon the stormy sky ;
For He in power and love is great,
Enthroned in everlasting state,

The Lord most merciful, Most High !

- 2 A father of the fatherless ;
 The widow, in her sad distress,
 Is sure to find a friend in Him ;
 He every helpless soul befriends ;
 To all His servants condescends,
 In goodness as in power supreme.
- 3 Thou, Jesus, art gone up on high,
 Hast captive led captivity
 The powers that held our souls in chains :
 Thy blood hath sign'd our souls' release ;
 Pardon, and liberty, and peace,
 Thy precious blood for all obtains.
- 4 Thou hast received the promised grace
 For all of Adam's helpless race,—
 The glorious gift unspeakable ;
 That all Thine image might retrieve,
 That man again in God might live,
 That God again in man might dwell.
- 5 Bless'd be the God of pardoning love,
 Who showers His blessings from above,
 And fills us with His richest store ;
 The God of our salvation,—He
 Redeems from all iniquity,
 And bids us live, and sin no more.

7

L.M. 6 lines, triplets

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm lxviii. 32—35.

YE kingdoms of the earth, arise !
 Sing unto God who bows the skies,
 Sing praises to the King of kings ;
 He from the heaven of heavens comes down,
 Forsakes His everlasting throne,
 And grace and peace to sinners brings.

- 2 Hear Him, ye nations, and rejoice ;
 His voice He sends, His mighty voice,
 And bids you come to Him and live ;
 Sinners receive the gospel word ;
 Your loving, all redeeming Lord
 With joy let all mankind receive.

- 3 Jesus let all mankind adore ;
 Give Him the glory of His power,—
 His power displayed in pardoning love ;
 His excellence of saving grace
 Is only known to Israel's race ;
 A mystery to the hosts above.
- 4 Thee, by the highest heavens adored,
 Tremendous, everlasting Lord,
 The God of Israel we proclaim ;
 The glory of Thy grace receive :
 All blessing, might, and thanks we give,
 All praise and love to Jesu's name.

8

(203)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767

- A** THOUSAND oracles divine
 Their common beams unite,
 That sinners may with angels join
 To worship God aright :
- 2 To praise a Trinity adored
 By all the hosts above ;
 And one thrice-holy God and Lord
 Through endless ages love.
- 3 Triumphant host ! they never cease
 To laud and magnify
 The Tri-une God of holiness,
 Whose glory fills the sky :
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 When God Himself imparts,
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet ;
 And challenge them to sing
 Jehovah, on His shining seat,
 Our Maker, and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
 And asks our nobler strain ;
 The Father of celestial powers,
 The Friend of earth-born man.

- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
 With rapturous amaze
 On us, poor ransomed worms, look down,
 For heaven's superior praise ;
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
 For us His crown resigned ;
 That fulness of the Deity,
 He died for all mankind !

9

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- CLAP your hands, ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call ;
 Lift your voice, and shout His praise,
 Triumph in His sovereign grace !
- 2 Glorious is the Lord Most High,
 Terrible in Majesty ;
 He His sovereign sway maintains,
 King o'er all the earth He reigns.
- 3 He shall bless His ransomed ones,
 Number us with Israel's sons ;
 God our heritage shall prove,
 Give us all a lot of love.
- 4 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes His seat above the sky ;
 Shout the angel choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God.
- 5 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
 Praise Him with the host divine ;
 Emulate the heavenly powers,—
 Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 6 Shout the God enthroned above,
 Trumpet forth His conquering love ;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !
- 7 Power is all to Jesus given,
 Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven !
 Power He now to us imparts ;
 Praise Him with believing hearts.

- 8 Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore ;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,—
“Glory be to God Most High !”

10 (284)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love :

- 2 To know Thy nature, and Thy name,
One God in Persons Three ;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in :
- 5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

11 (190)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame !
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same ;

- 2 Thou by Thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd ;
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

- 3 In heaven Thou reign'st, enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread ;
Earth, air, and sea, before Thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid !
- 4 Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine ;
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,
Confess Thine attributes Divine,
And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess;
That moves in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye :
- 6 All ye, who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth ;
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

12

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

- S**ON of Thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to Thyself Thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons Thy mercy prove,
Let all Thy bleeding grace adore :
- 2 The triumphs of Thy love display ;
In every heart reign Thou alone,
Till all Thy foes confess Thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.
 - 3 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad Thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow ;
 - 4 Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil :
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.
 - 5 Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry :

- 6 On Thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through Thee, who knowest our every need ;
 O feed us with Thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread !

13

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

PART III.

- E**TERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
 Before the world's foundation slain,
 Sprinkle us ever with Thy blood ;
 O cleanse, and keep us ever clean !
- 2 To every soul (all praise to Thee !)
 Our bowels of compassion move ;
 And all mankind by this may see
 God is in us ; for God is love.
- 3 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
 And guardian care for all are free,
 To Thee in fierce temptation's hour,
 From sin and Satan let us flee.
- 4 Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou art,
 In us be all Thy goodness showed ;
 Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
 With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.
- 5 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
 Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
 In earth below, and heaven above,
 By all Thy works, be paid to Thee !
- 6 Thrice Holy ! Thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is Thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

14

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

FATHER of earth and sky,
 Thy name we magnify :
 O that earth and heaven might join,
 Thy perfections to proclaim ;
 Praise the attributes Divine,
 Fear and love Thy awful name !

- 2 When shall Thy Spirit reign
 In every heart of man ?
 Father, bring the kingdom near,
 Honour Thy triumphant Son ;
 God of heaven, on earth appear,
 Fix with us Thy glorious throne.
- 3 Thy good and holy will,
 Let all on earth fulfil ;
 Men with minds angelic vie,
 Saints below with saints above,
 Thee to praise and glorify,
 Thee to serve with perfect love.
- 4 This day with this day's bread
 Thy hungry children feed ;
 Fountain of all blessings, grant
 Now the manna from above ;
 Now supply our bodies' want,
 Now sustain our souls with love.
- 5 Our trespasses forgive :
 And when absolved we live,
 Thou our life of grace maintain ;
 Lest we from our God depart,
 Lose Thy pardoning grace again,
 Grant us a forgiving heart.
- 6 In every fiery hour
 Display Thy guardian power ;
 Near in our temptation stay,
 With sufficient grace defend,
 Bring us through the evil day,
 Make us faithful to the end.
- 7 Father, by right Divine,
 Assert the kingdom Thine ;
 Jesus, Power of God, subdue
 Thy own universe to Thee ;
 Spirit of grace and glory too,
 Reign through all eternity.

15

(654)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

16

L.M.

HOPKINS. 1562.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the angel host,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

17

(414)

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- COME, sound His praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
 Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all His own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are His works, and not our own ;
 He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
 Nor dare provoke His rod ;
 Come, like the people of His choice,
 And own your gracious God.

18

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1744

- YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad His wonderful name,
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
 And still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 3 'Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,'—
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son !
 Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.
- 5 O Jesus, lead on Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown of righteousness there,—
 Where dazzled with glory the seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore Thee in silence of praise.

19

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- Y**OUNG men and maidens, raise
 Your tuneful voices high ;
 Old men and children, praise
 The Lord of earth and sky ;
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 2 The universal King
 Let all the world proclaim ;
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name !
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 3 In His great name alone
 All excellencies meet,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And shall for ever sit :
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs ;
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth or heaven !
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.

20

11-10. a

PRAISE ye Jehovah! Praise the Lord most
 holy, [the weak ;
 Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength
 Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
 And with salvation beautify the meek.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His lovingkindness,
 And all the tender mercies He hath shown :
 Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness
 And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.
- 3 Praise ye Jehovah ! Source of all our blessing,—
 Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim :
 Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
 All things are ours, for we have all in Him.
- 4 Praise ye the Father ! God the Lord, who gave us,
 With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
 Praise ye the Son ! who died Himself to save us ;
 Praise ye the Spirit ! Praise the Three in One !

21

L.M.

TATE & BRADY. 1698.

Psalm xcv.

- O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into His presence let us haste,
 To thank Him for His favours past ;
 To Him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to His name belongs.
 - 3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
 Is with unrivalled glory great ;
 The hills' great strength is in His hand,
 He made the sea, He fixed the land.
 - 4 O let us to His courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Low on our knees, devoutly, all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall :

- 5 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
The flock of His rich pasture we ;
To-day, then, like His flock draw near,
To-day—if you His voice will hear.

22 (26) C.M. STEELE. 1760.

- YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways.
- 2 All nature owns His guardian care,
In Him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love.
- 3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here He makes His goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;—
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee ;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God ! to Thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

23 L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1854.

- YE sons of men, lift up your voice,
Ye nations of the earth, rejoice,
In God rejoice, with one accord !
Bow all your hearts before His face,
Adore Him for creating grace,
And shout and sing to Christ the Lord.

- 2 Know, that the Lord is God alone ;
 He made and claims us for His own,
 His creatures for Himself designed ;
 We are the sheep of Israel's fold,
 The flock He hath redeemed of old ;
 His people now is all mankind.
- 3 O enter then His courts with praise,
 Press to the channels of His grace,
 With joyful thanks your God proclaim :
 Give Him the glory of His love,
 And praise Him, like the hosts above,
 And bless His all-redeeming name.
- 4 Praise Him, the faithful Lord and good !
 His mercy hath for ages stood ;
 His mercy stands for ever sure :
 His steadfast truth shall never fail,
 His word and oath unchangeable
 Through all eternity endure.

24

11-10.b

- COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish,
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Here dwells the Father ; love's waters are
 streaming [pure ;
 Forth from the throne of God, plenteous and
 Come to His temple for mercy redeeming ;
 Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.
- 3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
 Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal :
 On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming ;
 Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.
- 4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
 Joy of the desolate ! tenderly saying,
 ' Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure.'

25

(313)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm lxxxiv.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode ;
 My panting heart cries out for God :
 My God ! My King ! why should I be
 So far from all my joys, and Thee ?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around Thy throne of majesty ;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of Thy grace ;
 Here they behold Thy gentler rays,
 And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

26

(314)

S.M.

S. STENNETT. 1787.

HOW charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the beauties of His face,
 And sheds His love abroad !

- 2 Not the fair palaces
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compared with this,
 Where Jesus holds His court.

- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And, in return, accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode ;
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

27

(311)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
‘ In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day !’
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show His milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !

- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

28

(320)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- F**AR from our thoughts, vain world, begone,
 Let our religious hours alone ;
 Let us by faith the Saviour see :
 We wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
- 2 Oh, warm our hearts with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire :
 Come, gracious Saviour, from above,
 And feed our souls with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet Thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine !
 In Thee Thy Father's glories shine :
 Let saints and angels join to praise
 The riches of redeeming grace.

29

(317)

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm xlviii.

- G**REAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great ;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces !

- 4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair ;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.
- 5 Far as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.
- 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

30

4-6s & 2-8s.

WATTS. 1719.

- L**ORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are !
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill !
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat ! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence !
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow upon our race
His saving grace, and glory too.

- 5 The Lord His people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those His heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls ;
 Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee !

31 L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1798.

HOW lovely are Thy tents, O Lord !
 Where'er Thou choosest to record
 Thy Name, or place Thy house of prayer !
 My soul outflies the angel-choir,
 And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
 To meet Thy special presence there.

- 2 Happy the men, to whom 'tis given,
 To dwell within that gate of heaven,
 And in Thy house record Thy praise ;
 Whose strength and confidence Thou art,
 Who feel Thee, Saviour, in their heart,
 The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace :
- 3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
 Drink comfort from the living well,
 That flows replenished from above ;
 From strength to strength advancing here,
 Till all before their God appear,
 And each receives the crown of love !
- 4 Better a day Thy courts within,
 Than thousands in the tents of sin ;
 How base the noblest pleasures there !
 How great the weakest child of Thine !
 His meanest task is all divine,
 And kings and priests Thy servants are.
- 5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,—
 Their light and strength, their shield and sun ;
 He shall both grace and glory give :
 Unlimited His bounteous grant ;
 No real good they e'er shall want ;
 All, all is theirs, who upright live.

- 6 O Lord of Hosts, how blest is he
 Who steadfastly believes in Thee !
 He all Thy promises shall gain :
 The soul, that on Thy love is cast,
 Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
 And soon with Thee in glory reign.

32

L.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
 Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
 Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

33

(259)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
 And make Thy faithful mercies known :
 To Thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
 Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,

- In whom Thy smiling face we see,
 In whom Thou art well pleased with me.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
 And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
 That only ground of all our hope,
 That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
 Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
 And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through His only name,
 Forgiveness in His blood, we have ;
 But more abundant life we claim
 Through Him, who died our souls to save,
 To sanctify us by His blood,
 And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold Thy dying Son,
 And hear the blood that speaks above !
 On us let all Thy grace be shown :
 Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,—
 Thy kingdom,—come to every heart,
 And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

34

L.M.

LYTE. 1834.

- P**RAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits ;
 Prayer shall besiege Thy temple-gates ;
 All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
 And find, through Christ, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail ;
 O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
 And still be found the sinner's Friend !
- 3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led,
 How surely kept, how richly fed !
 Saviour of all in earth and sea,
 How happy they who rest in Thee !
- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
 Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
 Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
 And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

- 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;
The clouds drop wealth the world around ;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.
- 6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour ;
The moral waste within restore ;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

35

(316)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, He makes our day ;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

36

4-7s.

CONDER. 1837.

Psalm cxiii.

HALLELUJAH ! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise ;
All His servants join to sing,
God our Saviour and our King.

- 2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore !
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne ;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends :
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower ;
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;
Praise His name,—for ever praise.

37

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1797.

- G**REAT is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace ;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth should praise :
In the city of our God,
In His holy mount below,
Publish, spread His name abroad,
And all His greatness show.
- 2 For Thy lovingkindness, Lord,
We in Thy temple stay ;
Here Thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display :
With Thy name Thy praise is known,
Glorious Thy perfections shine ;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

- 3 See the gospel church secure,
 And founded on a Rock !
 All her promises are sure ;
 Her bulwarks who can shock ?
 Count her every precious shrine ;
 Tell, to after-ages, tell,
 Fortified by power Divine,
 The church can never fail.
- 4 Zion's God is all our own,
 Who on His love rely ;
 We His pardoning love have known,
 And live to Christ, and die :
 To the New Jerusalem
 He our faithful Guide shall be ;
 Him we claim, and rest in Him,
 Through all eternity.

38

(631)

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
 How sweet the tidings are !
 ' Zion ! behold thy Saviour King,
 He reigns and triumphs here.'
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God !

39

8.7.4.

LYTE. 1834.

Psalm ciii.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee, His praise should sing ?
Hallelujah !

Praise the everlasting King !

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour,
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Hallelujah !

Glorious in His faithfulness !

- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Hallelujah !

Widely yet His mercy flows !

- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face :
All His works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Hallelujah !

Praise with us the God of grace !

40

L.M,

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm lxi.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest :
The glories that compose Thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God ;
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet, I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face :
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 Should I from Thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting joy afford :
My peace, the sense of pardoning love ;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

41

(335)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- F**ATHER, behold with gracious eyes,
The souls before Thy throne ;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek Thee in Thy Son.
- 2 Well pleased in Him Thyself declare,
Thy pardoning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our prayer,
To every conscience seal.
 - 3 On me, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart ;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.
 - 4 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

- 5 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
 Of graces from above,
 Till all receive the perfect power
 Of everlasting love.

42

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O** THOU, whom all Thy saints adore,
 We now with all Thy saints agree,
 And bow our inmost souls before
 Thy glorious, awful Majesty.
- 2 Thee, King of nations, we proclaim,
 Who would not our great Sovereign fear ?
 We long to' experience all Thy name,
 And now we come to meet Thee here.
- 3 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
 And for Thy lovingkindness wait ;
 And O, how dreadful is this place !
 'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh,
 To Thee our trembling hearts aspire ;
 And lo ! we see descend from high
 The pillar and the flame of fire !
- 5 Still let it on the assembly stay,
 And all the house with glory fill ;
 To Canaan's bounds point out our way,
 And lead us to Thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
 And join the general church above,
 And take our seats at Thy right hand,
 And sing Thine everlasting love.

43

(222)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

NUM. b. vi. 24—26.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in Persons Three,
 Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
 By all mankind and me.

- 2 Thy favour, and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in Thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived and cheer'd, and bless'd by Thee,
The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled !
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven ;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven !

44

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- ON Thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace ;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of Thy face.
- 2 Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity ;
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
Are both abhorred by Thee.
 - 3 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach Thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in Thy courts to wait.
 - 4 I trust in Thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward Thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

- 5 Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide,
 Point out the path before my face ;
 My God, be Thou my Guide !
- 6 All those who put their trust in Thee
 Thy mercy shall proclaim ;
 And sing, with cheerful melody,
 Their dear Redeemer's name.
- 7 Protected by Thy guardian grace,
 They shall extol Thy power,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and shout Thy praise,
 And triumph evermore.

45

(260)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

LIGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
 Love Divine, Thyself impart !
 Every fainting soul inspire,
 Shine in every drooping heart !
 Every mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To Thy human temples come.

- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
 Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in !
 Fill us with the glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be Thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace !

46

(386)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SEE, Jesus, Thy disciples see,
 The promised blessing give !
 Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
 Expecting to receive.

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in Thy name are joined ;
We wait, according to Thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us Thou art assembled here ;
But, O, Thyself reveal !
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us Thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
“ The Holy Ghost receive ! ”
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet !
Jesus, the Crucified ;
Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us Thy record to receive :
Speak, and the tokens show :
‘ O be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you ! ’

47

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word !
- 2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art Thou known
By all the judgments of Thy rod,
Or blessings of Thy throne !
 - 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
 - 4 Great God ! Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success ;
Write Thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

48

C.M.

J. WESLEY. 1741.

O SUN of Righteousness, arise ;
With healing in Thy wing !
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By Thy all-piercing beam ;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by Thy all-quickenings power,
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.
- 4 Father, Thy long-lost son receive ,
Saviour, Thy purchase own ;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On Thee, all faith, all hope be placed ,
All love be paid to Thee !

49

(502)

L.M.

WATTS. 1700.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine immeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done,
 By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

50

C.M.

MOIR. (1852.)

- O**H ! who is like the Mighty One,
 Whose throne is in the sky,
 Who compasseth the universe
 With His all-searching eye ;
 At whose creative word appeared
 The dry land and the sea !
 My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
 My spirit thirsts for Thee !
- 2 Around Him suns and systems swim
 In harmony and light ;
 Beside Him harps angelic hymn
 His praises day and night ;
 Yet to the contrite, day and night,
 In mercy turneth He :
 My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
 My spirit thirsts for Thee !
- 3 Yes ! though unlimited His works,
 His power upholds them all ;
 He clothes the lilies of the field,
 And marks the sparrows fall ;
 Who listens to the raven's cry,
 Will bend His ear to me ;
 My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
 My spirit thirsts for Thee !

Praying for a Blessing on the Word.

51

(327)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1767

FATHER of omnipresent grace !
 We seem agreed to seek Thy face ;
 But every soul assembled here
 Doth naked in Thy sight appear .
 Thou know'st who only bows the knee ;
 And who in heart approaches Thee.

- 2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead ;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire :
O that, even now, Thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all !
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins :
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by Thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in Thy Spirit plead :
Let all in Thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

52 (328)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see :
To Thee, in their behalf, we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in Thee.

- 2 See, where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near ;
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought ;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh ;
They perish, whom Thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 4 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey ;
Why should *they* die, when *Thou* hast died,—
Hast died to bear their sins away ?

- 5 Why should the foe Thy purchase seize ?
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans :
The meed of all Thy sufferings these ;
O claim them for Thy ransomed ones !
- 6 Extend to these Thy pardoning grace :
To these be Thy salvation show'd :
O add them to Thy chosen race !
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 7 Still let the publicans draw near :
Open the door of faith and heaven ;
And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

53

(326)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach Thy word,
The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power ;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
 - 3 Lover of souls ! Thou knowest to prize
What Thou hast bought so dear ;
Come then, and in Thy people's eyes
With all Thy wounds appear.
 - 4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God ;
And let them see Thee in Thy vest,
But newly dipt in blood.
 - 5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died ;
Show them the tokens of Thy love,
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.
 - 6 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin :
Thy hands stretched out they all may see,
To take Thy murderers in.

- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready Thou art the blood to apply,
 And prove the record true ;
 And all Thy wounds to sinners cry—
 “ I suffered this for you ! ”

54 (329) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1767.

- T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the evening sacrifice,
 Which now to Thee we give.
- 2 We bow before Thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere ;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
 Nor feels his want of Thee ?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain ;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise !
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, “ What must be done
 To save a wretch like me ?
 How shall a trembling sinner shun
 That endless misery ?
- 7 “ I must this instant now begin
 Out of my sleep to awake ;
 And turn to God, and every sin
 Continually forsake :

- 8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee :
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

55

(114)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- S**PIRIT of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God ;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God !"
- 3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb !
Spirit of Faith ! descend, and show
The virtue of His name :
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart ;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.
- 4 Inspire the living faith,—
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes,—
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

56

(330)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone !
- 2 O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn ;
 And turn at once from every sin,
 And to our Saviour turn !
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
 In this our gracious day ;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
 And freely then release ;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor ;
 The knowledge of our sickness give ;
 The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And make us feel our load ;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
 In Thine atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
 And speak our sins forgiven ;
 By perfect holiness prepare,
 And take us up to heaven.

57

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
 Partakers of your hope !
 This, the day of Pentecost ;
 Ask, and ye shall all receive ;
 Surely now the Holy Ghost
 God to all that ask shall give.

- 2 Ye all may freely take
 The grace for Jesu's sake :
 He for every man hath died :
 He for all hath risen again :
 Jesus now is glorified :
 Gifts He hath received for men.
- 3 He sends them from the skies
 On all His enemies :
 By His cross He now hath led
 Captive our captivity :
 We shall all be free indeed,
 Christ, the Son, shall make us free.
- 4 Blessings on all He pours,
 In never-ceasing showers ;
 All He waters from above ;
 Offers all His joy and peace,
 Settled comfort, perfect love,
 Everlasting righteousness
- 5 All may from Him receive
 A power to turn and live ;
 Grace for every soul is free ;
 All may hear the effectual call ;
 All the Light of Life may see ;
 All may feel He died for all.
- 6 Drop down in showers of love,
 Ye heavens, from above !
 Righteousness, ye skies, pour down !
 Open, earth, and take it in !
 Claim the Spirit for your own,
 Sinners, and be saved from sin !
- 7 Father, behold, we claim
 The gift in Jesu's Name !
 Him, the promised Comforter,
 Into all our spirits pour ;
 Let Him fix His mansion here,
 Come, and never leave us more !

58

4-6s. & 2-8s.

COME, O Thou Mighty Lord !
 Come, O Thou Prince of Peace !
 Send forth the Gospel word,

And crown it with success :
 Now to Thy ransomed ones appear,
 And plant Thy heavenly kingdom here.

2 Claim for Thy lawful right
 The souls before Thee bowed ;
 From darkness turn to light,
 From Satan's power to God,
 That they may all Thy love receive,
 And, saved from sin, for ever live.

3 In this accepted hour
 A gracious token show ;
 And make us own Thy power,
 And groan ourselves to know,
 Weep for our sins, and deeply mourn,
 And to a pardoning God return.

4 Gather the outcasts in,
 Who feel their guilty load ;
 Redeem the slaves of sin,
 And point them to Thy blood :
 Thy blood be to our hearts applied,
 And speak us freely justified.

59

(340)

L.M.

H. MORE.

Altered by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
 To us and ours the promise made,
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
 Of holiness the Spirit shower,
 Of wise discernment, humble love ;
 And zeal, and unity, and power.

- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart ;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart :
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind :
- 5 The Spirit of faith, in this Thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts Thy laws may write ;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife ;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

60

(291)

L.M.

PART II.

- ON all the earth Thy Spirit shower ;
The earth in righteousness renew ;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty wind, or torrent fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun ;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
 - 3 Yea, let Thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare ;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.
 - 4 Grant this, O holy God, and true !
The ancient seers Thou didst inspire ;
To us perform the promise due ;
Descend, and crown us now with fire !

61

(341)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

LAMB of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind,
 Bow a nation to Thy sway ;—
 While we may acceptance find,
 Let us thankfully embrace
 The last offers of Thy grace.

- 2 Thou Thy messengers hast sent,
 Joyful tidings to proclaim,
 Willing we should all repent,
 Know salvation in Thy Name,
 Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
 Find in Thee the Way to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, roll away the stone ;
 Good Physician, show Thine art :
 Make Thy healing virtue known ;
 Break the unbelieving heart :
 Soften the obdurate crowd ;
 Melt the rebels with Thy blood !
- 4 Let Thy dying love constrain
 Those who disregard Thy frown ;
 Sink the mountain to a plain ;
 Bring the pride of sinners down ;
 By Thy bloody cross subdue ;
 Tell them, “ I have died for you !”

62

7s & 6s.

Luther. (1852.)

SAVIOUR, none like Thee can teach,
 Nor yet unfold Thy word ;
 None, like Thee, the heart can reach,
 And heavenly light afford.
 Rich in wisdom, rich in love,
 Upon us Thy grace bestow ;
 Raise our thoughts to things above ;
 Teach us Thyself to know.

2 Speak to us from lips of love,
 And give the listening ear ;
 Thus our waiting souls shall prove,
 That Thou art present here.
 Ever to Thy righteous word,
 (Man's rebellious heart to smite,)
 Do Thou lend Thy blessing, Lord,
 A blessing infinite.

3 In Thy Person we descry
 Redemption's glorious Lord ;
 For Thy work and ministry,
 The joys Thy words afford,—
 For the gift of righteousness,
 Through Thy sin-atoning blood,—
 Thee we honour, Thee we bless,
 Thou Son and sent of God.

63

(633)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1830.

SAVIOUR, we know Thou art
 In every age the same :
 Now, Lord, in our's exert
 The virtue of Thy name ;
 And daily, through Thy word, increase
 Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people saved below,
 From every sinful stain,
 Shall multiply and grow,
 If Thy command ordain ;
 And one into a thousand rise,
 And spread Thy praise through earth and skies.

3 In many a soul, and mine,
 Thou hast displayed Thy power,
 But, to Thy people join
 Ten thousand thousand more ;
 Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
 In life and heart entirely clean.

Before Reading the Scriptures.

64 (338) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us Thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by Thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke,)
 Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night :
 On our disordered spirits move,
 And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
 If Thou within us shine ;
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

65 (339) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe,
 One bright, celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer Thy sons beneath.

2 While in Thy word we search for Thee,
 (We search with trembling awe !)
 Open our eyes, and let us see
 The wonders of Thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The Light that shines so clear ;
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make Thy goodness pass,
 Which here by faith we know ;
 Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
 And die to all below.

66

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

COME, O Thou Prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great Interpreter Divine,
 Explain Thine own transmitted word ;
 To teach and to inspire is Thine :
 Thou only canst Thyself reveal,
 Open the book, and loose the seal.

- 2 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
 The folly of our darkened heart ;
 Unfold the wonders of Thy love,
 The knowledge of Thyself impart ;
 Our ear, our inmost soul, we bow :
 Speak, Lord, Thy servants hearken now.

Benedictions.

67

(349)

8.7.4.

LORD, dismiss [enrich] us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Oh refresh us !
 Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

68

8s & 7s.

(E. SMYTH. 1793.)

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing !
 Bid us now depart in peace,
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase :
 Fill each breast with consolation ;
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise :
 When we reach yon blissful station,
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise !
 Hallelujah !

69

(223)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

Numb. vi. 24—26.

JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
 And Thy own work defend !
 With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
 And keep us to the end !

- 2 Preserve the creatures of Thy love :
 By providential care
 Conducted to the realms above,
 To sing Thy goodness there.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
 The brightness of Thy face ;
 And all Thy pardon'd people fill
 With plenitude of grace !
- 4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
 Which dwells in Thee alone ;
 And lift us up, Thy face to see
 On Thy eternal Throne.
- 5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
 Father and Son to show !
 With bliss ineffable, divine,
 Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
 Which human hope transcends,
 Be Thou our everlasting peace,
 When grace in glory ends !

70

8s & 7s.

NEWTON. 1779.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other, and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE LORD'S DAY.

71

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- T**HE Lord is risen indeed,
 And bids His members rise !
 Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
 Pursue Him to the skies :
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice and be for ever glad.
- 2 On this triumphant day,
 Peculiarly His own,
 He calls His church to pray,
 And sing around His throne :
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice and be for ever glad.
- 3 Jesus, to us impart
 Thy resurrection's power,
 And teach our quickened heart
 Its living Lord to adore,
 To vie with the redeemed above,
 Rejoicing in Thy pardoning love.
- 4 Us by Thy peace assure
 Thou dost our sins forgive,
 And make our spirits pure,
 And to Thyself receive,
 To keep the day of rest above,
 Rejoicing in Thy heavenly love.

72

6-7s.

J. A. ELLIOTT. 1833.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !
 Light, which not of earth is born,
 From thy dawn in glory streams :
 Sad and weary were our way,
 But for thee, thou blessed day.

- 2 Great Creator ! who this day
 From Thy perfect work didst rest ;
 By the souls that own Thy sway
 Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to Heaven alone !
- 3 Saviour ! who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb ;
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom :
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin, and live to Thee !
- 4 Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !
 Sent this day from Christ on high ;
 Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
 All Thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead me to the truth of God.

73

L.M

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm xcii.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares disturb my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

74

(658)

C.M.

S. WESLEY, JUN. 1736.

- L**ORD of the Sabbath, Thee we praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
 - 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
 - 4 HE RISES, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak a world from nought ;
'Twas greater to redeem !
 - 5 " May we, throughout this day of Thine,
Be in Thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine
That trembles at Thy word ;
 - 6 " Spirit of faith our hearts to raise,
And fix on things above ;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love."

75 (299)

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

76 (301)

4-7s.

MONTGOMERY. 1812.

TO Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When, within the veil I meet
Christ before the Mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled,
I, through Him, become Thy child ;
Abba ! Father ! give me grace,
In Thy courts, to seek Thy face.

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of Love ! to mine attend !
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 5 While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky !
- 7 From Thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,—
I have walk'd with God to-day.

77

L.M.

C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

- T**HOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Risen on high to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal and bless
With brighter beams than e'er before.
- 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there ;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
 - 3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal ;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.
 - 4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace ;
With righteousness Thy priests be clad ;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face ;
And make Thy chosen people glad.
 - 5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The brooding cloud from every eye !
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Day-spring from on high !
 - 6 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun !
Pour richer floods of life and light ;
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,—
That glorious day which knows no night.

78

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm v.

- L**ORD ! in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye :—
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort,
 To taste Thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent Thy holy court,
 And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 Oh ! may Thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness ;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.
- 6 The men that love and fear Thy Name
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
 The mighty God shall compass them
 With favour as a shield.

79

(304)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- L**ORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from our hearts arise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God !
-

THE GLORY, PERFECTIONS, AND WORKS OF GOD.

HYMNS OF ADORATION AND THANKSGIVING.

80

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- I**NFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise ;
By all Thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord ;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before Thy throne.
- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings !
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,
And Seraphs shout the Tri-une God ;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky !"
- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record Thy praise ;
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand,
And all the saints and prophets join
To' extol the Majesty Divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast ;
The church to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds ;
And strives, with those around Thy throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee ;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power ;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' Eternal Comforter.

81 7s. C. WESLEY. 1739.

LORD and God of heavenly powers !
Theirs,—yet, O ! benignly ours ;
Glorious King ! let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant Thy Name.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join :
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing Thine eternal praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored !
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
“Glory be to God Most High !”

82 10s & 11s. GRANT. 1839.
Psalm civ.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above !
O gratefully sing His power and His love !
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space !
His chariots of wrath, deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite !
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light :
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

83

L.M.

Ambrose. (1826.)

- W**E praise, we worship Thee, O God ;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad ;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah, own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord ;
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored ;
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- 4 The holy church in every place,
Throughout the earth exalts Thy praise
From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly extol and honour Thee.
- 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high !
Father, we praise Thy majesty :
The Son, the Spirit we adore :
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

84

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm xciii.

- J**EHOVAH reigns on high
 In peerless majesty ;
 Boundless power His royal robe,
 Purest light His garment is ;
 Rules His word the spacious globe,
 'Stablish'd it in floating seas.
- 2 Ancient of days ! Thy Name
 And Essence is I AM ;
 Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Gavest whatever is to be ;
 Stood Thine everlasting throne,
 Stands to all eternity.
- 3 The floods, with angry noise,
 Have lifted up their voice,—
 Him the mighty waves obey,
 Sinking at His awful will ;
 Ocean owns His sovereign sway,
 Hell at His command is still.
- 4 Thy statutes, Lord, are sure,
 And as Thyself endure ;
 Thine eternal house above
 Holy souls alone can see,
 Fitted here by perfect love,
 There to reign enthroned with Thee.
- 5 The Lord unrivalled reigns,
 His royal power maintains :
 Earth, Thine awful Monarch bless,
 Own with joy His happy sway,
 Him let all Thine isles confess,
 All exult their God to' obey.

85

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens Thy designs.

- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
 Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
 The whole creation is Thy charge ;
 But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
 And in Thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in Thy word.

86

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm xviii.

- T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my power !
 My rock and fortress is the Lord,
 My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
 My horn and strength, my shield and sword ;
 Secure I trust in His defence,
 I stand in His omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke His name,
 And spend my life in prayer and praise ;
 His goodness own, His promise claim,
 And look for all His saving grace,
 Till all His saving grace I see,
 From sin and hell, for ever free.
- 3 To God, my God, with plaintive cry,
 I called in agony of fear ;
 My humble wailing pierced the sky,
 My groaning reached His gracious ear ;
 He heard me from His glorious throne,
 And sent the timely rescue down.

4 For who, except the Lord, is God ?
 Who is a rock but God alone ?
 My soul He hath with strength endued,
 To perfect love He leads me on ;
 My feet, through Him, the hinds outfly,
 And spurn the earth and scale the sky.

5 The Lord for me doth ever live ;
 Blessing ascribe to God Most High !
 Glory and thanks to Jesus give,
 The Rock on which I still rely !
 Extol His power, His mercies raise,
 The God of my salvation praise !

87 (191) 66,84. D. OLIVERS. 1772.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love !
 Jehovah ! Great I AM !
 By earth and heaven confest ;
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 For ever blest !

2 The God of Abraham praise !
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At His right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
 And Him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise !
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways :
 He calls a worm His friend !
 He calls Himself my God !
 And He shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
 To Heaven ascend :
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore !

88

66,84. D.

PART II.

- T**HOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At His command.
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 2 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow ;
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With Mercy crown'd.
- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace !
 On Sion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains ;
 And, glorious with His saints in light,
 For ever reigns !
- 4 He keeps His own secure,
 He guards them by His side,
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless Bride :

With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

89

66,84. D

PART III.

- B**EFORE the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders He hath done,
 Through all their land :
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame ;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name !
- 2 The God, who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing,
 And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King !
 Who WAS, and IS, the same,
 And evermore shall be ;
 Jehovah ! Father ! Great I AM !
 We worship Thee !"
- 3 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow ,
 O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shows His prints of love,—
 They kindle to a flame !
 And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb !
- 4 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 "Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry :
 Hail ! Abraham's God,—and *mine* !
 (I join the heavenly lays,)
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise !

90

S.M.

(1819.)

Psalm ciii.

- O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 His grace to thee proclaim :
 And all that is within me join
 To bless His holy name.
 O bless the Lord, my soul !
 His mercies bear in mind ;
 Forget not all His benefits,—
 The Lord to thee is kind.
- 2 He will not always chide,
 He will with patience wait ;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He clothes thee with His love,
 Upholds thee with His truth ;
 And, like the eagle, He renews
 The vigour of thy youth.
 Then bless His holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
 Whose lovingkindness crowns thy days ;—
 O bless the Lord, my soul !

91

L.M.

TATE & BRADY. 1698.

Psalm ciii.

- M**Y soul, inspired with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless ;
 Of all His favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound :
 From danger He thy life retrieves,
 By Him with grace and mercy crowned.

- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move.
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends,
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends,
The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far hath He our sins removed ;
Who, with a Father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always loved.
- 6 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven hath fixed His lofty throne ;
To Him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength His praise is shown.
- 7 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord !—and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

92

(132)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm cxlvi.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

93

(209)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise ;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
 - 3 Sing to the Lord ; exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds around the sky :
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
 - 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn :
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
 - 5 What is the creature's skill or force ?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse ?
The piercing wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for Him.
 - 6 But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight ;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

94

4-6s & 2-8s.

WATTS. 1709.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments He assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe :
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard His holy law ;
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works
 Amazing wisdom shines ;
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs ;
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will He write His name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love His name, I love His word :
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

95

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm xxxiii.

RIGHTEOUS souls, rejoice in God ;
 Meet it is for you to praise
 Him who hath the gift bestowed,
 Made you vessels of His grace,
 Praise the Lord, ye saints, and sing,
 All your sacred skill exert,
 All the powers of music bring :
 Praise Him with a thankful heart.

- 2 By His mighty fiat made,
 Heaven confess'd the sovereign Lord ;
 All His hosts His voice obeyed,
 Sprang from nothing at His word.
 He commands the sea to stand,
 Drawn into a hanging heap ;
 In the hollow of His hand
 Treasures up the boundless deep.
- 3 HIM let all the nations fear,
 Him let all the world obey,
 Earth's inhabitants revere,
 Humbly own His awful sway.
 Spake the Lord, and it was done,
 He the earth's foundations laid,
 By His providence alone
 God sustains the world He made.
- 4 Lo ! the Lord's all-seeing eye
 Watches over them for good,
 Humbly who on Him rely,
 Trust Him both for life and food :
 He from death their souls retrieves,
 He in death sustains His own,
 While to Him our spirit cleaves,
 Hangs for help on Him alone.

96

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
 Our Father, God, and King !
 Thy sovereign goodness we record,
 Thy glorious power we sing.

- 2 By Thee the victory is given ;
 The majesty divine,
 And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
 And all therein, are Thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone,
 Who dost Thy right maintain,
 And, high on Thine eternal throne,
 O'er men and angels reign.

- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
 Thou dost, and honour, give ;
 And kings their power and dignity
 Out of Thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
 Thy greatness to proclaim ;
 And therefore now we thank our God,
 And praise Thy glorious name.
- 6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
 Thou dost to us make known ;
 And all the Deity is ours,
 Through Thy incarnate Son.

97

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- M**Y heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in Thy grace :
 (Awake, my lute, and bear a part :)
 My glory is to sing Thy praise,
 Till all Thy nature I partake,
 And bright in all Thine image wake.
- 2 Thee will I praise among Thine own ;
 Thee will I to the world extol,
 And make Thy truth and goodness known ;
 Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;
 Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend ;
 Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest names in earth or heaven ;
 Let angels sing Thy glorious love,
 And bless the Name to sinners given ;
 All earth and heaven their King proclaim ;
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name !
- 4 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
 Of lords, I glory to proclaim ;
 From age to age Thy praise record,
 That all the world may learn Thy Name ;
 And all shall soon Thy grace adore,
 When time and sin shall be no more.

98

(4)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of E. LANGE.

- O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss,
 Thee to perfection who can know ?
 O height immense ! What words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show ?
- 2 Unfathomable depths Thou art !
 O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea ;
 Void of true wisdom is my heart,—
 With love embrace and cover me !
- 3 (While Thee, all-infinite, I set
 By faith before my ravish'd eye,
 My weakness bends beneath the weight ;
 O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.)
- 4 Eternity Thy fountain was,
 Which, like Thee, no beginning knew ;
 Thou wast ere time began his race,
 Ere glow'd with stars the ethereal blue.
- 5 Greatness unspeakable is Thine,
 Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
 When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
 When earth and heaven are fled away.
- 6 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
 .Essential life's unbounded sea,
 What lives and moves, lives by Thy word ;
 It lives, and moves, and is from Thee !
- 7 Thy parent-hand, Thy forming skill,
 Firm fix'd this universal chain ;
 Else empty, barren darkness still
 Had held his unmolested reign.
- 8 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
 Or shuns, or meets the wandering thought,
 Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
 By Thee was to perfection brought !
- 9 High is Thy power above all height ;
 Whate'er Thy will decrees is done :

- Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
 Only to Thee, O God, is known !
- 10 Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,
 Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway .
 Vain man ! thy wisdom folly own,
 Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
- 11 What our dim eye could never see,
 Is plain and naked to Thy sight
 What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
 Shines clearly as the morning light.
- 12 In light Thou dwell'st ; light that no shade,
 No variation, ever knew ;
 Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
 And open to Thy piercing view.

99

(5)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

PART II.

From the German of E. LANGE.

- T**HOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
 The' immortal armies of the sky ;
 Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,
 Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly !
- 2 With downcast eye the' angelic choir
 Appear before Thy awful face ;
 Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
 And through heaven's vault resound Thy praise.
- 3 In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art ;
 The conscious creature feels Thy nod,
 Whose forming hand on every part
 Impress'd the image of its God.
- 4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone :
 Justice and truth before Thee stand :
 Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
 Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.
- 5 Each evening shows Thy tender love,
 Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace ;
 Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
 Thy willing mercy flies apace !

- 6 To Thy benign, indulgent care,
 Father, this light, this breath we owe :
 And all we have, and all we are,
 From Thee, great Source of Being, flow.
- 7 Parent of Good, Thy bounteous hand
 Incessant blessings down distils,
 And all in air, or sea, or land,
 With plenteous food and gladness fills.
- 8 All things in Thee live, move, and are ;
 Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
 Even those Thy daily favours share,
 Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.
- 9 Thy sun, Thou bidst his genial ray
 Alike on all impartial pour ;
 To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,
 Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.
- 10 Yet while, at length, who scorn'd Thy might
 Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,
 How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
 Of those who to Thy love aspire !
- 11 All creatures praise the eternal Name !
 Ye hosts that to His court belong,
 Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
 Awake the everlasting song !
- 12 Thrice Holy ! Thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is Thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

100

C.M. S. WESLEY, JUN. 1736.

HAIL, Father, whose creating call
 Unnumber'd worlds attend ;
 Jehovah, comprehending all,
 Whom none can comprehend !

- 2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
 Whom angels dimly see ;
 The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
 And foremost of the Three.

- 3 From Thee, through an eternal now,
The Son, Thine offspring, flow'd ;
An everlasting Father Thou,
An everlasting God.
- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd ;
By wondrous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man revealed !
- 5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire ;
And worlds, created by Thy nod,
Shall perish by Thy fire :
- 6 Thy Name, Jehovah ! be adored,
By creatures without end ;
Whom none but Thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

101

(1)

L.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- T**HEE, mighty God, my soul adores,
Thou great mysterious Three in One ;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess Thee,—Infinite, Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine :
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.
 - 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy Being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.
 - 4 A glance of Thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame ;
Of light Thou form'st Thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.
 - 5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace ?
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of Thy face.

- 6 Who can behold the blazing light ?
 Who can approach consuming flame ?
 None but Thy Wisdom knows Thy might,
 None but Thy Word can speak Thy Name.

102

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- G**REAT God, how infinite art Thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To Thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view ;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
 Great God, there's nothing new !
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares ;
 While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

103

C.M.

FABER. (1849.)

MY God, how wonderful Thou art !
 Thy majesty how bright !
 How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light !

- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.
- 3 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be ;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
- 4 O ! how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest tenderest fears !
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art ;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 O, then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

104

7s. & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing Thy praise :
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days ;
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none Thy fulness show ;
None Thy Majesty can tell,
Or all Thy Godhead know.
- 2 All Thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might :
Happy in Thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,
Thou Thy goodness hast displayed,
On Thine every work imprest,
Lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;
But man Thou lov'st the best.

- 3 Willing Thou that all should know
 Thy saving truth, and live,
 Dost to each, or bliss or woe,
 With strictest justice give :
 Thou with perfect righteousness
 Renderest every man his due ;
 Faithful in Thy promises,
 And in Thy threatenings too.
- 4 Thou art merciful to all
 Who truly turn to Thee !
 Hear me, then, for pardon call,
 And show Thy grace to me ;
 Me, through mercy reconciled,
 Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
 Me receive, Thy favoured child,
 To sing Thy praise in heaven.

105

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- T**HOU, the great, eternal God,
 Art high above our thought !
 Worthy to be feared, adored,
 By all Thy hands have wrought.
 None can with Thyself compare ;
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky ;
 We, and all Thy creatures, are
 As nothing in Thine eye.
- 2 Of Thy great unbounded power
 To Thee the praise we give,—
 Infinitely great, and more
 Than heart can e'er conceive :
 When Thou wilt to work proceed,
 Thy purpose firm none can withstand,
 Frustrate the determined deed,
 Or stay the Almighty Hand.
- 3 Thou, O God, art wise alone ;
 Thy counsel doth excel ;
 Wonderful Thy works we own,
 Thy ways unsearchable :

Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain ?
Thou, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man !

106 (15)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxliv.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
The Lord in Israel reigned alone,
And Judah was His favourite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld His power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod ;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the' incumbent God :
The mountains skipp'd like frightened rams,—
The hills leaped after them as lambs !
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea ?
What horror turned the river back ?
Was nature's God displeased at thee ?
And why should hills and mountains shake ?
Ye mountains huge, that skipped like rams ?
Ye hills, that leaped as frightened lambs ?
- 4 Earth ! tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns ;
Her only law His sovereign word !
He shakes the centre with His nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation, varied by His hand,
The omnipotent Jehovah knows ;
The sea is turned to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same

107

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Is the LORD's hand waxed short?—Numb. xi. 23.

- T**HY hand, Lord, cannot shorten'd be—
 That hand which plagued the' Egyptian race,
 Which brought Thy people through the sea,
 Which led them through the wilderness;
 Which hath to us so often given
 Drink from the rock, and bread from heaven.
- 2 That hand hath opened wide mine eyes;
 That hand, which now by faith I see,
 Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
 And grasps the winds,—and covers me!
 It brings the blind through ways unknown,
 It holds,—it lifts me to a throne.
- 3 Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
 Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence:
 I trample on temptation near,
 Supported by Omnipotence;
 Possess of boundless power divine,
 Of boundless love,—for Christ is mine!

108

L.M.

TATE & BRADY. 1698.

Psalm cxxix.

- T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down:
 My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
 Known long before conceived by me.
2. Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
 On every side I find Thy hand:
 O skill for human reach too high!
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 3 If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there Thou dwell'st, enthroned in light;
 If down to hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 4 Or should I try to shun Thy sight,
 Beneath the sable wings of night;

One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes ;
Through midnight shades Thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

6 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart ;
If evil lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

109

(12)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm cxxxix.

IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within ;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide !
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

110

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power :
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore !

Give me Thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere ;
For the blessings numberless,
Which Thou hast already given ;
For Thy smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And Thy good Spirit impart !
Then I shall in Thee believe,
With all my loving heart ;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to His prayer,
And every grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform Thy will below :
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind !

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify Thy name :
Thee let every creature bless ;
Praise to God alone be given :
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

111

86,86,887.

WINKWORTH. 1853.

From the German of J. J. SCHUTZ. 1673.

- ALL praise and thanks to God Most High,
 The Father of all Love !
 The God who doeth wondrously,
 The God who from above
 My soul with richest solace fills,
 The God who every sorrow stills ;
 Give to our God the glory !
- 2 The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
 All thrones bow down to Thee,
 And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
 In earth and air and sea,
 Declare and laud their Maker's might,
 Whose wisdom orders all things right ;
 Give to our God the glory !
- 3 And for the creatures He hath made,
 Our God shall well provide ;
 His grace shall be their constant aid,
 Their guard on every side ;
 His kingdom ye may surely trust,
 There all is equal, all is just ;
 Give to our God the glory !
- 4 I sought Him in my hour of need ;
 " Lord God, now hear my prayer !"
 For death He gave me life indeed,
 And comfort for despair ;
 For this my thanks shall endless be,
 Oh, thank Him, thank Him too with me !
 Give to our God the glory !
- 5 All ye who name Christ's holy Name,
 Give to our God the glory !
 Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
 Give to our God the glory !
 All idols under foot be trod,
 The Lord is God ! the Lord is God !
 Give to our God the glory !

112

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King :
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth His goodness shines,
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food ;
 Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow Thine anger moves !
 But soon He sends His pardoning word,
 To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But we, who taste Thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless Thy name.

113 ⁽³⁵⁾

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

LET every tongue Thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall,

- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distress'd
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
 And guides our giddy youth ;
 Holy and just are all Thy ways,
 And all Thy words are truth.

- 4 Thou knowest the pains Thy servants feel,
 Thou hearest Thy children cry ;
 And their best wishes to fulfil,
 Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere ;
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is joined with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise,
 And spread Thy fame abroad :
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God !

114

(24)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- G**OOD Thou art, and good Thou dost ;
 Thy mercies reach to all ;
 Chiefly those who on Thee trust,
 And for Thy mercy call ;
 New they every morning are ;
 As fathers when their children cry,
 Us Thou dost in pity spare,
 And all our wants supply.
- 2 Mercy o'er Thy works presides ;
 Thy providence displayed
 Still preserves, and still provides
 For all Thy hands have made ;
 Keeps, with most distinguished care,
 The man who on Thy love depends ;
 Watches every numbered hair,
 And all his steps attends.
- 3 Who can sound the depths unknown
 Of Thy redeeming grace ?
 Grace, that gave Thine only Son
 To save a ruined race !
 Millions of transgressors poor
 Thou hast, for Jesu's sake, forgiven ;
 Made them of Thy favour sure,
 And snatched from hell to heaven.

- 4 Millions more Thou ready art
 To save, and to forgive !
 Every soul and every heart
 Of man Thou would'st receive :
 Father, now accept of mine,
 Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee ;
 Tell me now, in love divine,
 That Thou hast pardoned me !

115

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm xxxvi.

- THOU, O Lord God, art full of grace :
 Above the clouds Thy mercies rise ;
 Steadfast Thy truth and faithfulness,
 Thy word of promise never dies ;
 Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove,
 The base of Thine eternal love.
- 2 Unsearchable Thy judgments are,
 A boundless, bottomless abyss !
 But, lo ! Thy providential care
 O'er all Thy works extended is ;
 In Thee the creatures live and move,
 And are : all glory to Thy love !
- 3 Thy love sustains the world it made ;
 Thy love preserves both man and beast ;
 Beneath Thy wing's almighty shade
 The sons of men securely rest ;
 And those who haunt the hallowed place,
 Shall banquet on Thy richest grace.
- 4 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream,
 Which ever issues from Thy throne ;
 Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,
 Eternal life and Thou art one ;
 To us, to all so freely given,
 The light of life, the heaven of heaven !

116

87,87,77.

MONTGOMERY. 1822.

Psalm ciii.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name !

O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, His praise proclaim !
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us His care extends.

2 He with lovingkindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed !
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus :
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spares his son, He spareth us ;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

4 From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still His people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps His covenanted word ;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

117

C.M.

GIBBONS. 1781.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore :
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest,
In every cheerful ray :
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.

- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen :
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Thy Son, Thy noblest, choicest gift,
Was from Thy bosom sent,
To bear from off a sinking world
Its load of punishment.
- 6 Ours is the life, the glory ours,
And His the death and shame ;
Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Are published in His name.

118 (28)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Ex. xxxiv. 5, 6.

GREAT God ! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd ;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in the cloud.

- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to mine inmost soul make known
The glories of Thy name.
- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I Thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be !
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, Thou art ;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.
- 5 Merciful God, Thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast ;

Mercy is Thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.

- 6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores Thy grace ;
And Thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

119

(25)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Ex. xxxiv. 6.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are !
A Rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.
- 7 Reserves of unexhausted grace
Are treasured up in Thee,
For myriads of the fallen race ;
For all mankind, and me.

120

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Isaiah xl. 28.—31.

GOD only wise, and great, and strong,
 Hath made the orbs to run their race ;
 Knowledge and might to God belong,
 Honour, and majesty, and praise.

- 2 Jehovah is unchangeable,
 His ways, and thoughts, are not as ours ;
 He cheers the languid souls that fail,
 And quickens all their drooping powers.
- 3 Gently He lifts the fallen up,
 He gives them faith, and faith's increase,
 Revives their feeble, dying hope,
 And fills with love, and joy, and peace.
- 4 Blasted, the vigour of the young
 Shall fade, and suddenly decay,
 The bold, and confident, and strong,
 Shall fear, despair, and die away :
- 5 But they who wait upon the Lord,
 Shall surely find His promise true,
 Receive the quick'ning powerful word,
 And, born of God, their strength renew.
- 6 Their willing souls from sin set free,
 Shall swiftly in His statutes move,
 Shall walk in glorious liberty,
 Shall fly upon the wings of love.

121 (30)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier Name,
 Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.

- 3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men :'
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know Thy favour sure :
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

122

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- H**OLY as Thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all Thine own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from Thee.
- 2 And when Thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare ;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone !
 - 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored ;
Let all on earth bow down to Thee,
And bless Thy peerless majesty :
 - 4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of Peace,
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love !
 - 5 " O Tri-une God ! Thou vast abyss !
Thou ever-flowing Fount of bliss,
Flow through us, heart and soul and will,
With endless praise and blessing fill !"

123

7s.

MONTGOMERY. 1853.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 God of Hosts ! when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good ;
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,—
 Dust and ashes,—would adore :
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King :
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
 Round the Throne, with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

124

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm xxiv.

THE earth and all her fulness owns
 Jehovah for her sovereign Lord !
 The countless myriads of her sons
 Rose into being at His word.

- 2 His word did out of nothing call
 The world, and founded all that is :
 Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
 And fix'd it in the floating seas.

- 3 But who shall quit this low abode,
 Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
 And stand upon the mount of God,
 And see his Maker face to face ?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean,
 That blessed portion shall receive ;
 Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
 Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown ;
 And, number'd with the saints above,
 The God of his salvation own,
 The God of his salvation love.

125

8s & 7s.

MANT. 1837.

“ LORD ! Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,—
 “ Holy, holy, holy,” singing
 “ Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High ! ”

- 2 Ever thus, in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,
 And our love His gifts excite.
 With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow !
- 3 “ Lord ! Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
 Thus, Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thy angels' cry,—
 Holy, holy, holy,—blessing
 Thee, the Lord of Hosts, Most High !

126

(184)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1738.

From the Spanish.

- O** GOD, my God, my all Thou art !
 Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
 Thy sovereign light within my heart,
 Thy all-enlivening power, display.
- 2 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
 While in this desert land I live ;
 And hungry as I am, and faint,
 Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land, behold I place
 My whole desire on Thee, O Lord !
 And more I joy to gain Thy grace,
 Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 More dear than life itself, Thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
 And to declare Thy praise will prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 5 In blessing Thee, with grateful songs,
 My happy life shall glide away :
 The praise that to Thy name belongs
 Hourly, with lifted hands, I'll pay.
- 6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
 Thy love, my ravished soul o'erflows ;
 Secure in Thee, my God and King,
 Of glory, that no period knows.
- 7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed
 Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought ;
 With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
 I muse on all Thy hands have wrought.
- 8 In all I do I feel Thine aid ;
 Therefore Thy greatness will I sing,
 O God, who bidst my heart be glad
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wing !
- 9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to Thee ;
 Then let or earth or hell assail,
 Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;
 For whom Thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

127

4-7s.

GRANT. 1839.

- L**ORD of earth ! Thy forming hand,
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power :—
- 2 Yet amid this scene so fair,
 Should I cease Thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me ?
 Whom have I on earth but Thee ?
- 3 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
 Rolls a world of purer light ;
 There, in love's unclouded reign,
 Parted friends shall meet again :
- 4 O ! that world is passing fair,
 Yet if Thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me ?
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
- 5 Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
 Seeks in Thee its only rest ;
 I was lost,—Thy accents mild
 Homeward lured Thy wandering child :
- 6 I was blind,—Thy healing ray
 Charmed the long eclipse away ;
 Source of every joy I know,
 Solace of my every woe !
- 7 O, if once Thy smile divine
 Ceased upon my soul to shine,
 What were earth or heaven to me !
 Whom have I in each but Thee !

128

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm lxi.

O GOD, Thou art in Jesus mine !
 For Thee I sigh, for Thee I pine,
 And pant Thy power to prove ;
 My longing soul implores Thy grace,
 In a dry, barren wilderness,
 Unwater'd by Thy love.

- 2 Thee, Thee my restless heart requires,—
 And all I am,—with strong desires,
 Thy glorious power to see :
 To see Thee, as I once beheld
 My pardoning God, in Christ reveal'd,
 My Lord, who died for me !
- 3 Thy love doth all delights exceed !
 Thy precious love is life indeed ;
 My lips shall sing Thy praise ;
 My hands I lift in Jesu's name ;
 My life and strength, and all I am,
 Shall glorify Thy grace.
- 4 On Thee I muse with pure delight ;
 Through all the happy hours of night
 I lean as on Thy breast :
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Jesus, my Peace, my Joy, I sing,
 My everlasting Rest !
- 5 My soul pursues and hangs on Thee ;
 Thy hand upholds and strengthens me ;
 And all who God revere
 With Jesu's kings shall lift their voice,
 With Jesu's confessors rejoice,
 And reign triumphant there.

129 .

8s & 7s.
Psalm xci.

MONTGOMERY. 1822.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
 In His secret habitation
 Dwell, and never be dismayed ;
 There no tumult shall alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee ;
 In eternal safeguard there.

- 2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence ;

- Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow,
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above ;
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save ;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

130

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm cxlvi.

- M**Y soul, inspired with sacred love,
 The Lord Thy God delight to praise ;
 His gifts I will for Him improve,
 To Him devote my happy days ;
 To Him my thanks and praises give,
 And only for His glory live.
- 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
 My every pulse shall beat for Him ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 My spirit shall resume the theme ;
 The gracious theme for ever new,
 Through all eternity pursue.
- 3 Soon as the breath of man expires,
 Again he to his earth shall turn ;
 Where, then, are all his vain desires,
 His love and hate, esteem and scorn ?
 All, all, at that last gasp are o'er,
 He falls to rise on earth no more.
- 4 He, then, is blest, and only he,
 Whose hope is in the Lord his God ;
 Who can to Him for succour flee,
 That spread the earth and heaven abroad ;
 That still the universe sustains,
 And Lord of His creation reigns.

- 5 True to His everlasting word,
 He loves the injured to redress ;
 Poor, helpless souls, the bounteous Lord
 Relieves, and fills with plenteousness :
 He sets the mournful prisoners free,
 He bids the blind their Saviour see.
- 6 Jehovah lifts the fallen up ;
 Jehovah loves the righteous race ;
 The stranger's and the widow's hope,
 The Father of the fatherless ;
 Sinners He views with angry frown,
 And turns their counsels upside down.
- 7 The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,
 Supreme in mercy as in power,
 The endless theme of heavenly strains,
 When time and death shall be no more :
 And all eternity shall prove
 Too short to utter all His love.

131

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

Psalm xlii 1. 7.

- GOD, the omnipresent God,
 Our strength and refuge stands,
 Ready to support the load,
 And bear us in His hands ;
 Readiest when we need Him most,
 When to Him distress'd we cry ;
 All who in His mercy trust
 Shall find deliverance nigh.
- 2 For His people in distress
 The God of Jacob stands ;
 Keeps us till our troubles cease,
 In His Almighty hands :
 He for us His power hath shown,
 He doth still our refuge prove ;
 Loves the Lord of hosts His own,
 And shall for ever love.

132

7s.

MILTON. 1645.

The third and fourth lines, of this Paraphrase of the 136th Psalm, may be sung
as a Chorus to every two lines.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God ;
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state ;

3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main ;
Who, by His commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;

4 Caused the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 He His mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye ;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

133

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1800.

Psalm xix. 1—4.

OUR souls the book of nature draws
To' adore the First Eternal Cause :
The heavens articulately shine,
And speak their Architect Divine ;
And all their orbs proclaim aloud
The wisdom and the power of God.

- 2 See, in yon glorious azure height,
The Sovereign, Uncreated Light !
That vast expanse of liquid air
Doth His immensity declare ;
And every influence from above
His bounteous, universal love.
- 3 The sure-succeeding night and day
His providential care display :—
Who bade them to their bounds retire,
And stand, as choir to answer choir,
His knowledge infinite to tell,
And show the Great Invisible.
- 4 Kindreds, and tongues, and nations, hear
His all-informing messenger.
Stretching to earth's remotest bound,
The heavens their Maker's praise resound,
And speak the power by which they shine,
And publish wide the Love Divine.

134

8s & 7s.

FAWCETT. 1782.

- P**RAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 ' Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine :
Hail ! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.'
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high :
- 4 " Joyfully, on earth, adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

135

(20)

C.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings :
With Thy loved Name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There Thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run :
There the pale planet rules the night ;
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey ;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make Thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of Thy host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around ;
At Thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo ! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green ;
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey Thy strong command :
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the wondering sight,
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through Thy works abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.
- 12 But the mild glories of Thy grace
 Our softer passions move ;
 Pity divine, in Jesu's face,
 We see, adore, and love !

136

(3)

L.M.

ADDISON. 1712

- THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What, though no real voice, or sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The Hand that made us is Divine."

137

6-7s.

T. R. TAYLOR. (1836.)

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
 Air, with all its beams and showers,
 Ocean's infinite expanse,
 Heaven's resplendent countenance ;—
 All around, and all above,
 Hath this record,—‘ God is Love.’

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
 In the woods, and by the rills,
 Of the breeze and of the bird,
 By the gentle murmur stirr'd ;
 All these songs, beneath, above,
 Have one burden,—‘ God is Love.’

3 All the hopes and fears that start
 From the fountain of the heart ;
 All the quiet bliss that lies
 In our human sympathies ;
 These are voices from above,
 Sweetly whispering,—‘ God is Love

4 But the great Redeemer's birth,
 All He did and said on earth,
 All His agonies and woes,
 All His pleadings for His foes,
 All His blessings from above,
 Most assure us,—‘ God is Love.’

138

L.M.

GURNEY. 1851.

YES, God is good ;—in earth and sky,
 From ocean depths and spreading wood,
 Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
 ‘ God made us all, and God is good.’

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
 And downward pours his golden flood,
 Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
 In accents clear, that ‘ God is good,’

- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
 Their song with every spring renewed ;
 And balmy air, and falling rain,
 Each softly whisper, ' God is good.'
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
 The hills that have for ages stood,
 The echoing sky and roaring seas,
 All swell the chorus, ' God is good.'
- 5 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
 By God's own hand with speech endued ;
 And man, in louder notes of praise,
 Should sing for joy, that God is good.
- 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
 But chiefly for our heavenly food,
 Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word ;—
 These prompt our song, that God is good.

139

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- O** ALL-CREATING God !
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from Thee ;
- 2 For this Thou hast design'd,
 And formed us man for this,
 To know and love Thyself, and find
 In Thee our endless bliss.

140

6-7s.

CONDER. 1837.

- O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
 Morning light and evening shade ;
 Source and Giver of all good,
 Nightly sleep and daily food,
 Quickener of our wearied powers,
 Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 O give thanks to Nature's King,
 Who made every breathing thing :
 His, our warm and sentient frame,
 His, the mind's immortal flame.

O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care :
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame,—
Temple of the Deity !—
Came, for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

141

4-7s.

AUSTIN. 1668.

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

2 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

4 All the flowers that gild the spring,
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

- 6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart !
Wake, and gladly sing thy part !
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.
- 7 Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas He whole nature made
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.
- 8 Live for ever, glorious Lord !
Live, by all Thy works adored !
One in Three, and Three in One,
Lord, we bow to Thee alone !

142

(210)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- H**APPY man, whom God doth aid !
God our souls and bodies made ;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours ;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands ,
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd ;
Life, and all, descend from God.
- 2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread ;
God refreshes in the air ;
Covers with the clothes we wear ;
Feeds us with the food we eat ;
Cheers us by His light and heat ;
Makes His sun on us to shine ;
All our blessings are divine !
 - 3 Give Him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive !
Man we for his kindness love ;
How much more our God above !
Worthy Thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and adored :
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise !

143

(33)

C.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

- WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face :
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 9 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

- 10 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 11 Through all eternity, to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short,
To utter all Thy praise.

144

7s.

WINKWORTH. 1855.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

SHALL I not sing praise to Thee,
Shall I not give thanks, O Lord ?
Since for us, in all I see
How Thou keepest watch and ward ;
How the truest, tenderest love
Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
Helping, cheering on their road,
All who in Thy service move.

CHORUS :—All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

- 2 As the eagle o'er her nest
Spreads her sheltering wings abroad,
So from all that would molest,
Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord ;
From my youth up, e'en till now,
Of the being Thou didst give,
And the earthly life I live,
Faithful Guardian still wert Thou. All, &c.
- 3 Nay, He kept not back His Son,
But hath given Him for our good,
And our safety He hath won
By the shedding of His blood.
O Thou fathomless abyss !
My weak powers but strive in vain,
Knowledge of Thy depths to gain,
Man knows not such love as this. All, &c.

- 4 And His Spirit, blessed Guide !
 In His holy word doth teach,
 How on earth we may abide,
 So that heaven at last we reach ;
 Every longing heart doth fill
 With the pure true light of faith,
 That can break the bonds of death,
 And control the powers of ill. All, &c.
- 5 All the hosts of heaven and earth,
 Hath He placed at my command,
 Nowhere is there lack or dearth,
 But I find in sea and land
 All things order'd for my wants,
 Living things in fields and woods,
 On the heights, or in the floods,
 And the earth brings forth her plants. All, &c.
- 6 All my life I still have found,
 And I will forget it never,
 Every sorrow hath its bound,
 And no cross endures for ever.
 Father, help Thy child, and give
 Strength to serve Thee day and night,
 Loving Thee with all my might,
 While on earth I yet must live ;
 So shall I when Time is o'er,
 Praise and love Thee evermore.

145

C.M.

DODDRIDGE, 1755,

Altered by LOGAN, 1770.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before Thy throne of grace ;
 God of our fathers ! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion, evermore.

146

(91)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake His ways;
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
 - 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
 - 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
 - 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
Oh, may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
 - 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

147

C.M.

SCOTCH VERSION. 1651.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green : He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 Ev'n for His own Name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill :
 For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
 Shall surely follow me :
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

148

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside ?

- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right way
 For His most holy Name.

- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

149

(225)

8.7.4.

WILLIAMS. 1774.

- G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand !
Bread of Heaven !
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open, now, the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield !
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee !

150

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- B**EING of beings, God of Love !
To Thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

- 2 Thine, wholly Thine, we pant to be ;
 Our sacrifice receive ;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
 To Thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heavenward our every wish aspires ;
 For all Thy mercies' store,
 The sole return Thy love requires
 Is, that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask ; we open then
 Our hearts to' embrace Thy will ;
 Turn and beget us, Lord, again,
 With all Thy fulness fill !
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad !
 So shall we ever live, and move,
 And be, with Christ, in God.

151

(183)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

MEET and right it is to praise
 God, the Giver of all grace,
 God, whose mercies are bestowed
 On the evil and the good :
 He prevents His creatures' call,
 Kind and merciful to all ;
 Makes His sun on sinners rise ;
 Showers His blessings from the skies.

- 2 Least of all Thy creatures, we
 Daily Thy salvation see ;
 As by heavenly manna fed,
 Through a world of dangers led ;
 Through a wilderness of cares ;
 Through ten thousand, thousand snares ;
 More than now our hearts conceive,
 More than we could know, and live !
- 3 Here, as in the lion's den,
 Undevoured we still remain ;
 Pass secure the watery flood,
 Hanging on the arm of God :

Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the Refiner's fire ;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's Name.

- 4 Jesu's Name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamantine tower :
Jesus doth His own defend,
Love and save us to the end :
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear ;
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with His heavenly love.

152

C.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will ;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

153 (36) C.M. COWPER. 1779.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head !
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain !

154 C.M. TATE & BRADY. 1698.

Psalm xxxiv. 1—10.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

- 3 O magnify the Lord with me !
 With me exalt His Name !
 When in distress to Him I called,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who in His succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love !
 Experience will decide,—
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make ye His service your delight,
 Your wants shall be His care.

155

C.M.

LOGAN. 1770.

- A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,
 On Thee my hopes remain :
 And when the day of trouble comes,
 I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my Guide,
 And of my youth the Friend ;
 And as my days began with Thee,
 With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
 The Arm on which I lean ;
 He will my Saviour ever be,
 Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope,
 When life began to beat ;
 And, when a stranger in the world,
 Didst guide my wandering feet ;—
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
 And evil days descend ;
 Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
 To mourn my latter end.

- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,
 In death I will adore ;
 And after death will sing Thy praise,
 When time shall be no more.

156 (188) L.M. Mrs. OPIE. (1831.)

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every opening flower ;
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of Thy indulgence, love, and power.

- 2 The birds that rise on quivering wing,
 Appear to hymn their Maker's praise ;
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To Thee a general chorus raise.
- 3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
 Be mute, 'midst Nature's loud acclaim ?
 No ! let my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth in praise Thy holy name.
- 4 And Nature's debt is small to mine :
 Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;
 But, matchless proof of love divine,
 Thou gav'st immortal life to me.
- 5 The Saviour left His heavenly throne,
 A ransom for my soul to give ;
 Man's suffering state He made His own,
 And stooped to die, that I might live.
- 6 Due thanks and praise for love so great,
 No mortal tongue can e'er express ;
 Then let me, bowed before Thy feet,
 In silence love Thee, Lord, and bless.

157 L.M. DODDRIDGE. 1755.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by Thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid
 With opening light and evening shade !
- 5 Oh ! may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more !

158

(211)

C.M.

FLOWERDEW. 1811.

- F**OUNTAIN of mercy ! God of love !
 How rich Thy bounties are !
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth,
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine ;
 The plants in beauty grew ;
 Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above,
 Matured the swelling grain ;
 A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
 Thou dost on man bestow ;
 Let him not then forget to own
 From whom his blessings flow !

- 6 Fountain of love ! our praise is Thine ;
 To Thee our songs we'll raise,
 And all created Nature join
 In sweet harmonious praise !

159

L.M.

1798.

- G**REAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 Thy favour still has crowned our days,
 And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat :
 Thou givest us the finest wheat.
 The joys of harvest we have known :
 The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
 O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord !
 Forbid it, Source of light and love,
 That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace :
 Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
 That we may calmly meet the blow
 The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
 To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
 Our spirits may be borne on high
 To Thy safe garner in the sky.

160

(34)

C.M.

STEELE. 1760.

- A**Lmighty Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind Guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record,
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was Thy indulgent care ;
 Long ere I could pronounce Thy name,
 Or breathe the infant prayer.

- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From Thy exhaustless store ;
 But, ah ! in vain my labouring thought
 Would count Thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of Thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore Thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine,—
 That I have known Thy sacred word,
 Where all Thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of Thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
 In more exalted lays ;
 And join the happy sons of light,
 In everlasting praise.

161

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- G**OD of my life, through all my days,
 My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise ;
 My song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chained to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise
 To join the music of the skies !

- 5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

162

(21)

C.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- F**ATHER, how wide Thy glory shines !
How high Thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power ;
Their motions speak Thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 Part of Thy name divinely stands
On all Thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of Thy hands,
Or impress of Thy feet.
- 4 But, when we view Thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,
We love and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 6 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
- 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains !
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

- 8 Oh ! may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

163

(657)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of JOHN ANGELUS.

- O GOD, of good the' unfathomed Sea !
 Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
 Who would not love Thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind !
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to Thee unite ?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays :
 Before the insufferable blaze
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;
 Yet, free as air, Thy bounty streams
 On all Thy works ; Thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive, as Thy sun's, arise.
- 3 Astonished at Thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow ;
 Terrible majesty is Thine !
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows Thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till Thou art mine ?
- 4 High-throned on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly orderest all that is :
 And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
 Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.
- 5 Fountain of good ! all blessing flows
 From Thee ; no want Thy fulness knows :
 What but Thyself canst Thou desire ?
 Yes : self-sufficient as Thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart :
 This, only this, Thou dost require.

- 6 Primeval Beauty ! in Thy sight,
 The first-born, fairest sons of light
 See all their brightest glories fade :
 What then to me Thine eyes could turn ?
 In sin conceived, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !
- 7 Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
 And, trembling, own the' Almighty God,
 Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky :
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose garments rolled in blood appear ?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die.
- 8 O God, of good the unfathomed Sea !
 Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
 Who would not love Thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind !
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

164

4-7s.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

- G**LORY be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King !
 Thee we now presume to sing ;
 Glad, Thine attributes confess
 Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove
 God of power, and God of love !
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
 Christ, the Father's only Son,
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou !

Jesus, in Thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !

- 6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood ;
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou !
- 7 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with Thy great Father One ;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee ;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

165

(104)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What music to our ears !
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !
- 4 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

166

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

O LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted Name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

- 2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky—
Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form ;
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm !
- 5 Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death :
And be His honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted Name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

167

86,886.

BINNEY. (1856.)

ETERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee !

- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 Oh ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The Uncreated Beam ?

- 4 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode :—
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's energies,
 An Advocate with God :—
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of Holiness above :
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May dwell in the Eternal Light,
 Through the Eternal Love !

168

(332)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O** HEAVENLY King, look down from above ;
 Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love :
 So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
 Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, we hallow Thy name ;
 Our business and strife is Thee to proclaim ;
 Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace ;
 The living, the living shall show forth Thy praise.
- 3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art Thou ;
 Preserved by Thy word, we worship Thee now.
 The bountiful Donor of all we enjoy !
 Our tongues to Thine honour, and lives we employ.
- 4 But, O ! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
 From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race ;
 Thy Son Thou hast given a world to redeem,
 And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in Him.
- 5 Wherefore of Thy love we sing and rejoice
 With angels above we lift up our voice :
 Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
 For ever and ever, when time is no more.

169

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739

From the German of ZINZENDORF.

ETERNAL Depth of Love Divine,
 In Jesus, God-with-us, displayed ;
 How bright Thy beaming glories shine !
 How wide Thy healing streams are spread !

- 2 With whom dost Thou delight to dwell ?
 Sinners, a vile and thankless race !
 O God, what tongue aright can tell
 How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace !
- 3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
 With joy our grateful hearts receive :
 All Thy delight in us fulfil ;
 Lo ! all we are to Thee we give.
- 4 To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
 Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign ;
 Oh, fix Thy sacred presence there,
 And seal the' abode for ever Thine.
- 5 O King of Glory ! Thy rich grace
 Our feeble thought surpasses far !
 Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
 Less numerous than Thy mercies are.
- 6 Still, Lord, Thy saving health display,
 And arm our souls with heavenly zeal ;
 So, fearless shall we urge our way,
 Through all the powers of earth and hell.

170

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let His mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 2 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
 'Tis He relieves thy pain,
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 3 My soul, repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 4 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 5 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love—
Far as the east is from the west—
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 6 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

171

L.M. 6 lines.

PRES. DAVIES. 1769.

Mic. vii. 18.

- G**REAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself,—Divine !
But the bright glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare ;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Pardon from an offended God !
Pardon for sins of deepest dye !
Pardon bestowed through Jesu's blood !
Pardon that brings the rebel nigh !
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,
 This matchless miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all the angelic choirs above !
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

172

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1856.

From the German of P. GERHARDT.

I WILL sing my Maker's praises,
 And in Him most joyful be,
 For in all things I see traces
 Of the good He meaneth me :
 Nothing else but love could move Him
 With such sweet and tender care,
 All who try to love and serve Him,
 Evermore to raise and bear.
 (Earthly things are for a day,
 God's great love abides always.)

- 2 Yea, so dear did He esteem me,
 That the Son He loves so well,
 He hath given to redeem me
 From the quenchless flames of hell :
 Well of life, that springeth ever !
 Sea of love, that hath no ground !
 Fruitless were my best endeavour
 Depth of love like Thine to sound.

- 3 God His Spirit to instruct me
 In His holy word hath given,
 That He safely may conduct me
 Through this weary world to heaven.
 He my heart's dark chambers filleth
 With the clear, pure light of faith !
 And thereby e'en hell He stilleth,
 And destroys the power of death.

- 4 All which for my soul is needful
 He will carefully provide,

Nor of that is He unheedful
 Which my body needs beside :
 When my strength cannot avail me—
 At the best a broken reed—
 God appears ; He will not fail me
 In the time of utmost need.

- 5 E'en my sins and many errors
 Find a tender pardoning God,
 Who doth not with penal terrors
 Chasten them, but with the rod ;
 All His blows and scourges truly,
 For the moment, grievous prove ;
 And yet, when I weigh them duly,
 Are but tokens of His love.
- 6 Since, then, neither change nor coldness
 In His precious love can be,
 Lo ! I lift my hands with boldness,
 As a child I come to Thee.
 Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee,
 That I may, with all my might,
 Love, and trust Thee, and obey Thee,
 All the day and all the night.
 (And when this brief life is o'er,
 Love and praise Thee evermore.)
-

THE HOLY TRINITY.

173

(205)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are, and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of Thy creating love.

- 2 Let all the angel throng
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 While earth repeats the joyful song
 And echoes through the sky.

- 3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee
For Thy redeeming grace ;
- 4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, " Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb !"
- 5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.
- 6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight !
- 7 Eternal, Tri-une Lord !
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon Thy love.
- 8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise !

174

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- H**AIL ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three !
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;
Thou art a Spirit pure ;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore ;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

- 4 In wisdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to Thee.
- 5 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above :
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The' almighty God is Love.
- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout our universe.
- 7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all Thy works doth reign ;
But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature, Man.
- 8 Wherefore, let every creature give
To Thee the praise designed :
But, chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

175

88,88,10,10.

WINKWORTH. 1855.

From the German of MENTZER. 1704.

- O**H would I had a thousand tongues,
To sound Thy praise o'er land and sea !
Oh ! rich and sweet should be my songs,
Of all my God has done for me !
With thankfulness my heart must often swell,
But mortal lips Thy praises faintly tell.
- 2 Oh that my voice could far resound
Up to yon stars that o'er me shine !
Would that my blood for joy might bound
Through every vein while life is mine !
Would that each pulse were gratitude, each breath
A song to Him who keeps me safe from death !
 - 3 And first, O Father, praise to Thee
For all I am, and all I have ;
It was Thy merciful decree
That all those blessings richly gave,

Which o'er the earth are scatter'd, far and near,
To help and gladden us who sojourn here.

4 And, dearest Jesus, blest be Thou,
Whose heart with pity overflows,
Thou rich in help ! who deign'dst to bow
To earth, and taste her keenest woes ;
Thy death has burst my bonds, and set me free,
Has made me Thine ; henceforth I cling to Thee.

5 Nor less to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting honours paid,
For all Thy comfort, Lord, and most
That I a child of life am made
By quick'ning grace ; my good deeds are not mine,
Thou workest them through me, O Light Divine !

6 Shall I not then be filled with joy,
Shall I not praise Thee evermore ?
Triumphant songs my lips employ,
E'en when my cup of woe runs o'er ;
Nay, though the heavens should vanish as a scroll,
Nothing shall shake or daunt my trusting soul.

7 But of Thy goodness will I sing
As long as I have life and breath ;
Offerings of thanks I'll daily bring
Until my heart is still in death ;
Then in yon radiant choir I too shall sing
Loud hallelujahs to my glorious King.

176

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

HAIL ! Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH, ELOHIM !

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in Nature One.

- 3 From Thee our being we receive,
The creatures of Thy grace ;
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.
- 4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan ;
And all the glorious Persons joined
To form Thy favourite, Man.
- 5 Again Thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruined work restore ;
Established in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.
- 6 And when we rise in love renewed,
Our souls resemble Thee,
An image of the Tri-une God,
To all eternity.

177

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- H**AIL, co-essential Three,
In mystic Unity !
Father, Son, and Spirit, hail !
God, by heaven and earth adored,
God incomprehensible ;
One supreme, Almighty Lord.
- 2 Thou sittest on the throne,
Plurality in One ;
Saints behold Thine open face,
Bright, insufferably bright ;
Angels tremble as they gaze,
Sink into a sea of light !
- 3 Ah ! when shall we increase
Their heavenly ecstasies !
Chant, like them, the Lord Most High,
Fall, like them, who dare not move ;
"Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Breathe the praise of silent love !

- 4 Come, Father, in the Son
And in the Spirit, down ;
Glorious Tri-une Majesty,
God through endless ages blest,
Make us meet Thy face to see,—
Then receive us to Thy breast.

178

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- H**AIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim ;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious Name.
- 3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, Holy Son, adore ;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 Thine incommunicable right,
Almighty God ! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.
- 5 Three Persons, equally Divine,
We magnify and love :
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing Thy praise above.
- 6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three !

179

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessing more than earth can give !

Mixed with those beyond the sky,
 Chanters to the Lord Most High,
 We our hearts and voices raise,
 Echoing Thy eternal praise.

- 2 One, inexplicably Three,
 One, in simplest Unity,
 God, incline Thy gracious ear,
 Us, Thy lisping creatures, hear :
 Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
 Angels shrink within their wings ;
 Prostrate seraphim above
 Breathe unutterable love.
- 3 Happy they, who never rest,
 With Thy heavenly presence blest !
 They, the heights of glory see,
 Sound the depths of Deity !
 Fain with them our souls would vie ;
 Sink as low, and mount as high ;
 Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar ;
 Shout, or silently adore !

180

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

LET heaven and earth agree
 The Father's praise to sing,
 Who draws us to the Son, that He
 May us to glory bring.

- 2 Honour and endless love,
 Let God the Son receive,
 Who saves us here, and prays above,
 That we with Him may live.
- 3 Be everlasting praise,
 To God the Spirit given,
 Who now attests us sons of grace,
 And seals us heirs of heaven.
- 4 Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
 We'll sing the One and Three,
 With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd
 To all eternity.

181

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

THEE, Father of men and angels, we praise,
 Whose wonders are seen in nature and grace
 Throughout Thy creation ; Whose goodness we
 prove,

And boundless compassion, and infinite love.

2 Thee, Jesus, the Son of God we confess,
 Whose passion alone hath purchased our peace ;
 With cherubs before Thee and seraphs we fall,
 And prostrate adore Thee, the Saviour of all.

3 O Spirit of might, of joy and of love,
 Who guidest us right to mansions above :
 Whose hallowing graces for heaven prepare ;
 We sing now Thy praises till glorified there !

182

67,67,6666.

Rinckart. 1636.

LET all men praise the Lord,
 In worship lowly bending ;
 On His most holy word,
 Redeemed from woe, depending.
 He gracious is and just,
 From childhood us doth lead ;
 On Him we place our trust
 And hope, in time of need.

2 Glory and praise to God,—
 To Father, Son, be given,
 And to the Holy Ghost,
 On high enthroned in heaven.
 Praise to the Tri-une God :
 With powerful arm and strong,
 He changeth night to day ;
 Praise Him with grateful song.

183

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1861.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA.

SEE, O see, what love the Father
 Hath bestowed upon our race,
 How He bends, with sweet compassion
 Over us His beaming face !

- See, how He His best and dearest
 For the very worst hath given,—
 His own Son for us poor sinners,
 See, O see, the love of Heaven !
- 2 See, O see, what love the Saviour
 Also hath on us bestowed,
 How He bled for us and suffered,
 How He bare the heavy load !
 On the cross, and in the garden,
 Oh ! how sore was His distress !
 Is not this a love that passeth
 Aught that tongue can e'er express ?
- 3 See, O see, what love is shewn us
 Also by the Holy Ghost,
 How He strives with us poor sinners
 Even when we sin the most ;
 Teaching, comforting, correcting,
 Where He sees it needful is !
 O what heart would not be thankful
 For a three-fold love like this ?
-

GOD—THE SON.

184

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- M**ESSIAH ! joy of every heart,
 Thou, Thou the King of Glory art !
 The Father's everlasting Son !
 Thee, Thee, Thy church delights to own ;
 For all our hopes on Thee depend,
 Whose glorious mercies never end.
- 2 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
 Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace,
 Into our lower world didst come,
 And stoop to a poor virgin's womb ;
 Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
 Our God appeared—a child of man !

- 3 When Thou hadst rendered up Thy breath,
And, dying, drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portal of the skies,
That all, who trust in Thee alone,
Might follow and partake Thy throne.
- 4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all His glory reign ;
Thou dost, Thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes Divine ;
And Thou in vengeance clad shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.
- 5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away !
Before Thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful Majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of Thy blood.
- 6 Hallow, and make Thy servants meet,
And with Thy saints in glory seat ;
Sustain, and bless us by Thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all Thy church shall chant above,
The new eternal song of love.

185

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- S**AVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope,
That Thou at last wilt take us up ;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify Thy Name ;
And wait Thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.
- 2 Till then, with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day ;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below ;
And ever mightily defend,
And save, O save us to the end !

- 3 Still let us, Lord, with love be blest,
 Who in Thy guardian mercy rest :
 Extend Thy mercy's arms to me,
 The weakest soul that trusts in Thee ;
 And keep me by Thy faithful love,
 Till I, ev'n I, am crowned above.

186

(198)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 " To be exalted thus !"
 " Worthy the Lamb !" our hearts reply ;
 " For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine !
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

187

L.M.

CHANDLER. 1837.

From an ancient Latin Hymn.

- O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Redeemer of our guilty race,
 On Thee our waiting eyes we bend,
 The saint's delight, the sinner's Friend.
- 2 What wondrous love prevailed on Thee
 The Bearer of our sins to be ;
 Thyself in sacrifice to give,
 That sinners might not die, but live !

- 3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,
And broken is the tyrant's chain ;
And Thou art in Thy meet abode,
The Conqueror on the throne of God.
- 4 Oh ! let Thy love our hearts subdue ;
Blot out our sins, our souls renew ;
Oh, cheer us with Thy beaming face,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace.
- 5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul ;
In life, our pathway to the skies ;
In death, our everlasting prize.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise for aye be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

188

(193)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- L**ET all that breathe, Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord !
Let earth and heaven His power confess,
Brought out of nothing by His Word.
- 2 He spake the Word, and it was done !
The universe His Word obeyed ;
His Word is His eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord and God Most High,
Maker of all mankind and me !
Me Thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to Thee.
- 4 Wherefore to Thee my heart I give,
(But Thou must first bestow the power,)
And if to Thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

189

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,

- Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity.
- 2 Who did for us His life resign, —
There is no other God but One,
For all the plenitude Divine
Resides in the Incarnate Son.
- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to His day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure ;
The purchased Comforter impart ;
Apply Thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure, in life and heart !
- 5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none Thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy Sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count Thee less than the Most High ;
- 6 When all who Thee their God believe,
Who here Thy last appearing love,
Shall Thy consummate joy receive,
And see Thy glorious face above.

190

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON. 1774.

- M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy Name ?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme ;
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and endless praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature, —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For the wonders of creation, —
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
For Thy Providence, that governs
Through Thy empire's wide domain,

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;—
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of the Father's Glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives ;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow :—
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour !
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne ;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

191

L.M. 6 lines, triplets.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German.

O GOD the Son, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing ;
To Thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.

- 2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in Thee :
All Nature trembles at Thy voice :
With awe even we Thy children prove
Thy power : O let us taste Thy love !
So evermore shall we rejoice.

- 3 O powerful Love, to Thee we bow ;
Object of all our wishes Thou,
Our hearts are naked to Thine eye ;
To Thee, who, from the' eternal throne,
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

- 4 Grace we implore ; when billows roll
 Grace is the anchor of the soul ;
 Grace every sickness knows to heal ;
 Grace can subdue each fond desire,
 And patience in all pain inspire,
 Howe'er rebellious nature swell.
- 5 O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
 Create our ruin'd frame anew ;
 Dispel our darkness by Thy light ;
 Into all truth our spirit guide,
 And from our eyes for ever hide
 All things displeasing in Thy sight.
- 6 Be heaven, even now, our souls' abode ;
 Hid be our life with Christ in God ;
 Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine :
 Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
 And filled with Thee be all our thought,
 Till in us Thy full likeness shine.

192

C.M.

CENNICK. 1743.

Altered by TOPLADY.

- W**E sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
 Fountain of life and grace !
 We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
 Redeemed our fallen race.
- 2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
 The Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Who art by heaven and earth adored,
 Worthy o'er both to reign.
- 3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
 Through heaven's extended coasts :—
 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord
 Of glory, and of hosts.
- 4 The cherubim and seraphim
 Incessant sing to Thee ;
 The worlds and all the powers therein
 Adore Thy majesty.

- 5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
 In radiant garments drest,
 Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
 The fulness of Thy rest.
- 6 The apostles' glorious company
 Thy righteous praise proclaim :
 The martyred army glorify
 Thine everlasting Name.
- 7 Through all the world, Thy churches join
 To call on Thee their Head,
 Brightness of Majesty Divine,
 Who every power hast made.
- 8 Among their number, Lord, we love
 To sing Thy precious blood :
 Reign here, and in the worlds above,
 Thou holy Lamb of God !

193

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Thy Saviour's sacrifice !
 All the names that love could find,
 All the forms that love could take,
 Jesus in Himself hath joined,
 Thee, my soul, His own to make.
- 2 Equal with God, Most High,
 He laid His glory by ;
 He, the' eternal God, was born,
 Man with men He deign'd to' appear,
 Object of His creature's scorn,
 Pleased a servant's form to wear.
- 3 Hail ! everlasting Lord,
 Divine, incarnate Word !
 Thee, let all my powers confess ;
 Thee, my latest breath proclaim ;
 Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
 Shout the loved Immanuel's name !

- 4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised Blessing's come ;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour ! long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.
- 5 Jesus, to Thee, I bow !
The Almighty's Fellow, Thou !
Thou, the Father's only Son ;
Pleased He ever is in Thee ;
Just and holy Thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

194

(192)

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- H**IGH above every name,
Jesus, the Great I AM !
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell ;
Saints adore Him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel !
- 2 He left His throne above,
Emptied of all, but love ;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, vouchsafed a worm to' appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.
- 3 His own on earth He sought,
His own received Him not ;
Him, a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast, and despised of men ;
Him, they all a madman deemed,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.
- 4 Hail, Galilean King !
Thy humble state I sing ;
Never shall my triumphs end ;
Hail, derided Majesty !
Jesus, hail ! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of publicans,—and *me* !

195

(67)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- I**NFINITE, unexhausted Love !
 (Jesus and Love are one :)
 If still to me Thy bowels move,
 They are restrained to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love !
 My loving God to praise !
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sovereign grace !
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined ;
 From age to age it never ends ;
 It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
 Wide as infinity !
 So wide, it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven ;
 But far above the skies,
 In Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see Thy mercies rise !
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
 What angel-tongue can tell !
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable !
- 7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence ;
 Deeper than inbred sin,
 Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
 When Jesus enters in.
- 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
 Possession of Thine own ;
 My longing heart vouchsafe to make
 Thine everlasting throne !
- 9 Assert Thy claim, maintain Thy right,
 Come quickly from above :
 And sink me to perfection's height,
 The depth of humble love.

196

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm cxxxviii.

ALL thanks and all praise to Thee will I give,
O Lord, by whose grace accepted I live ;
My heart shall adore Thee, my mouth shall show
forth

Thine honour and glory to gods of the earth.

- 2 Thy mercy, and love, and truth I proclaim ;
With angels above, I hallow Thy Name ;
And turning me toward the holiest place,
Thee, Father, adored, in Jesus I praise.
- 3 For Thou hast revealed Thy nature unknown,
Thy promise fulfilled in Jesus Thy Son ;
Exalted the Saviour and Friend of mankind,
That all in His favour Thy mercy may find.
- 4 When burdened, I cried for pardon to Thee,
Thy mercy replied, and bade me be free :
Thy Spirit, that hour, came down from above,
And clothed me with power, and filled me with love.
- 5 The kings of the earth, Thee, Jesus, shall praise,
And trust in Thy worth, and honour Thy grace !
Shall gladly adore Thee, whose sayings they hear,
And sing to Thy glory, and walk in Thy fear.
- 6 For Jesus the Lord, though lofty and high,
By angels adored, looks down from the sky :
Who hates the unholy, and scatters the proud,
He lifts up the lowly, and brings them to God.
- 7 Although in distress, I labour and strive :
Thy comfort and peace my soul shall revive ;
Thine arm shall deliver, whom now it secures ;
Thy mercy for ever and ever endures.

197

77, 87. D.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus !
Jesus alone defends His own,
When earth and hell oppress us.

Jesus with joy we witness,
 Almighty to deliver ;
 Our seals set to, that God is true,
 And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
 Our ransomed souls adore Thee :
 Our Saviour Thou, we find it now,
 And give Thee all the glory.
 We sing Thine arm unshortened,
 Brought through our sore temptation ;
 With heart and voice, in Thee rejoice,
 The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
 A way no more expected,
 Than when Thy sheep passed through the deep,
 By crystal walls protected.
 Thy glory was our rear-ward,
 Thine hand our lives did cover,
 And we, even we, have passed the sea,
 And marched triumphant over.

4 The world's and Satan's malice
 Thou, Jesus, hast confounded ;
 And, by Thy grace, with songs of praise
 Our happy souls resounded.
 Accepting our deliverance,
 We triumph in Thy favour,
 And for the love, which now we prove,
 Shall praise Thy Name for ever.

98

2-6s & 4-7s.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of JOHN ANGELUS.

THOU, Jesus, art our King,
 Thy ceaseless praise we sing ;
 Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
 While we vital breath enjoy,
 While eternal ages roll.

- 2 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our sickness borne :
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;
 Thou, with unexampled grace,
 All the mighty ransom paid
 Due for Adam's helpless race.
- 3 Enthroned above yon sky,
 Thou reign'st with God Most High.
 Prostrate at Thy feet we fall :
 Power supreme to Thee is given ;
 Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
- 4 Cherubs with seraphs join,
 And in Thy praise combine ;
 All their choirs Thy glories sing :
 Who shall dare with Thee to vie ?
 Mighty Lord, eternal King,
 Sovereign both of earth and sky !
- 5 Arise, stir up Thy power,
 Thou deathless Conqueror !
 Help us to obtain the prize,
 Help us well to close our race ;
 That with Thee, above the skies,
 Endless joys we may possess.

199 (186)

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- T**O God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His Almighty love,
 His counsel, and His care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
 And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and power belong,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting song.

200

8s & 7s.

BAKEWELL. 1760.

- H**AIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, Thou Galilean King !
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By Thy merits we find favour ;
 Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;
 By almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide :
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side :
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 There Thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing ;
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give !

Help, ye bright, angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

201

L.M.

C. WESLEY, 1758.

- O** WHEN shall we, supremely blest,
 Enter the rapturous unrest,
 Partake the triumph of the sky,
 And holy, holy, holy, cry ?
- 2 We render thanks, with one accord,
 To our Almighty God and Lord,
 Who was, and is, and is to come,
 Let Jesus all His power assume.
- 3 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain
 The power and riches to obtain,
 Worship divine to Christ be given,
 By every citizen of heaven !
- 4 With all that angel host, with all
 Those blessed saints, we long to fall,
 And sing in ecstasies unknown,
 And praise Him on His dazzling throne.
- 5 Honour, and majesty, and power,
 And thanks, and blessing evermore,
 Who dost through endless ages live,
 Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive.
- 6 For Thou hast bid the creatures be,
 And still subsist to pleasure Thee ;
 From Thee they came, to Thee they tend,
 Their gracious Source, their glorious End.

202 (203)

C.M.

1817.

- T**O Thee, my Saviour and my Lord,
 A lofty song I'll raise :
 While love inspires my glowing heart,
 And forms my lips to praise.
- 2 Worthy for ever is the Lamb,
 That bore our sins away :

But oh ! what tribute can we give ?

What equal honours pay ?

3 Millions of saints Thy grace proclaim,

In noblest strains above ;

But not an angel's tongue can tell

The wonders of Thy love.

4 Bless'd seraphs sing Thy matchless love,

And shout Thy high renown,

Archangels, at Thy sacred feet,

Lay their bright glories down.

5 Reign, mighty Prince ! for ever reign,

Till death himself be dead ;

And let eternal ages shower

Their blessings on Thy head.

6 Thus will I sing, till nature fails ;

Till sense and language die ;

And then resume the pleasing theme,

In happier worlds on high.

203

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1853.

COME, let us sing the song of songs—

The saints in heaven began the strain—

The homage which to Christ belongs :

“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,

To cleanse from every sinful stain,

And make us kings and priests to God—

“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,

Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,

Blessing, and praise, and glory be :

“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,

All power in heaven and earth proclaim,

Honour, and majesty, and might ;

“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”

- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,
 And while in heaven with Him we reign ;
 This song our song of songs shall be :
 “ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”

204

66, 84. D.

PROCLAIM the lofty praise,
 Of Him who once was slain,
 But now is risen, through endless days
 To live and reign.
 He lives and reigns on high,
 Who bought us with His blood,—
 Enthroned above the farthest sky,—
 Our Saviour God.

- 2 All honour, power, and praise,
 To Jesu's name belong ;
 With hosts seraphic, glad we raise
 The sacred song :
 “ Worthy the Lamb,” they cry,
 That on the cross was slain ;
 But now, ascended up on high,
 He lives to reign.

- 3 He lives to bless and save
 The souls redeemed by grace,
 And rescue from the dreary grave
 The fallen race ;
 And soon, we hope, above,
 A louder strain to sing,—
 With all our powers to praise and love
 Our Saviour King.

205

7.6. D.

H. AUBER. 1829

WITH hearts in love abounding,
 Prepare we now to sing
 A lofty theme, resounding
 Thy praise, Almighty King ;
 Whose love rich gifts bestowing,
 Redeemed the human race ;
 Whose lips with zeal o'erflowing,
 Breathe words of truth and grace.

- 2 In majesty transcendent,
 Gird on Thy conquering sword ;
 In righteousness resplendent,
 Ride on, Incarnate Word !
 Ride on, O King Messiah,
 To glory and renown ;
 Pierced by Thy darts of fire,
 Be every foe o'erthrown !
- 3 So reign, O God, in heaven,
 Eternally the same,
 And endless praise be given
 To Thy almighty name.
 Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
 Thy church on earth behold
 In robe of purest whiteness,
 In raiment wrought with gold.
- 4 And let each Gentile nation
 Come gladly in her train,
 To share Thy great salvation,
 And join her grateful strain ;
 Then ne'er shall note of sadness
 Awake the trembling string,
 One song of joy and gladness
 The ransomed world shall sing !

206

C.M.

HAVERGAL. (1838.)

- H**OSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord ;
 With cherubim and seraphim
 Exalt the' Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue
 No lofty strains can raise ;
 But Thou wilt not despise the young,
 Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 How vast Thy gifts, how free !
 Thy blood, our life ; Thy word, our feast ;
 Thy name, our only plea.

- 4 Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 5 Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng ;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold.

207

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1854.

- O YE that know the pardoning Lord,
His everlasting love record,
Give thanks, and glory in His grace !
Gather'd by Jesus from all lands,
Redeem'd from sin and Satan's hands,
Your merciful Redeemer praise :
- 2 Ere yet on Christ their souls were stay'd,
O'er the wide wilderness they stray'd,
The world of sin they wander'd round ;
Parched up with thirst, and pined with want,
Weary, and comfortless, and faint,
They no abiding city found.
 - 3 To God, they in their trouble cried,
And kindly He their want supplied,
And saved them from their sore distress ;
Himself the living way He show'd,
Led them from all their sins to God,
And bade them dwell in perfect peace.
 - 4 Oh that the world would therefore praise
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,
Whose love in all His works is seen !
With joyful lips confess His power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His wonders toward the sons of men !

208

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm cii. 12.—16.

THOU my God art still the same,
 And shalt for ever be,
 One unchangeable I AM
 Through all eternity.
 Stands Thy love upon record,
 Thy truth immovably secure !
 All Thy faithful mercies, Lord,
 From age to age endure.

2 Thou shalt, to Thy promise just,
 Arise Thy church to build,
 Lift her up out of the dust,
 The time is now fulfilled :
 Weeping o'er her scattered stones,
 Thy servants by her ruins stay,
 Thy own Spirit groans their groans,
 And bids Thee come away.

3 Then the Gentile world shall praise
 And bow to Jesu's Name ;
 All the kings of earth His grace
 And glory shall proclaim :
 When the Lord His church shall rear,
 He all His mercy shall display,
 Glorious in His saints appear,
 And bring the perfect day.

209

777,5.

HEBER. 1827.

LORD of mercy and of might !
 Of mankind the life and light !
 Maker, Teacher infinite !
 Jesus, hear and save !

2 Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
 Jesus, hear and save !

3 Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,

Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !

- 4 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us, when we cry !
Jesus, hear and save !

210

L.M. RAY PALMER. (1833.)

From an ancient Latin Hymn.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.

- 2 Thy truth, unchanged, hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee—ALL IN ALL !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away,—
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

211

(196)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear :
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust :
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name,
With my last labouring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

212

(197)

C.M.

NEWTON. 1779.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
 - 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
 - 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
 - 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
 - 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

213

L.M. 6 lines. C. ELLIOTT. 1854.

- O**H, speak of Jesus ! other names
Have lost for me their interest now ;
His is the only one that claims
To be an antidote for woe :
It falls like music on the ear,
When nothing else can soothe or cheer.
- 2 Oh, speak of Jesus !—of His power,
As perfect God, and perfect man,
Which day by day, and hour by hour,
As He wrought out the wondrous plan,
Led Him, as God, to save and heal ;
As man, to sympathise and feel.
- 3 Oh, speak of Jesus !—of His death !
For us He lived, for us He died ;
“ ’Tis finished,” with His latest breath,
The Lord, Jehovah-Jesus, cried ;
That death of shame and agony
Won life, eternal life for me !
- 4 Yes, speak of Jesus, while mine ear,
Can listen to a human voice !
That Name my parting soul will cheer,
Will bid me ev’n in death rejoice :
Then prove, when these clay bonds are riven,
My passport at the gates of heaven.

214

(105)

C.M.

FAWCETT. 1782.

- I**NFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth’s remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet ;
To Thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy Name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around :

Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store ;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in Thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

215

L.M. 6 lines. WINKWORTH. 1858.

From the German of CONRAD HOJER. 1584.

JESUS, my only God and Lord,
What sweetness in Thy name is stored !
So dark and hopeless is no grief,
But Thy sweet Name can bring relief,
So keen no sorrows' rankling dart
But Thy sweet Name can heal my heart.

- 2 The world can show no truth like Thine,
And therefore will I not repine ;
I know Thou wilt forsake me not,
Thy truth is fix'd, though dark my lot ;
Thou art my Shepherd, and Thy sheep
From every real harm Thou'lt keep.
- 3 Jesus, my boast, my light, my joy,
The treasure nought can e'er destroy,
No words, no song that I can frame,
Speak half the sweetness of Thy name ;
They only all its power shall prove
Whose hearts have learnt Thy faith and love.
- 4 Jesus, my Bridegroom, and my crown,
If Thou but smile, the world may frown,
In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than her richest gold ;
Whene'er I do but think of Thee,
Thy dews drop down and solace me.

- 5 Whene'er I hope in Thee, my Friend,
 Thy comfort and Thy peace descend ;
 Whene'er in grief I pray and sing,
 I feel new courage in me spring ;
 Thy Spirit witnesses that this
 Is foretaste of the eternal bliss.
- 6 Then, while I live this life of care,
 The cross for Thee I'll gladly bear ;
 Help me to do my task aright,
 That it may stand before Thy sight,
 And keep me steadfast in the faith,
 Then I am Thine in life and death.

216

87,87,887. A. T. RUSSELL. 1851.

From the German of J. C. LAVATER.

- O** NAME, than every name more dear,
 The heavens Thy praise are telling :
 Blest Name, that doth our spirits cheer,
 Midst sin and sorrow dwelling.
 O Jesus, who shall not love Thee ?
 Or who disdain to bow the knee
 To Jesus, our Redeemer ?
- 2 Thee the eternal Son we own,
 Our King for ever blessed ;
 High on the everlasting throne,
 Of boundless power possessed.
 All wisdom, life, and light are Thine ;
 From Thee upon our souls doth shine
 The light of love unfailing.
- 3 High over all Thy Name doth rise ;
 O'er all the world Thou reignest :
 Our Prophet, Priest, King, Sacrifice,
 Our Guide—Thou all sustainest ;
 The depths—the heights confess Thee Lord,
 Above all kings our King adored,
 All—all is Thine, O Jesus !

217

(100)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine :
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love ;
 To me, with Thy dear name, are given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art—
 My rest in toil ; my ease in pain ;
 The medicine of my broken heart ;
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown :
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my Almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 My life in death ; my heaven in hell.

218

7s. D.

TOPLADY, 1776.

- O**BJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus ! crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire
 Only to be found in Thee :
 Thee to please, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below :
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.
- 2 Lord ! it is not life to live
 If Thy presence Thou deny :
 Lord ! if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death—to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows,
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

- 3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die !
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness !
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

219

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1793.

Psalm lxxiii. 25.

EVER nigh to those who call,
Jesus, Thou art All in all,
Righteous Advocate of love,
Seated near the throne above ;
Whom have I, but Thee, to plead ?
'Twas Thyself alone that bled !

- 2 Whom, on earth, but Thee, have I ?
Who, but Thee, for me would die ?
Who can every care relieve ?
Who can every blessing give ?
Who can every sickness heal ?
Who can mysteries reveal ?
- 3 When impending storms appear,
Who can save or who can cheer ?
Who can re-create the heart ?
Who can life and bliss impart ?
Only Thou, my glorious Lord,
Thou alone canst all afford !
- 4 Only Thou to us art given,
Only Thou, the King of heaven.
Let me not from Thee e'er swerve,
Only Thee I'll love and serve ;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Who on earth compared can be ?

220

C.M.

Bernard. 1849.

- J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this—
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus—what it is
 None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our crown wilt be ;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

221

(57)

4-6s & 2-8s.

WATTS. 1709.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak Thy worth,
 Too mean to set Thee, Saviour, forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue shall bless Thy name ;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Be Thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern, and my Guide ;

- And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side :
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !
- 4 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of His sheep :
 He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 5 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside ;
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 6 O Thou almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, I sing ;
 Thine is the power : behold, I sit
 In willing bonds before Thy feet.

222

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

- CHRIST, the true anointed Seer,
 Messenger from the Most High,
 Thy prophetic character
 To my conscience signify :
 Signify Thy Father's will ;
 By that unction from above,
 Mysteries of grace reveal,
 Teach my heart that God is Love.
- 2 Thou who didst for all atone,
 Dost for all incessant pray,
 Make Thy priestly office known,
 Take my cancelled sin away :
 Let me peace with God regain,
 Righteousness from Thee receive

- Through Thy meritorious pain,
Through Thy intercession, live.
- 3 Sovereign, universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me Thy kingdom bring,
Into me Thy Spirit inspire :
From mine inbred foes release ;
Here erect Thy gracious throne ;
King of righteousness and peace,
Reign in every heart alone.
- 4 O that all were taught of God,
All anointed by Thy grace ;
Kings and priests redeemed with blood,
Born again to sound Thy praise ;
An elect, peculiar seed,
Offspring of the Deity ;
Christians both in name and deed,
One, entirely one with Thee !

223

7s & 6s.
Heb. vii. 25.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- COMING through our great High Priest,
We find a pardoning God :
Jesu's Spirit in our breast
Bears witness with the blood,
Speaks our Father pacified
Toward every soul that Christ receives ;
Tells us, once our Surety died,
And now for ever lives.
- 2 Christ for ever lives to pray
For all that trust in Him ;
I my soul on Jesus stay,
Almighty to redeem :
He shall purify my heart,
Who in His blood forgiveness have,
All His hallowing power exert,
And to the utmost save.
- 3 Basis of our steadfast hope,
Saviour, Thy ceaseless prayer

Sanctifies and lifts us up
 To meet Thee in the air :
 Yes, Thine interceding grace
 Preserves us every moment Thine,
 Till we rise to see Thy face,
 And share the throne divine.

224

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1842.

We have an ALTAR. Heb. xiii. 10.

- T**HIS Altar is the Lord,
 Our Lord and God most high,
 By all His saints beneath adored,
 By all above the sky.
- 2 Raised by Almighty hands,
 To Adam's offspring given,
 'Twixt God and man this Altar stands,
 And earth unites to heaven.
- 3 This Altar ever lives,
 And did for sin atone,
 Hallows the offerings it receives,
 And bears them to the throne.
- 4 Us to the throne it bears,
 Mixed with the sacred flame,
 And God accepts the worshippers,
 Who bow in Jesu's name.

225

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came,
 Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,
 Fulfil Thy character :
 To guard and feed the chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way,
 Conduct us by Thy light ;
 Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on Thy people rain
The manna of Thy love.

226

C.M.

DOANE. 1821.

- T**HOU art the Way ; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

227

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Ps. xlv.

- M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare !
Of Him I make my loftiest songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear ;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;
Replenish'd are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart :
God ever blest ! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
 And take to Thee Thy power divine ;
 Stir up Thy strength, Almighty Lord,
 All power and majesty are Thine :
 Assert Thy worship and renown ;
 O all-redeeming God, come down !
- 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,
 And let Thy gracious toil succeed ;
 Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
 Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed ;
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,
 And reign in all our hearts alone.

228

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1741.

- J**ESUS is lifted up on high ;
 Whom man refused and doom'd to die,
 He is become the Corner-stone ;
 Head of His church, He lives and reigns,
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 High on His everlasting throne.
- 2 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise :
 O send us now Thy saving grace ;
 Make this the acceptable hour ;
 Our hearts would now receive Thee in ;
 Enter, and make an end of sin,
 And bless us with the perfect power.
- 3 God is the Lord that shows us light ;
 Then let us render Him His right,
 The offering of a thankful mind ;
 Present our living sacrifice ;
 And to His cross, in closest ties,
 With cords of love our spirit bind.
- 4 Thou art my God, and Thee I praise ;
 Thou art my God, I sing Thy grace,
 And call mankind to' extol Thy name :
 All glory to our gracious Lord !
 His name be praised, His love adored,
 Through all eternity the same !

229

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1800.

- J**ESUS the good Shepherd is ;
 Jesus died the sheep to save ;
 He is mine, and I am His ;
 All I want in Him I have,—
 Life, and health, and rest, and food,
 All the plenitude of God.
- 2 Jesus loves and guards His own ;
 Me in verdant pastures feeds ;
 Makes me quietly lie down,
 By the streams of comfort leads :
 Following Him where'er He goes,
 Silent joy, my heart o'erflows.
- 3 He in sickness makes me whole,
 Guides into the paths of peace ;
 He revives my fainting soul,
 'Stablishes in righteousness ;
 Who for me vouchsafed to die,
 Loves me still,—I know not why !
- 4 Unappall'd by guilty fear,
 Through the mortal vale I go ;
 My eternal life is near ;
 Thee my life in death I know ;
 Bless Thy chastening, cheering rod,
 Die into the arms of God !
- 5 Till that welcome hour I see,
 Thou before my foes dost feed ;
 Bidst me sit and feast with Thee,
 Pour'st Thy oil upon my head ;
 Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
 Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.
- 6 Love Divine shall still embrace,
 Love shall keep me to the end ;
 Surely all my happy days
 I shall in His temple spend,
 Till I to Thy house remove,
 Thy eternal house above !

230

(90)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Song of Solomon. 1. 7.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart ;
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where Thou art :
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day.

- 2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree,
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast :
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side,
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

231

(81)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- SON of God, Thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want ;
 Tree of Life, Thine influence shed ;
 With Thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,
 Wither without Thee, and die ;
 Weak as helpless infancy—
 O confirm my soul in Thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by Thee, I fall ;
 Send the strength for which I call :

Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

- 4 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end :
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

232

(194)

8s.

HART. 1759.

THIS God, is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

233

4-8s. & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

O THOU, who hast redeem'd of old,
And bidst me of Thy strength take hold,
And be at peace with Thee ;
Help me Thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me.

- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolved to know ;
Thy love my plea I make ;
Give me Thy love, 'tis all I claim ;
Give, for the honour of Thy name,
Give, for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Can'st Thou deny that love to me ?
Say, Thou incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of Sorrows, say !
Thy glory why didst Thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap Thee in my clay ?
- 4 Ancient of Days, why didst Thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span ?

Flesh of our flesh why wast Thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of Man ?

- 5 Love, only Love, Thy heart inclined,
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from Thy throne above ;
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distress'd Thee sore for my relief :
O Mystery of Love !
- 6 Because Thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love Thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am ;
My life be all with Thine the same,
And all Thy death be mine.

234

8s. & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath :
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart :
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race ;
Come, Thou universal Saviour ;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince ;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins :

By Thy all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

235

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- A**LL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restored :
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear our Omnipotent Lord !
 Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to Thy creatures return,
 And reign in Thy kingdom of grace !
- 2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledged Thy birth ;
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was opened on earth :
 Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The Giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst Thou again be made known,
 Again in Thy Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of Thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end !
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to Thy sway.
- 4 Come then to Thy servants again,
 Who long Thy appearing to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below :
 All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er ;
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

- 5 No horrid alarum of war
 Shall break our eternal repose ;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
 Appeased by the charms of Thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join ;
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like Thine.

236

(33)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY 1739.

- H**ARK! the herald-angels sing
 "Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
 Hail the' incarnate Deity !
 Pleased as man with men to' appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
- 6 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head.

8 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in Thy love.

237

10s.

BYROM. 1773.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first began,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the' angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
"Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will."

4 O, may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

5 Then may we hope, the' angelic hosts among,
To sing redeem'd, a glad triumphal song,
He that was born, upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

238

11-10.6

HEBER. 1827.

I am the Bright and Morning Star—Rev. xxii. 16.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

239

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring;

By Thy own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone,
 By Thy all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

240⁽³⁹⁾ C.M. DODDRIDGE. 1755.
HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely poured,
 Exerts His sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held :
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eyes oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of His grace,
 To' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

241 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1789.

CELEBRATE Immanuel's name,
 The Prince of life and peace !
 God-with-us, our lips proclaim,
 Our faithful hearts confess :
 God is in our flesh reveal'd,
 Heaven and earth in Jesus join,
 Mortal with immortal fill'd,
 And human with divine.

- 2 Fulness of the Deity
 In Jesu's body dwells,
 Dwells in all His saints and me,
 When God His Son reveals :
 Father, manifest Thy Son,
 And, conscious of the' Incarnate Word,
 In our inmost souls make known
 The presence of the Lord.
- 3 Let the Spirit of our Head
 Through every member flow ;
 By our Lord inhabited,
 We then Immanuel know :
 Then He doth His name express,
 And God in us we truly prove,
 Fill'd with all the life of grace,
 And all the power of love.

242

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- G**LORY be to God on high,
 And peace on earth descend ;
 God comes down, He bows the sky,
 And shows Himself our Friend :
 God the Invisible appears !
 God, the blest, the great I AM,
 Sojourns in this vale of tears,
 And Jesus is His name.
- 2 See the' eternal Son of God
 A mortal Son of man ;
 Dwelling in an earthly clod,
 Whom heaven cannot contain !
 Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this ;
 See the Lord of earth and skies ;
 Humbled to the dust He is,
 And in a manger lies.
- 3 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
 The Prince of Peace proclaim ;
 With heaven's host lift up our voice,
 And shout Immanuel's name :

Knees and hearts to Him we bow ;
 Of our flesh and of our bone,
 Jesus is our Brother now,
 And God is all our own.

243

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- F**ATHER, our hearts we lift,
 Up to Thy gracious throne,
 And bless Thee for the precious gift
 Of Thine Incarnate Son :
 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world Thy goodness tell,
 And to Thy glory live.
- 2 A peace on earth He brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 Declares Himself our Friend ;
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we His Spirit may gain :
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of man.
- 3 His kingdom from above,
 He doth to us impart,
 And pure benevolence and love,
 O'erflow the faithful heart :
 Changed in a moment we
 The sweet attraction find,
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

244

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1790.

JESUS, Thee Thy works proclaim
 Omnipotently good ;
 Moses Thy forerunner came,
 And mighty works he show'd :
 Minister of wrath divine,
 His wonders plagued the sinful race :
 Works of purest love are Thine,
 And miracles of grace.

- 2 All Thy cures are mysteries,
 And prove Thy power to heal
 Every sickness and disease
 Which now our spirits feel :
 Good Physician of mankind,
 Thou wilt repeat Thy sovereign word,
 Chase the evils of our mind,
 And speak our souls restored.
- 3 Who of other help despair,
 And would Thy word receive,
 Us Thou mak'st Thy tenderest care,
 And kindly dost relieve :
 Every soul-infirmity,
 And plague of heart, Thou dost remove ;
 Heal'st whoe'er apply to Thee,
 With balm of bleeding love.
- 4 Still Thou go'st about to teach,
 And desperate souls to cure ;
 Still Thou dost the kingdom preach
 Which always shall endure ;
 Publishest the power of grace,
 Which pardon and salvation brings,
 Saves our fallen dying race,
 And makes us priests and kings.

245 (199)

L.M.

MEDLEY. 1800.

- NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
 With all His saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds His glorious power confess ;
 His wisdom all His works express :
 But oh ! His love, what tongue can tell !
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
 Has been His love to sinful me !
 This plucked me from the jaws of hell :
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 4 And since my soul has known His love,
What mercies has He made me prove !
Mercies which do all praise excel :
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in His arms shall lose my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies ;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

246

(70)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord !
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will ;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

247

L.M.

A. C. COXE. 1848.

- H**OW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine ;
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !
- 2 O, who like Thee—so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of man, Thou Light of Light ;—
O, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?

- 3 O, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high ?
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 E'en death which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee ;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God !

248

6-7s.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

- GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see :
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away :
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
“ It is finished ! ”—hear the cry :
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom :
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen !—He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

249

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut His glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

250

C.M.

P. J. WRIGHT. 1860.

- T**HE Lord of Glory left His throne,
 His royal throne on high,
 That He for sins might once atone,
 A Man of Sorrows die.
- 2 At midnight, in Gethsemane,
 He sweats great drops of blood,
 The Man of Sorrows bends His knee,
 And meekly pleads with God.
- 3 Uplifted on Mount Calvary,
 With anguish deep, He cries,
 " My God, Thou hast forsaken Me ;"
 The Man of Sorrows dies.
- 4 O Man of Sorrows ! look on me,
 In mercy save my soul !
 That I may glory give to Thee,
 While endless ages roll.

251

(46)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine-press treads alone ;
 Tears the graves and mountains up,
 By His expiring groan ;
 Lo ! the powers of heaven He shakes :
 Nature in convulsions lies ;
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes ;
 The great JEHOVAH dies !
- 2 Well may heaven be clothed in black,
 And solemn sackcloth wear,
 Jesu's agonies partake,
 The hour of darkness share :
 Mourn the' astonish'd hosts above ;
 Silence saddens all the skies ;
 Kindler of seraphic love,
 The God of angels dies !
- 3 O my God ! He dies for me,
 I feel the mortal smart !
 See Him hanging on the tree,—
 A sight that breaks my heart !
 Oh, that all to Thee might turn !
 Sinners, ye may love Him too ;
 Look on Him ye pierced, and mourn
 For One who bled for you !
- 4 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
 With tears of humblest love :
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
 And reigns enthroned above ;
 Lives our Head, to die no more ;
 Power is all to Jesus given,—
 Worshipped as He was before,
 The' Immortal King of heaven.
- 5 Lord, we bless Thee for Thy grace
 And truth, which never fail ;
 Hastening to behold Thy face,
 Without a dimming veil,

We shall see our heavenly King,
 All Thy glorious love proclaim ;
 Help the angel-choirs to sing
 Our dear triumphant Lamb.

252

7.6. D.

P. Gerhardt. 1659.

- O** SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weighed down,
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thine only crown !
 How pale art Thou with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn !
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn !
- 2 O Lord of Life and Glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine !
 I read the wondrous story,
 I joy to call Thee mine.
 Thy grief and Thy compassion
 Were all for sinners' gain ;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
- 3 What language shall I borrow,
 To praise Thee, heavenly Friend ;
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?
 Lord, make me Thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless prove ;
 Oh, let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love !
- 4 Lord, at my dissolution
 Do not from me depart ;
 Support, at life's conclusion,
 My feeble, fainting heart.
 Ah ! then, though I be dying,
 Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
 I shall, on Thee relying,
 Eternal life obtain.

253

S.M.

ANCIENT HYMN.

- L**O! on the inglorious tree
 The Lord of Glory hangs;
 Behold! Forsaken now is He,
 And pierced with keenest pangs.
- 2 A shameful death He dies,
 And with transgressors twain;
 The Lamb of God for sacrifice;
 By cruel sinners slain.
- 3 Full is His cup of woe;
 In death His head declines;
 "'Tis done!" aloud He cries; and now
 His spotless soul resigns.
- 4 O come, my soul, and gaze
 On that great grief, that crown
 Of thorn; in deep and dread amaze
 There look, adore, and mourn.
- 5 For thee He shed His blood;
 Weep o'er thy mighty sin.
 My soul, to that accursed wood
 Thou, thou hast nailed Him!
- 6 To Thee, the mighty Lord,
 Who washed our sins away,
 Who hast redeemed us by Thy blood,—
 Our boundless thanks we pay.

254

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- T**IS finish'd! The Messiah dies,
 Cut off for sins, but not His own!
 Accomplished is the sacrifice,
 The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 Finish'd the first transgression is,
 And purged the guilt of actual sin,
 And everlasting righteousness
 Is now to all the world brought in.

- 3 The veil is rent in Christ alone ;
The living way to heaven is seen ;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled ;
Exacted is the legal pain ;
The precious promises are sealed ;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5 The reign of sin and death is o'er,
And all may live from sin set free ;
Satan hath lost his mortal power ;
'Tis swallowed up in victory.
- 6 Saved from the legal curse I am,
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree :
See there the meek, expiring Lamb !
'Tis finish'd ! He expires for me.
- 7 Accepted in the Well-beloved,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
I see the bar to heaven removed ;
And all Thy merits, Lord, are mine.
- 8 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued ;
All grace is now to sinners given ;
And, lo ! I plead the' atoning blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heaven.

255

(653)

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
 - 3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

256

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain :
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

257 (665)

6-7s.

TOPLADY. 1776.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

258 (107)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !

- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

259

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- O** THOU eternal Victim, slain
 A sacrifice for guilty man,
 By the eternal Spirit made
 An offering in the sinner's stead ;
 Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
 And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.
 2 Thy offering still continues new ;
 Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue ;
 Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb ;
 Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
 Thy years, O God, can never fail ;
 Thy goodness is unchangeable.
 3 O that our faith may never move,
 But stand unshaken as Thy love !
 Sure evidence of things unseen,
 Now let it pass the years between,
 And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
 My God, who dies for me, for me !

260

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- O** THOU, whose offering on the tree
 The legal offerings all foreshowed,
 Borrowed their whole effect from Thee,
 And drew their virtue from Thy blood :
 2 The blood of goats, and bullocks slain,
 Could never for one sin atone :
 To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
 Thine was the work, and Thine alone.
 3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
 Their services could never please,
 Till join'd with Thine, and made to share
 The merits of Thy righteousness.

- 4 Forward they cast a faithful look
 On Thy approaching sacrifice ;
 And thence their pleasing savour took,
 And rose accepted in the skies.
- 5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
 Are all in Thee, the Truth, fulfilled ;
 We in Thy sacrifice behold
 The substance of those rites revealed.
- 6 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
 We see by faith to us brought back ;
 And on Thy grand oblation cast,
 Its saving benefits partake.

261

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- SINNERS, rejoice : your peace is made ;
 Your Saviour on the cross hath bled ;
 Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
 On all His works again hath smiled ;
 Hath grace through Him and blessing given
 To all in earth and all in heaven.
- 2 Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
 And vie with man's more favoured race ;
 The blood that did for us atone,
 Conferred on them some gift unknown ;
 Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
 They triumph by His glorious wounds.
- 3 Or, 'stablish'd and confirm'd by Him
 Who did our lower world redeem,
 Secure they keep their blest estate,
 Firm on an everlasting seat ;
 Or, raised above themselves, aspire,
 In bliss improved, in glory higher.
- 4 Him they beheld our conquering God,
 Return'd with garments roll'd in blood !
 They saw, and kindled at the sight,
 And fill'd with shouts the realms of light ;
 With loudest hallelujahs met,
 And fell, and kissed His bleeding feet.

- 5 They saw Him in the courts above,
 With all His recent prints of love ;
 The wounds, the blood ! they heard its voice,
 That heightened all their highest joys ;
 They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
 And shared that better sacrifice.
- 6 Not angel-tongues can e'er express
 The' unutterable happiness ;
 Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
 The bliss wherein through Christ they live ;
 But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
 And all your God, is doubly ours !

262

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- J**ESUS, to Thee we fly,
 On Thee for help rely :
 Thou our only refuge art,
 Thou dost all our fears control,
 Rest of every troubled heart,
 Life of every dying soul.
- 2 We lift our joyful eyes,
 And see the dazzling prize,
 See the purchase of Thy blood,
 Freely now to sinners given ;
 Thou the living way hast showed,
 Thou to us hast opened heaven.
- 3 We now, divinely bold,
 Of Thy reward lay hold :
 All Thy glorious joy is ours,
 All the treasures of Thy love ;
 Now we taste the heavenly powers,
 Now we reign with Thee above.
- 4 Our anchor sure and fast
 Within the veil is cast ;
 Stands our never-failing hope
 Grounded in the holy place ;
 We shall after Thee mount up,
 See the Godhead face to face.

- 5 By faith already there,
In Thee, our Head, we are ;
With our great Forerunner we
Now in heavenly places sit,
Banquet with the Deity,
See the world beneath our feet.
- 6 Thou art our flesh and bone,
Thou art to heaven gone ;
Gone, that we might all pursue,
Closely in Thy footsteps tread ;
Gone, that we might follow too,
Reign triumphant with our Head.

263

S.M.

HAMMOND. 1745.

- A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 " Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,—
' Ye blessed children, come ;'
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- 6 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim :
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb."

264

(68)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief ;
 He saw, and Oh ! amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste He fled ;
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold !
 But, when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

265

(106)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good !
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood :
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning Victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore :
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From out His head, His hands, His side ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of Thy breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 5 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end :
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend—
Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

266

L.M.

How. 1854.

- L**ORD JESUS, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh ! may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 Oh, holy Lord ! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;

- 4 Give us an ever living faith
 To gaze beyond the things we see ;
 And in the mystery of Thy death
 Draw us and all men unto Thee !

267

87,87,88,77, or 8s & 7s. MASSIE. 1856.

FROM ERNST CHRISTIAN HOMBURG. 1605.—1681.

- OF my life the Life, O Jesus !
 Of my death the Death also,
 Who hast given Thyself to ease us
 From our load of guilt and woe :
 By Thy death our ransom buying,
 And preserving us from dying ;
 Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus ! ever be.
- 2 Oh ! what cruel provocations,
 Scourges of the tongue and rod,
 Spitting, shame, and accusations,
 Hast Thou borne, Thou Son of God !
 To redeem my soul from evil,
 And the bondage of the devil ;
 Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus ! ever be.
- 3 Thou didst let Thyself be beaten,
 To deliver me from pain ;
 Falsely charged, and sorely smitten,
 That Thy loss might be my gain.
 Thy reproaches and dishonour
 All have tended to my honour :
 Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus ! ever be.
- 4 From the heart, I thank Thee, Jesus,
 For the vast stupendous load,
 Which Thou barest to release us
 From the dreadful wrath of God :
 For Thy cruel Death and Passion,
 Agony and sore Temptation,
 For Thy sharp and bitter pain,
 I will thank Thee, Lord, again.

268

L.M.

KELLY. 1820.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, God is Love ;
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup ;
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light ;
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

269

(200)

4-6s & 2-8s.

STENNETT. 1787.

COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate His fame !
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to Him we owe.

- 2 He left His throne above,
 His glory laid aside :
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died ;
 What He endured, Oh ! who can tell !
 To save our souls from death and hell.

- 3 He burst the grave, He rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led ;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see His lovely face,
And triumph in His pardoning grace.
- 5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love ;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give :
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

270

(53)

L.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground :
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to His Father's court He flies !
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies !

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"
 And " Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

271

(51)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
 C Sons of men and angels say !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens ; and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids His rise ;
 Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
 Once He died our souls to save ;
 Where thy victory, O Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now, where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise :
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perished all,
 Partners of our parents' fall ;
 Second life we all receive,
 In our Heavenly Adam live.
- 7 King of Glory ! Soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love !

272

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- S**ONS of God, triumphant rise,
 Shout the' accomplished sacrifice !
 Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
 Sons of God, and heirs of heaven !
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng
 Listening angels, join the song ;
 Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
 Pardon, grace, and glory ours !
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done ;
 Greet we now the' atoning Son ;
 Healed and quickened by His blood,
 Joined to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Him by faith we taste below,
 Mightier joys ordained to know,
 When His utmost grace we prove,
 Rise to heaven by perfect love.

273

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- F**ATHER, God, we glorify
 Thy love to Adam's seed ;
 Love that gave Thy Son to die,
 And raised Him from the dead :
 Him for our offences slain,
 That we all might pardon find,
 Thou hast brought to life again,
 The Saviour of mankind.
- 2 By Thy own right hand of power
 Thou hast exalted Him,
 Sent the mighty Conqueror
 Thy people to redeem ;
 King of Saints, and Prince of Peace,
 Him Thou hast to sinners given,
 Sinners from their sins to bless,
 And lift them up to heaven.
- 3 Father, God, to us impart
 The gift unspeakable ;
 Now in every waiting heart
 Thy glorious Son reveal :

Quickened with our living Lord,
 Let us in Thy Spirit rise,
 Rise to all Thy life restored,
 And thank Thee in the skies.

274

6-7s.

WINKWORTH. 1855.

From LOUISA HENRIETTA, Electress of Brandenburg. 1653.

JESUS my Redeemer lives,
 Christ my trust is dead no more ;
 In the strength this knowledge gives
 Shall not all my fears be o'er,
 Though the night of death be fraught
 Still with many an anxious thought ?

- 2 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
 And His life I once shall see ;
 Bright the hope this promise gives,
 Where He is I too shall be.
 Shall I fear then ? Can the Head
 Rise and leave the members dead ?
- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
 In the bonds of hope enclasp'd ;
 Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
 And the Rock hath firmly grasped :
 And no ban of death can part
 From our Lord the trusting heart.
- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
 Him whom I shall surely know ;
 Not another shall I rise,
 With His love this heart shall glow ;
 Only there shall disappear
 Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
 Fresh and glorious there shall reign ;
 Earthly here the seed is sown,
 Heavenly it shall rise again ;
 Natural here the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.

275

(55)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high !
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky ;
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :—
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as His right ;
 Receive the King of Glory in !
- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrow ;
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 6 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possessed ;
 The King of saints, and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blessed !

276

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
 Ravished from our wishful eyes !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends His native heaven.
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,
 “ Lift your heads, eternal gates,
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of Glory in ! ”
- 3 Circled round with angel powers,
 Their triumphant Lord, and ours,

- Conqueror over death and sin ;
 Take the King of Glory in !
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.
- 5 See ! He lifts His hands above !
 See ! He shows the prints of love !
 Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His church below !
- 6 Still for us His death He pleads ;
 Prevalent He intercedes ;
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 7 Master, (will we ever say,)
 Taken from our head to-day :
 See Thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to Thee.
- 8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following Thee beyond the skies.
- 9 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home.
- 10 There we shall with Thee remain,
 Partners of Thy endless reign ;
 There Thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

277

4-6s & 2-8s. C. WESLEY. 1746.

GOD is gone up on high,
 With a triumphant noise ;
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim the' angelic joys !
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

- 2 God in the flesh below,
 For us He reigns above :
 Let all the nations know
 Our Jesu's conquering love !
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 3 All power to our great Lord
 Is by His Father given ;
 By angel-hosts adored,
 He reigns supreme in heaven :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 4 High on His holy seat,
 He bears the righteous sway ;
 His foes beneath His feet
 Shall sink and die away :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 5 His foes and ours are one,
 Satan, the world, and sin ;
 But He shall tread them down,
 And bring His kingdom in :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 6 Till all the earth, renewed
 In righteousness divine,
 With all the hosts of God
 In one great chorus join :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

278

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1746.

HAIL, Jesus, hail, our great High Priest,
 Entered into Thy glorious rest,
 That holy, happy place above !
 Thou hast the conquest more than gained,
 The everlasting bliss obtained
 For all who trust Thy dying love.

- 2 Shed on the altar of Thy cross,
 Thy blood to God presented was
 Through the eternal Spirit's power ;
 Thou didst a spotless Victim, bleed,
 That we from sin and suffering freed
 Might live to God, and sin no more.
- 3 That we the promise might receive,
 Might soon with Thee in glory live,
 Thou stand'st before Thy Father now !
 For us Thou dost in heaven appear,
 Our Surety, Head, and Harbinger,
 Our Saviour to the utmost Thou.
- 4 Not without blood—Thou prayest above :
 The marks of Thy expiring love
 God in Thy hands engraven sees !
 He hears Thy blood for mercy cry,
 And sends His Spirit from the sky,
 And seals our everlasting peace.

279

(61)

L.M.

LOGAN. 1770.

- W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their Surety stood,
 And poured on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye :
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
 The Man of Sorrows had a part ;

He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

280

C.M.

WATTS 1709.

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears ;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.
- 6 He ever lives, to intercede
Before His Father's face ;
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

281

C.M.

ANCIENT HYMN.

- O** CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring ;
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare :
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future, great reward ;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

282

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Heb. ix. 24.

ENTERED the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love
Our great High-Priest in glory bears ;
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows Himself to God for me.

- 2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears ;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears ;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.
- 3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful prayer :
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declare ;
And soon my spirit, in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

283

(56)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore !
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home ;
We soon shall hear the' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

284

(75)

C.M.

PERRONET. 1785.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesu's Name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall ;
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all !

285

(62)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- T**HE Lord is King, and earth submits,
 Howe'er impatient, to His sway ;
 Between the Cherubim He sits,
 And makes His restless foes obey.
- 2 All power is to our Jesus given ;
 O'er earth's rebellious sons He reigns ;
 He mildly rules the hosts of heaven ;
 And holds the powers of hell in chains.
- 3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
 Beyond his chain he cannot go,
 Our Jesus shall stir up His power,
 And soon avenge us of our foe.

- 4 Jesus shall His great arm reveal ;
 Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed,
 (Though now the Serpent bruise His heel,)
 Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.
- 5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
 But Christ shall shortly root them up,
 Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
 And disappoint his children's hope :
- 6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
 Baffle the sons of unbelief ;
 Nor long permit them to rejoice,
 But turn their triumph into grief.
- 7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn ;
 Scatter Thy foes, victorious King :
 And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
 And all the sons of God shall sing ;
- 8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
 Of Him that sits upon the throne ;
 And earth and heaven conspire to praise
 Jehovah, and His conquering Son.

286

7.6 D. MONTGOMERY. 1822.

- H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed—
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To let the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth :
 Before Him on the mountains
 Shall Peace, the herald, go :
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

- 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring :
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing.
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove :
 His Name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is—LOVE.

287

C.M.

CASWALL. 1849.

From the Latin of BERNARD. 1091—1158.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned ;
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found,—

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
 Thou Fount of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire :—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee, may our tongues for ever bless ;
 Thee, may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

288

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- J**ESUS, my God and King,
 Thy regal state I sing ;
 Thou, and only Thou, art great,
 High Thine everlasting throne ;
 Thou the Sovereign Potentate,
 Blessed, Immortal, Thou alone.
- 2 Essay your choicest strains,
 The King Messiah reigns !
 Tune your harps, celestial choir,
 Joyful all, your voices raise ;
 Christ, than earth-born monarchs higher,
 Sons of men and angels praise.
- 3 Hail, your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones, and powers !
 Source of power, He rules alone :
 Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall ;
 Cast your crowns before His throne,
 Hail the Cause, the Lord of all !

- 4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound ;
Christ to praise let all conspire ;
Praise doth all to Christ belong :
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire,
Earth, repeat the glorious song.
- 5 Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess,
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.
- 6 Wisdom is due to Thee,
And might, and majesty ;
Thee in mercy rich we prove ;
Glory, honour, praise receive,
Worthy Thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.
- 7 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign ;
One with Thine Almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire,
Gratefully Thy sway to own.

289

L.M.

HEBER. 1827.

- T**HE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
 - 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

- 4 Can this be He, once wont to stray
 A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
 Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene,—the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 " Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !"
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, " The Lord is come !"

290

87,87,887.

HEBER. 1827.

- T**HE Lord of Might from Sinai's brow
 Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder ;
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand, and His right
 The rocks were rent asunder.
- 2 The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger ;
 For us, He bore the weight of woe,
 For us, He gave His blood to flow,
 And met His Father's anger.
- 3 The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.

291

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

- C**OME, Desire of nations, come !
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
 Hear the Spirit and the Bride ;
 Come, and take us to Thy side.
- 2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
 Make us meet for our reward ;

- Then with all Thy saints descend ;
Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Mindful of Thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days ;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save Thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the Man of Sin ;
Now Thine ancient flock bring in ;
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for Thine.
- 5 Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Glorious in Thy saints appear ;
Speak the sacred number sealed ;
Speak the mystery fulfilled.
- 6 Take to Thee Thy royal power ;
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
Reign, when time no more shall be,
Reign to all eternity.
-

GOD—THE HOLY GHOST.

292

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- L**ORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 2 Ah ! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine ;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.
- 3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord,—
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place !

- 4 If every one that asks may find,
 If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
 Come as a mighty rushing wind ;
 Great grace be now upon us all.
- 5 Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,
 And languish Thy descent to meet :
 Kindle in each the living fire,
 And fix in every heart Thy seat.
- 6 Spirit of faith, within us live,
 Sweetly within our bosoms move,
 Open our mouths, and utterance give,
 To publish our Redeemer's love.

293

S.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1819.

- L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power :
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe :
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of Light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day :
 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
 In life and death our guide ;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified !

294

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good ;
 O fulfil His faithful word,
 And hear His speaking blood !
 Give us that for which He prays :
 Father, glorify Thy Son !
 Show His truth, and power, and grace,
 And send the Promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, Thou,
 O Christ, Thy Spirit give !
 Hast Thou not received Him now,
 That we might now receive ?
 Art Thou not our living Head ?
 Life to all Thy limbs impart,
 Shed Thy love, Thy Spirit shed
 In every waiting heart.
- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come ;
 Glows our heart to find Thee near,
 And swells to make Thee room.
 Present with us Thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be !
 With us, in us, live and dwell,
 To all eternity.

295

(120)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great !

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers :
 Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

296

C.M.

REED. 1842.

- S**PIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
 And make our hearts Thy home :
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
 O come—Great Spirit—come !
- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe ;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
 Like sacrificial flame ;
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
 This consecrated hour ;
 May barrenness rejoice to own
 Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love ;
 And let Thy church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.
- 6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
 And pentecostal grace ;
 That all of woman born may see
 The glory of Thy face.
- 7 Spirit Divine ! attend our prayers,
 Make a lost world Thy home ;
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
 O come—Great Spirit—come !

297

S.M.

HART. 1759.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open all our eyes.

- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame,
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

298

(204)

L.M. 6 lines.

DRYDEN. 1702.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

- CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command !
Thrice Holy Fount ! Thrice Holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy !
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the' Almighty Father's name !
 Let God the Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died !
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit ! paid to Thee !

299

4-8s & 2-6s.

AUSTIN. 1668.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS. (*S. Langton.*)

- COME, Holy Spirit, send down those beams,
 Which gently flow in silent streams,
 From Thy bright throne above ;
 Come, Thou enricher of the poor,
 And bounteous source of all our store,
 Fill us with faith and love.
- 2 Come, Thou, our soul's delightful guest,
 The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,
 The sufferer's best relief :
 Come, Thou, our passions' cool allay,
 Whose comfort wipes all tears away,
 And turns to joy all grief.
- 3 All glory to the sacred Three,
 One ever-living Deity !
 All power, and love, and praise !
 As at the first when time begun,
 May the same homage still be done,
 Till time itself decays.

300

S.M.

Luther. (1852.)

- HOLY Spirit now,
 With all Thy graces come ;
 And make the temple of our hearts,
 Thine own abiding home.
- 2 Visit each waiting mind,
 For Thou alone canst bless ;
 Stamped with Thy signet, we shall shine
 Complete in righteousness.

- 3 The Comforter art Thou,
Thrice blessed is the name ;
The dearest, choicest gift of love,
That human hearts may claim.
- 4 O kindle in each breast,
The hallowed flame of love,
The fire of zeal, the light of joy,
Our dark cold hearts to move.
- 5 Thus, in our weakness, we
Thy holy aid shall prove ;
Thy perfect work, none can destroy,
Nor quench Thy deathless love.

301

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- E**TERNAL Comforter descend,
Thou Gift and Promise of our Lord,
To every soul, till time shall end,
Thy succour, and Thyself afford ;
Convince, convert us, and inspire ;
Come, and baptize the world with fire.
- 2 Come, and display Thy power below,
And work Thy three-fold work of grace ;
Compel mankind themselves to know,
Convince of sin the fallen race,
Brood o'er the sin of nature's night,
And speak again, " Let there be light."
- 3 Come then to those who want Thine aid,
Who now beneath their burden groan,
Bind up the wound Thyself hast made,
The righteousness of faith make known,
Offered to all of Adam's line,
The perfect righteousness divine.
- 4 Convince the souls, who feel their sin,
There is, there is a ransom found ;
A better righteousness brought in,
And grace doth more than sin abound,
Pardon to all is freely given,
For Jesus is returned to heaven.

302

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim ;
 Nor, while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
 Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 "My Father God !" that gracious sound
 Dispels my guilty fear ;
 Not all the harmony of heaven
 Could so delight my ear.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
 On my expanding heart,
 And show, that in the Father's love
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a witness so Divine,
 Unwavering I believe ;
 And, "Abba, Father," humbly cry ;
 Nor can the sign deceive.

303

7s & 6s.

TOPLADY. 1759.

- S**AVIOUR, I Thy word believe,
 My unbelief remove ;
 Now Thy quickening Spirit give,
 The unction from above !
 Show me, Lord, how good Thou art,
 My soul with all Thy fulness fill,
 Send the witness in my heart,
 The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 2 Dead in sin till then I lie,
 Bereft of power to rise,
 Till Thy Spirit inwardly
 Thy saving blood applies ;
 Now the mighty gift impart,
 My sin erase, my pardon seal ;
 Send the witness in my heart,
 The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 3 Let me in Thy love rejoice,
 Make me Thy pure abode ;
 Tell me, by Thine inward voice,
 I am a child of God.

Lord, I choose the better part,
 Jesus, I wait Thy peace to feel,
 Send the witness in my heart,
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

304

(115)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 The tokens of Thy grace.

- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come :
 May Thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home !

305

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

O THOU Father of compassions,
 O Thou God of mercies hear,
 Send the Spirit of supplications,
 Send the gracious Comforter :
 Have respect to Jesu's merit,
 To Thy church the gift impart ;
 Send Him now ; the pleading Spirit
 Pour into Thy people's heart.

- 2 Stir us up to prayer unceasing,
 Let us all the promise claim ;
 Wrestle for the mighty blessing,
 For the new mysterious name.
 Let the power to us be given—
 Weak and helpless as we are—
 Power to shut and open heaven,
 All the omnipotence of prayer.

306

(119)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1746.

- F**ATHER of everlasting grace,
 Thy goodness and Thy truth we praise,
 Thy goodness and Thy truth we prove :
 Thou hast, in honour of Thy Son,
 The gift unspeakable sent down,
 The Spirit of life, and power, and love.
- 2 Send us the Spirit of Thy Son,
 To make the depths of Godhead known,
 To make us share the life divine :
 Send Him the sprinkled blood to' apply,
 Send Him our souls to sanctify,
 And show, and seal us ever Thine.
- 3 So shall we pray, and never cease ;
 So shall we thankfully confess
 Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love ;
 With joy unspeakable adore,
 And bless, and praise Thee evermore,
 And serve Thee as Thy hosts above :
- 4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
 We raise our songs of triumph higher,
 And praise Thee in a bolder strain,
 Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
 And sing, with all our friends in light,
 Thy everlasting love to man.

307

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- J**ESUS, we on the words depend,
 Spoken by Thee while present here,—
 "The Father in My Name shall send
 The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."
- 2 That promise made to Adam's race,
 Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil ;
 And give the Spirit of Thy grace,
 To teach us all Thy perfect will.
- 3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
 That Guide infallible impart,
 To bring Thy sayings to our mind,
 And write them on our faithful heart.

- 4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess ;
And deal to each His legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.
- 5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine,
O might He now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.
- 6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity ;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like Thee !

308

C.M.

H. AUBER. 1829.

- O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On mortal hearts to shed.
 - 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest ;
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix His rest.
 - 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks to us of heaven.
 - 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won
And every thought of holiness,
Are His, and His alone.
 - 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see !
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Meet evermore for Thee !

309

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

ETERNAL Spirit, come
 Into Thy meanest home ;
 From Thy high and holy place,
 Where Thou dost in glory reign,
 Stoop, in condescending grace,
 Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For Thee our hearts we lift,
 And wait the heavenly gift :
 Giver, Lord of life divine,
 To our dying souls appear,
 Grant the grace for which we pine,
 Give Thyself, the Comforter.

3 Our ruined souls repair,
 And fix Thy mansion there :
 Claim us for Thy constant shrine,
 All Thy glorious self reveal,
 Life, and power, and love divine,
 God in us for ever dwell.

310

(112)

L.M.

BROWNE. 1720.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every sin and hurtful snare .
 Lead to Thy word, that rules must give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose the way :
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
 That we must take to dwell with God :
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from His pasture stray.

- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 In His enjoyment to be blessed :
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

311

8-7s.

MASSIE. 1854.

From the German of J. FRANK.

MIGHTY Spirit ! by whose aid
 Man a living soul was made,
 Everlasting God, whose fire
 Kindles chaste and pure desire !
 Flame of pure and holy love,
 Strength of all that live and move,
 Come ! Thy gifts and fire impart,
 Make me love Thee from the heart.

- 2 Precious Gift by God bestowed !
 Come and make me Thine abode,
 See ! I languish ; see ! I faint ;
 Listen to my sad complaint.
 Come, oh ! fill me with Thy love ;
 Come with unction from above ;
 Shine, Thou Sun of grace and joy,
 Breathe upon me from on high.

312

(118)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

FATHER, glorify Thy Son,
 Answer His prevailing prayer ;
 Send that Intercessor down,
 Send that other Comforter,
 Whom, believingly, we claim,
 Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

- 2 Him the world cannot receive :
 Him they neither see nor know ;
 Blind in unbelief they live :
 All His inward work below,
 All His inspiration deem
 Foolish as a madman's dream.
- 3 But we know, by faith, and feel
 Him, the Spirit of truth and grace ;

With us He vouchsafes to dwell ;
 With us, when unseen, He stays ;
 All our help, and good, we own,
 Freely flow from Him alone.

- 4 Wilt Thou not the promise seal ?
 True and gracious as Thou art :
 Send the Comforter to dwell
 Every moment in our heart ?
 Yes, Thou must the grace bestow ;
 Jesus said—It shall be so !

313

(113)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- B**LESS'D Spirit, Source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are Thine !
 O bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die !
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
 More needs the current to obtain,
 Nor to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, Celestial Fountain, spring ;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side
 Through all the desert gently glide ;
 Then in Immanuel's land above
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.

314

7.6. D.

MASSIE. 1861.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA.

DRAW, Holy Spirit, nearer,
 And in our hearts abide ;
 O make our judgment clearer,
 Our minds inform and guide.
 O come, Thou great Renewer,
 Touch heart and lip with fire ;
 Make every bosom truer,
 Our aims and objects higher.

- 2 O come, Thou true Consoler,
 Thou Fire, that warms the cold,
 The haughty breast's Controller,
 O come and make us bold.
 Give faith that never falters,
 Unmoved by fear or praise,
 With love that never alters,
 And hope in darkest days.
- 3 Give power to those who witness
 And preach Thy holy word,
 That all may taste its sweetness,
 And rally round the Lord.
 Be this our preparation,
 A heart and tongue of fire !
 That this our proclamation
 May speed as we desire.

315

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- S**PIRIT of Truth descend,
 And with Thy church abide,
 Our mighty guardian to the end,
 Our sure unerring guide.
- 2 Into th' whole counsel lead
 Of God revealed below,
 And teach us all the truth we need,
 Eternal Life to know.
- 3 To all our souls apply
 The doctrine of our Lord,
 Our conscience fully certify,
 And witness with the word.
- 4 Thy quickening light display,
 And shew us things to come,
 The after state, the final day,
 And man's eternal doom.
- 5 Descending from above,
 Into our souls convey
 The comfort, joy, and power, and love,
 Which none can take away.

316

87, 87, 77, 88, or 8s & 7s. TOPLADY. 1776.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come Thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light!
 Loving Spirit, God of peace,
 Great Distributor of grace!

Rest upon this congregation,
 Hear, O hear, our supplication!

- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend;
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send!
 O Thou Glory, shining down
 From the Father and the Son,
 Grant us Thy illumination!
 Rest upon this congregation!

317

4-7s.

HAMMOND. 1745.

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
 Raise us from our fallen state,
 Fix Thy everlasting home

In the hearts Thou didst create!

- 2 Glorious gift of God most High!
 Visit every troubled breast:
 Light and life and love supply;
 Give our spirits perfect rest!
- 3 Heavenly Uncction from above,
 Comforter of weary saints,
 Fountain, life, and fire of love,
 Hear, and answer our complaints!
- 4 Unto Thee we humbly pray,
 Spirit of the living God,
 Now Thy sevenfold grace display,
 Shed our Saviour's love abroad!
- 5 Take the things of Christ, and show
 What our Lord for us hath done;
 May we God the Father know
 Only in and through the Son.

318

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- F**ATHER, we crave that choicest gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 2 With speedy flight may He descend,
 And solid comfort bring,
 And o'er our languid souls extend
 His all-reviving wing.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven ;
 And bear, with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
 That earth its fruit may yield,
 And change this barren wilderness
 To Carmel's flowery field.

319

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- F**ATHER, admit our lawful claim,
 Let us that ask, receive ;
 To us that ask in Jesu's Name
 Thou wilt Thy Spirit give.
- 2 Jesus hath spoke the faithful word :
 On them that ask Him here,
 Thou wilt, in honour of our Lord,
 The Holy Ghost confer.
- 3 If evil we, by nature know
 To give our children food,
 Much more wilt Thou on us bestow,
 The soul-sustaining Good.
- 4 Our holy, heavenly Father, Thou
 Regard'st Thy children's prayer :
 Answer, and send, O send us now
 The promised Comforter.
- 5 We seek, Thou know'st we seek Thy face ;
 Let us the blessing find :
 Open the door of faith and grace
 To us, and all mankind.

6 Surely Thou wilt, we dare believe,
 For Jesu's sake alone,
 Thou wilt to us the Spirit give,
 Give all good gifts in One.

320

555, 11.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

A WAY with our fears, our troubles and tears ;
 The Spirit is come,
 The Witness of Jesus returned to His home ;
 The pledge of our Lord to His heaven restored,
 Is sent from the sky,
 And tells us our Head is exalted on high.

2 Our Advocate there by His blood and His prayer,
 The gift hath obtained,
 For us He hath prayed and the Comforter gained.
 Our glorified Head His Spirit hath shed
 With His people to stay,
 And never again will He take Him away.

3 Our heavenly Guide with us shall abide ;
 His comforts impart,
 And set up His kingdom of love in the heart.
 The heart that believes His kingdom receives,
 His power and His peace,
 His life, and His joy's everlasting increase.

4 Then let us rejoice in heart and in voice,
 Our Leader pursue,
 And shout as we travel the wilderness through ;
 With the Spirit remove to Sion above.
 Triumphant arise,
 And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.

321

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. or C. WESLEY. 1746.

SPIRIT of power, 'tis Thine alone
 To finish what Thyself begun,
 And crown Thy work with full success ;
 To them that groan beneath their sin
 Thou bring'st the sweet refreshment in,
 The everlasting righteousness.

- 2 Thou that revealing Spirit art,
 Who dost the hearing ear impart,
 The clear illuminated sight :
 Spirit of wisdom from on high,
 Of knowledge that shall never die,
 Of holy, true, eternal light.
- 3 Thou art the end of doubtful care ;
 The antidote of sad despair,
 We feel in that sweet power of Thine :
 Through Thee who lift'st the fallen up,
 We rise, rejoice, abound in hope,
 And bless Thine energy divine.
- 4 Spirit of meek and godly fear,
 The children taught of Thee revere,
 And do their heavenly Father's will ;
 Pierced with an humble, filial awe,
 They love to keep His blessed law,
 And all His kind commands fulfil.
- 5 Spirit of pure and holy love,
 We feel Thee streaming from above,
 In calm unutterable peace ;
 The love by Thee diffused abroad,
 Unites our happy hearts to God,
 And seals our everlasting bliss.

322

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. or C. WESLEY. 1746.

SPIRIT of holiness and root,
 S Thy gracious God-delighting fruit
 Is joy, fidelity, and peace,
 Meekness which no affront can move,
 Truth, temperance, long-suffering, love,
 And universal righteousness.

- 2 Through Thee we render God—His due ;
 The worship spiritual and true
 With loving hearts rejoice to pay :
 Him, while we find Thy present power,
 In truth and spirit we adore,
 And pray—whene'er in Thee we pray.

- 3 Thou pleadest in the living stones,
 With speechless eloquence of groans,
 Which pierce our pitying Father's ear ;
 The answer of Thy prayer we feel,
 The glorious joy unspeakable,
 And triumph in the Comforter.
- 4 True witness of our sonship,—Thee,—
 We feel, from fear and sorrow free,
 And Father, Abba, Father cry :
 Seal of our endless bliss Thou art,
 Foretaste and earnest in our heart,
 Of pleasures that shall never die.
- 5 First-fruits of yonder land above,
 Celestial joy, seraphic love,
 To us, to us in Thee are given ;
 And all that to the Spirit sow,
 Shall of the Spirit reap, and know
 The ripest happiness of heaven.
-

THE WORD OF GOD.

323

(111)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- S**PIRIT of Truth, essential God,
 Who didst Thy ancient saints inspire,
 Shed in their hearts Thy love abroad,
 And touch their hallowed lips with fire ;
 Our God from all eternity,
 World without end, we worship Thee.
- 2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
 Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
 The meaning of the written word
 Is by Thy inspiration given :
 Thou only dost Thyself explain
 The secret mind of God to man.
- 3 Come, then, Divine Interpreter,
 The Scriptures to our hearts apply ;

And, taught by Thee, we God revere,
 Him in Three Persons magnify,
 In each the Tri-une God adore,
 Who was, and is, for evermore.

324

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
 In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold Thy word,
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And night and day, Thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume Thou hast writ
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when Thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light :
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 The noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

325

(293)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
 Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,
 The same through all succeeding years,
 To us, in our degenerate age,
 The Spirit of Thy word impart,
 And breathe the life into our heart.

- 2 While now Thine oracles we read,
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,
 O let Thy Spirit from Thee proceed,
 Our souls to' awaken and inspire ;
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
 And guide us by the Light of Grace !
- 3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 The living God through sin forsake,
 Our conscience by Thy word reprove,
 Convince and bring the wanderers back,
 Deep wounded by Thy Spirit's sword,
 And then by Gilead's balm restored.
- 4 The sacred lessons of Thy grace,
 Transmitted through Thy word, repeat ;
 And train us up in all Thy ways,
 To make us in Thy will complete ;
 Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan,
 And bring us to a perfect man.
- 5 Furnished out of Thy treasury,
 O may we always ready stand
 To help the souls redeemed by Thee,
 In what their various states demand ;
 To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
 And build them up in holiest love !

326

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1799.

TRUTH and grace unsearchable
 In the sacred volume shine :
 Who the worth immense can tell
 Of that oracle divine ?

- 2 Precious are Thy sayings, Lord !
 What a depth in each I see !
 What a treasure is Thy word !
 More than all the world to me.
- 3 Wonderful Thy statutes are ;
 Therefore doth my soul regard,
 Keep them with an awful care,
 Find them here my great reward.

- 4 Soon as e'er Thy word takes place,
Light it doth and wisdom give ;
Then the children learn Thy ways,
Then the simple hearts believe.
- 5 Righteous all Thy statutes are,
Thee the Merciful they prove,
Thee the Faithful they declare,
Full of truth, and full of love.
- 6 They that in Thy law delight,
Kept in perfect peace below,
Stand unshaken by Thy might ;
Nothing shall their steps o'erthrow.
- 7 Still to search Thy sacred word,
My delightful task shall be,
Waiting here to meet my Lord,
Till, in heaven, Thy face I see.

327

C.M.

B. BARTON. 1827.

- L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the traveller's way :
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky :
 - 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ,
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay :
 - 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won !
 - 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

328

(227)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

OH that the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep His statutes still !
 Oh that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do His will !

- 2 Oh ! send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire, arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

329

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight :
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age ;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise ;
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
 For such a bright display

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

330

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in Thy word.

- 2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Thee alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy Thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

331

(292)

L.M.

BEDDOME. 1787.

GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His unbounded goodness known :
'Tis here, His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name,
Written in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays ;
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.

- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts :
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

332

(294)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be :
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me ;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast !
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue ;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

Second Division.

THE CHARACTER, PROBATION, AND SALVATION OF MAN.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE FALLEN CONDITION OF MAN.

333

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Eccles. vii. 29.

UPRIGHT, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made ;
But we turned from good to ill,
And o'er the creature strayed ;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fixed on God alone ;
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to Thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease ,
Jesus, speak our souls restored,
By Love's divine simplicity :
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in Thee !

334

(101)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

1 Cor. i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing—' The Lord our righteousness.'
3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;

He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness :
Thou art our mighty All ; and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee !

335

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word :
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord !"

- 3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief :
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;
O help my unbelief !

- 4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly .
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.

- 5 Stretch out Thy arm, victorious King !
My reigning sins subdue ;
Drive sin and Satan from their seat,
My inmost soul renew.

- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy arms I fall ;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

Describing Formal Religion.

336

(424)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

LONG have I seemed to serve Thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain :

- Fasted, and prayed, and read Thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near Thine altar drew ;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law ;
Nor knew its deep design :
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please Thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove :
For what are outward things to Thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made ;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus! to Thee my soul looks up :
'Tis Thou must make it new.

337

(331)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- STILL for Thy lovingkindness, Lord
I in Thy temple wait ;
I look to find Thee in Thy word,
Or at Thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in Thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn Thy will :
Silent I stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, " Be still ! "
- 3 " Be still ! and know that I am God ! "—
'Tis all I live to know ;

- To feel the virtue of Thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in Thee to live.
- 5 I work ; and own the labour vain ;
And *thus* from works I cease :
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
"Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove :
They cannot change a sinful heart ;
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,
And *then* the strife give o'er ;
To Thee I *then* the whole resign ;
I *trust* in means no more.
- 8 I trust in Him, who stands between
The Father's wrath and me ;
Jesu ! Thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee.

338

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- M**Y gracious, loving Lord,
To Thee what shall I say ?
Well may I tremble at Thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.
Ten thousand wants have I :
Alas ! I all things want ;
But Thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.
- 2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear even to ask Thy grace ;
So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,
And mocked Thee to Thy face :
With all pollutions stained,
Thy hallowed courts I trod :

- Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call Thee God !
- 3 Nigh with my lips I drew ;
My lips were all unclean :
Thee with my heart I never knew ;
My heart was full of sin :
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorred,
Nor looked to be forgiven.
- 4 My nature I obeyed :
My own desires pursued ;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallowed house of God.
The worship He approves
To Him I would not pay :
My selfish ends, and creature-loves,
Had stole my heart away.
- 5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise,
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
And put out my own eyes :
In fig-leaves I appeared,
Nor with my form would part ;
But still retained a conscience seared,
A hard, deceitful heart.
- 6 A goodly, formal saint
I long appeared in sight :
By self, and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
Still undisturbed remained ;
The strong man armed with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reigned.
- 7 But O ! the jealous God
In my behalf came down,
Jesus Himself the stronger showed,
And claimed me for His own :

My spirit He alarmed,
 And brought into distress ;
 He shook, and bound the strong man armed
 In his self-righteousness.

- 8 Faded my virtuous show,
 My form without the power ;
 The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
 And blasted every flower :
 My mouth was stopped, and shame
 Covered my guilty face :
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,
 And I was saved by grace.

339

(123)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

ENSLAVED to sense, to pleasure prone,
 Fond of created good ;
 Father, our helplessness we own,
 And trembling taste our food.

- 2 Trembling, we taste ; for ah ! no more
 To Thee the creatures lead :
 Changed, they exert a baneful power,
 And poison while they feed.
- 3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
 They now engross him whole ;
 With pleasing force on earth detain
 And sensualize his soul.
- 4 Grov'ling on earth we still must lie,
 Till Christ the curse repeal ;
 Till Christ, descending from on high,
 Infected nature heal.
- 5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
 Thy healing influence give :
 Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
 And bid us eat, and live !
- 6 The bondage of corruption break ;
 For this our spirits groan ;
 Thy only will we fain would seek,
 O save us from our own !

- 7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide ;
Let all our actions tend
To Thee their Source : Thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.
- 8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be ;
Sense shall point out the road ;
The creatures all shall lead to Thee,
And all we taste be God.

340

(86)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- J**ESU, if still Thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy Name.
- 2 If still Thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I Thy praise may show,
Be all Thy wonders showed.
 - 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at Thy feet.
 - 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But if Thou wilt, a gracious word
Of Thine can make me clean.
 - 5 Thou seest me deaf to Thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear :
Bid me stretch out my withered hands
And lift them up in prayer.
 - 6 Silent, (alas ! Thou knowest how long,)
My voice I cannot raise :
But O ! when Thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing Thy praise.
 - 7 Lame at the pool I still am found ;
Give, and my strength employ :
Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
The lame shall leap for joy.

- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within :
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But Thou, they say, art passing by .
O let me find Thee near ;
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear !
- 10 Behold me waiting in the way
For Thee, the heavenly Light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
“Sinner, receive thy sight !”

341 (87)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

- W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give :
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear Thy voice, and live.
- 2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole !
- 3 Cast out Thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's Name submit :
Clothe with Thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at Thy feet.
- 4 To Jesu's Name if all things now
A trembling homage pay ;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey !
- 5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am ;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.
- 6 I know in Thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man :

- Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain !
- 7 If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 8 I cannot rest, till in Thy blood
I full redemption have :
But Thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.
- 10 I too, with Thee, shall walk in white ;
With all Thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

342

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. or C. WESLEY, 1746.

- SPIRIT of grace ! Eternal Mind !
Thou on the souls of lost mankind
Dost with benignant influence move ;
Pleased to restore the ruined race,
And new create a world of grace,
In all the image of Thy love.
- 2 Thou didst Thy fallen creature see—
Fallen from happiness and Thee,
And swiftly to our rescue come :
Well-pleased among the sons of men,
To fix Thy residence again,
And make them Thy eternal home.
- 3 Thou dost the first good thought inspire,
The first faint spark of pure desire,
Is kindled by Thy gracious breath ;
By Thee made conscious of his fall,
The sinner hears Thy sudden call,
And starts out of the sleep of death.

- 4 Convinced of sin and unbelief,
 He sinkso'erwhelmed with sacred grief,
 And pines disconsolate for God,
 Till Thou the healing balm apply,
 The sinner freely justify,
 In Jesu's name and Jesu's blood

THE GOSPEL CALL.

EXHORTING AND BESEECHING TO RETURN TO GOD.

343

5,5,11, or 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY. 1746.

The first Hymn in Mr. Wesley's celebrated Pocket Hymn Book. 1785.

- A**LL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Your ransom and peace, your surety He is ;
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.
- 2 For what you have done, His blood must atone :
 The Father hath punished for you His dear Son.
 The Lord, in the day of His anger, did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb ; and He bore them away.
- 3 He answered for all ; O come at His call,
 And low at His cross with astonishment fall !
 But lift up your eyes at Jesus's cries :
 Impassive, He suffers ; immortal, He dies.
 He dies to atone for sins not His own ; [done.
 Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath
 Ye all may receive the peace He did leave,
 Who made intercession, " My Father, forgive !"
- 5 For you and for me He prayed on the tree ;
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
 That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6 My pardon I claim ; for a sinner I am ;
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
 He purchased the grace which now I embrace :
 O Father, Thou knowest He hath died in my place.

- 7 His death is my plea ; My Advocate see, [me :
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for
Acquitted I was when He bled on the cross ;
And by losing His life He hath carried my cause.

344

(324)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not *one* be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call .
The invitation is to ALL :
Come, all the world ; come, sinner, *thou*,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 Come, and partake the gospel feast ;
Be saved from sin ; in Jesus rest ;
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat His flesh, and drink His blood !
- 5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call ;
(O that my voice could reach you all !)
Ye all may now be justified ;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.
- 6 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 7 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.
- 8 See Him set forth before your eyes !
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice !
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

9 This is the time ; no more delay ;
 This is the acceptable day ;
 Come in, this moment, at His call,
 And live for Him who died for all.

345

(95)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY, 1741.

- O** ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near ;
 He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear !
 From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out His hands ;
 Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.
- 2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
 The vilest and worst may come unto Me ,
 May drink of My Spirit, (excepted is none,)
 Lay claim to My merit, and take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
 In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord ;
 In him a pure river of life shall arise ;
 Shall, in the believer, spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God and my Lord ! Thy call I obey ;
 My soul on Thy word of promise I stay .
 Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
 A thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.
- 5 O hasten the hour, send down from above
 The Spirit of power, of health, and of love !
 Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace ;
 Of wisdom and prayer, of joy and of praise :
- 6 The Spirit of Faith, of faith in Thy blood,
 Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to God ;
 Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin,
 And opens a fountain, that washes us clean.

346

(325)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)
 Mercy and free salvation buy ;
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

- 2 Come to the Living Waters, come !
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;

- Return, ye weary wanderers, home ;
 And find My grace is free for ALL.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have and are behind ;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon, and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;
 Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife :
 Whither, ah ! whither, would ye go ?
 I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Harken to Me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food ;
 The sweetness of My mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all My goodness prove :
 My promises for all are free :
 Come, taste the manna of My love,
 And let your souls delight in ME.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive ;
 Quickened your souls, by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.

347

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
 So true to Thy word, so loving and kind ;
 Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
 The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

- 2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
 I set to my seal that Jesus is true :

- Ye all may find favour, who come at His call ;
 O come to my Saviour, His grace is for all.
- 3 To save what was lost, from heaven He came ;
 Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name !
 He offers you pardon ; He bids you be free ;
 " If sin be your burden, O come unto Me !"
- 4 O let me commend my Saviour to you ;
 The publican's Friend, and Advocate too :
 For *you* He is pleading His merits and death ;
 With God interceding for sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit His grace to receive ;
 Fall down at His feet, and gladly believe :
 We all are forgiven, for Jesus's sake :
 Our title to heaven, His merits we take.

348

(417)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why :
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace His love :
 Will you not His grace receive ?
 Will you still refuse to live ?

Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

- 4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin :
Dead to God, while here you breathe.
Pant ye after second death ?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?

349

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- L**ET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine ;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born,
You may all to God return,
Dwell with Him above the sky :
Why will ye for ever die ?
- 2 You, on whom He favours showers,
You, possest of nobler powers,
You, of reason's powers possest,
You, with will and memory blest,
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God,
Noblest of His creatures, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?
- 3 You, whom He ordained to be
Transcripts of the Deity ;
You, whom He in life doth hold,
You, for whom Himself was sold,
You, on whom He still doth wait,
Whom He would again create ;
Made by Him and purchased, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?
- 4 You, who own His record true ;
You, His chosen people, you ;
You, who call the Saviour, Lord ;

You, who read His written word ;
 You, who see the gospel light ;
 Claim a crown in Jesu's right ;
 Why will you, ye Christians, why
 Will the house of Israel die ?

350

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
 More than He hath done for you
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could He more than shed His blood ?
 After all His waste of love,
 All His drawings from above,
 Why will you your Lord deny ?
 Why will ye resolve to die ?

- 2 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn ;
 By His life your God hath sworn,
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were His delight,
 Would He you to life invite ?
 Would He ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, while God is near :
 Dare not think Him insincere :
 Now, even now, your Saviour stands ;
 All day long He spreads His hands ;
 Cries, " Ye will not happy be !
 No, ye will not come to Me !
 Me, who life to none deny :
 Why will you resolve to die ?"
- 4 Can you doubt, if God is Love ?
 If to all His bowels move ?
 Will you not His *Word* receive ?
 Will you not His *OATH* believe ?
 See ! the suffering God appears !
 Jesus weeps ! believe His tears !
 Mingled with His blood, they cry,
 " Why will *you* resolve to die ?"

351 (418)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- SINNERS, obey the gospel word ;
 Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day ;
 All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss His late-returning son :
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of His love,
 Just now the stony to remove ;
 To' apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate :
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready, with Their shining host :
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 " The dead's alive ! the lost is found !"
- 6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 In Christ to Paradise restored ;
 His proffered benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel grace :
- 7 A pardon written with His blood,
 The favour, and the peace of God ;
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The mystic joys of penitence :
- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart ;
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 The' unutterable tenderness ;
 The genuine, meek humility ;
 The wonder, " Why such love to me !"

- 10 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

352

(419)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- Y**E thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,
 And take, through His blood, the power to
 draw near ;
 His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,
 Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.
- 2 Sent down from above, who governs the skies,
 In vehement love to sinners He cries,
 "Drink into my Spirit, who happy would be,
 And all things inherit, by coming to Me."
- 3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
 And come at Thy call, Thy grace to receive :
 The blessing is given wherever Thou art :
 The earnest of heaven is love in the heart.
- 4 To us at Thy feet, the Comforter give,
 Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live ;
 The weakest believers acknowledge for Thine,
 And fill us with rivers of water divine !

353

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- G**OD, the offended God Most High,
 Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
 His messengers His place supply,
 And Jesus begs us to be friends.
- 2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
 Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
 To cast our arms, our sins, away,
 And find forgiveness at His feet.
- 3 Our God in Christ ! Thine embassy,
 And proffered mercy, we embrace ;
 And gladly reconciled to Thee,
 Thy condescending mercy praise.

- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request
 A full acquittance we receive !
 And criminals, with pardon blest,
 We, at our Judge's instance, live !

354

(655)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound :
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in His blood
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Receive it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love :
 The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home.

355

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
 (Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,)
 The Father hath on Christ bestowed,
 And sent Him from His throne above :
- 2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,
 Anointed to declare His will,
 To minister His pardoning grace,
 And every sin-sick soul to heal.
- 3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call ;
 Your prison-doors stand open wide,
 Go forth, for He hath ransomed all,
 For every soul of man hath died.
- 4 'Tis His the drooping soul to raise,
 To rescue all by sin opprest,
 To clothe them with the robes of praise,
 And give their weary spirits rest :
- 5 To help their grov'ling unbelief,
 Beauty for ashes to confer,
 The oil of joy for abject grief,
 Triumphant joy for sad despair.
- 6 To make them trees of righteousness
 The planting of the Lord below,
 Planted in honour of His grace,
 They here shall to perfection grow.

356

(334)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
 Our common Saviour praise ;
 To Him with joyful voices give
 The glory of His grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
 Of every sinner's heart ;
 The worst need keep Him out no more,
 Or force Him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,
 Yield to be saved from sin ,

In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

357

8.7.4.

HART. 1759.

Variation partly by MONTGOMERY. 1825.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come, 'tis mercy's chosen hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able ;

He is willing ; doubt no more.

- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the blood-stained tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies,—
“ It is finished ! ”
Sinner ! will not this suffice ?

- 6 Lo ! the Incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of His blood.
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name.
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

358

(416)

8.7.4. F. THORESEY. 1796.

- F**LY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
 There the purple stream does flow ;
 There you'll find an open fountain,
 That will wash you white as snow :
 Oh, come quickly,
 And its cleansing virtues know !
- 2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
 But to Calvary repair ;
 There's the fountain for uncleanness ;
 And the worst are welcome there :
 Christ invites you,
 Now His pardoning love to share.
- 3 Richly flowed the crimson river,
 When our great Redeemer died ;
 And that blood will you deliver,
 Whensoever 'tis applied :
 Free salvation
 Flows from Jesu's wounded side.
- 4 Christ is ready to receive you ;
 See His sacred cross appears !
 From your sins He will relieve you,
 And dissolve your doubts and fears :
 He will shortly
 Wipe away His people's tears.

- 5 Oh, behold the Lord expiring !
 See the suffering Son of God !
 And that love be much admiring,
 Which appears in streams of blood :
 Praise the Saviour,
 Praise the wondrous Lamb of God !

359

(323)

C.M.

MEDLEY. 1800.

- O**H, what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who hears the joyful sound !
- 2 ' Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.'
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.
- 4 This spring with living water flows,
 And heavenly joy imparts :
 Come, thirsty souls ! your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.
- 5 ' Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.'

360

(490)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
 In Christ, our Redeemer, we see :
 For us, who His offers embrace,
 For all, it is open and free.
 Jehovah Himself doth invite
 To drink of His pleasures unknown,
 The streams of immortal delight,
 That flow from His heavenly throne.

- 2 As soon as in Him we believe,
 By faith of His Spirit we take ;
 And, freely forgiven, receive
 The mercy for Jesus's sake :
 We gain a pure drop of His love,
 The life of eternity know,
 Angelical happiness prove,
 And witness a heaven below.

361

7s & 6s.

NEWTON. 1779.

- SINNER, hear Thy Saviour's call,
 He now is passing by :
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,
 And heard thy mournful cry :
 He has pardon to impart,
 Grace to save thee from thy fears,
 See the love that fills His heart,
 And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Think, how on the cross He hung,
 Pierced with a thousand wounds !
 Hark ! from each, as with a tongue,
 The voice of pardon sounds :
 See from all His opened veins
 Blood, of wondrous virtue, flow,
 Shed to wash away thy stains,
 And ransom thee from woe.
- 3 Though His majesty be great,
 His mercy is no less ;
 Though He thy transgressions hate,
 He feels for thy distress.
 By Himself the Lord has sworn,
 He delights not in thy death,
 But invites thee to return
 That thou may'st live by death.
- 4 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
 What throngs His throne surround !
 These, though sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found.

Yield not, then, to unbelief,
While He says, "There yet is room ;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee,—come.

362

87,87,77.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall ;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,—
Opened when our Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within ;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white ;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find :
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more :—
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever :
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :
God is faithful ;—God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

363

87,87,887.

J. L. 1837.

DOTH He who came the lost to seek,
To save the soul benighted,—
Doth He entreat with earnest voice,
And shall His love be slighted ?—
His call to every human heart
To bid unholy thoughts depart,
And as its Lord receive Him ?

- 2 Doth the great Saviour stand and call ?
 Shall we remain unheeding ?
 Doth He repeat His kind request ?
 Can we withstand the pleading ?
 That faithful Friend, His life who gave,
 From sin's dread bonds,—from death to save !
 Oh let us turn and hear Him !
- 3 He bids us all obey and live,
 God's word of love repeating ;
 Oh let us not the call refuse !
 Our Judge ! we yet shall meet Him !
 Great Source of Good ! Thy grace impart,
 That now at length each wandering heart
 May for its Lord receive Him !

364

87,87,88,87,87.

MASSIE. 1860.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA.

TURN, poor wanderer, ere the sentence
 Falls on thee which none can stay ;
 Flee to Christ with deep repentance,
 Seek the Lord without delay.
 As thou art with all thy burden,
 Come, and He will grant thee pardon ;
 See ! He comes to meet thee, sealing
 With His own most holy word,
 Pardon, blessing, strength, and healing ;
 Turn, O turn thee to the Lord.

- 2 Lay aside all needless terrors,
 For thy Father's loving heart
 Offers pardon for thy errors,
 Balsam for thy keenest smart.
 Look on Him, whom thou hast wounded,
 Yet whose love hath so abounded,
 That He suffered to redeem thee ;
 Turn, O turn again, nor fear,
 That Thy Lord will yet condemn Thee,
 Who esteemed thy soul so dear.
- 3 Drink in life, with deep thanksgiving,
 Dwelling on this gracious theme,

God is patient and forgiving,
 And almighty to redeem ;
 Not a grief, but He can feel it,
 Not a wound, but He can heal it ;
 He hath balm for every sorrow,
 Cleansing for the vilest sin ;
 O delay not till to-morrow
 What thou canst this day begin.

365

6s & 4s. peculiar. HASTINGS (1842).

- C**HILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day !
 Heaven bids thee come while yet there's room,
 Child of sin and sorrow, hear and obey !
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die ?
 Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high !
 Grieve not that love, which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow, would bring thee nigh !
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee ?
 Through that long to-morrow, Eternity !
 Exiled from home, darkly to roam—
 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee ?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye !
 Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high !
 In that high home, graven thy name :
 Child of sin and sorrow, swift homeward fly !

366

L.M.

GRIGG. 1765.

- B**EHOLD ! a Stranger at the door !
 He gently knocks—has knocked before,
 Has waited long—is waiting still ;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands !
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
 Turn out His enemy and thine,—

That soul-destroying monster, Sin,—
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return !
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
When, at His door denied, you'll stand.

367

4-7s.

CLARKE. 1825.

HAST thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squander'd life's most golden hours ?—
Turn thee, brother, God can save !

2 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?—
Turn thee, God will make thee whole !

3 Fall before Him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in His ear,
Seek Him while He may be found,
Call upon Him while He's near.

368

C.M.

HASTINGS. (1842.)

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home ;
Thy Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery :—*Return, Return !*

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come :
O now for refuge flee :—*Return, return !*

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day :—*Return, return !*

Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.

369

(486)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows "The Saviour died for me!"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom Divine! Who tells the price
 Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross, compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise;
 Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
 And honour, that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
 Thrice happy, who his Guest retains!
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

370

(89)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear:
 Jesus takes his every care:
 He who found the wandering sheep,
 Jesus, still delights to keep.

- 2 O that I might so believe,
 Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;
 On His only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh :
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Jesus ever near ;
 All His care rejoice to prove ;
 All His paradise of love !
- 3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep ;
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
 Take on Thee my every care ;
 Bear me, on Thy bosom bear :
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More, and more in Thee rejoice ;
 More, and more of Thee receive ;
 Ever in Thy Spirit live .
- 4 Live, till all Thy life I know,
 Perfect, through my Lord, below :
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gathered to the fold above :
 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at Thy right hand ;
 Take the crown so freely given,
 Enter in by Thee to heaven !

371

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm xxxii.

- B**LEST is the man, supremely blest,
 Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
 Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
 And sees the smiling face of Heaven.
- 2 But while, through pride, I held my tongue,
 Nor owned my helpless unbelief,
 My bones were wasted all day long,
 My strength consumed with pining grief ;
- 3 Resolved, at last, "To God," (I cried,)
 "My sins I will at large confess ;
 My shame I will no longer hide,
 My depth of desperate wickedness :

- 4 All will I own unto my Lord,
 Without reserve or cloaking art ;"
 I said ; and felt the pardoning word,
 Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.
- 5 For this shall every child of God
 Thy power and faithful love declare,
 And claim the grace on all bestowed,
 Who make to Thee their timely prayer.
- 6 But when the floods of judgment rise
 And sweep the guilty souls away,
 Remains for sin no sacrifice ;
 For ended is their gracious day.

372

5,6,9.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**OW happy are they, who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above !
 Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine, when the favour Divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed, what a joy it received,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song ;
 O that all His salvation may see ! [died,
 He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and
 To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 4 O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess, I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

373

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm xci.

HE that in Christ his soul doth hide.
 That secret place of God Most High,
 Shall safe and undisturbed abide,
 With sin, the world, and Satan nigh ;
 Wrapt in a covering from above,
 And shadowed by Almighty Love.

- 2 Thy faith in Him shall not be vain ;
He shall from Satan's snare release,
Save thee from sin's infectious stain,
And cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
Thy God shall still His own defend,
And hide and love thee to the end.
- 3 Thee no alarms of war can fright,
Or take thy confidence away ;
The pestilence that walks by night,
And sweeps whole nations in a day,
With all the pomp of mortal pain,
Surrounds thy fearless soul in vain.
- 4 Whose refuge is the Lord Most High,
Whose trust is in His gracious power,
Evil and plague shall not come nigh,
And sin shall never touch thee more ;
While all the heavenly hosts attend
The man, whom God hath called His friend.

374

(499)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- B**LEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
 - 3 Blest are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.
 - 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.
 - 5 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake ;

Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.

- 6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy that blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

375 (394)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Primitive Christianity.

HAPPY the souls who first believed,
To Jesus, and each other cleaved ;
Joined by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same ;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 On God they cast their every care,
Wrestling with God in mighty prayer ;
They claimed the grace through Jesus given ;
By prayer they shut and opened heaven.
- 4 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.
- 5 Oh, what an age of golden days !
Oh, what a choice, peculiar race !
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God !
- 6 Where shall I wander now to find
Successors they have left behind ?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minished from the sons of men.
- 7 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ !" or, "Christ is there !"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

- 8 Your claim, alas ! ye cannot prove,
 Ye want the genuine mark of love ;
 Thou only, Lord, Thine own canst show,
 For sure Thou hast a church below.
- 9 The gates of hell cannot prevail ;
 The church on earth can never fail :
 Ah ! join me to Thy secret ones !
 Ah ! gather all Thy living stones !
- 10 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
 Till Thou collect them with Thine eye ;
 Draw by the music of Thy Name,
 And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 11 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
 And cries in all Thy banished ones,
 Greatest of gifts, Thy love impart,
 And make us of one mind and heart.
- 12 Join every soul that looks to Thee,
 In bonds of perfect charity ;
 Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
 And *all in all* for ever live !

376

L.M.
PART II.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great Builder of Thy church below ;
 If now Thy Spirit moves my breast,
 Hear, and fulfil Thine own request !
- 2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,
 And wait Thy sanctifying word,
 And Thee their utmost Saviour own ;
 Unite, and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all Thy mind express,
 Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses :
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold,
 How Christians lived in days of old ;
 Mighty their envious foes to move,
 A proverb of reproach—and love.

- 5 Call them into Thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with Thee in white !
Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below !
- 6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known ;
And, Oh ! my God, might I be one !
- 7 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesu's witnesses !
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet !
- 8 This only thing do I require :
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of Thy church to live :
- 9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon Thy saints below ;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 10 Lord, if I now Thy drawings feel,
And ask according to Thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 11 Tell me, or Thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard ; it shall be so !"
The word hath passed Thy lips, and I
Shall with Thy people live and die.

377

(228)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestowed
An immortal soul, designed
To be the house of God :
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove ;
Make me just, and good, like Thee,
And full of power and love.

- 2 Bid me in Thy image rise,
 A saint, a creature new ;
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too :
 This Thy primitive design,
 That I should in Thee be blest ;
 Should, within the arms Divine,
 For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let Thy will on me be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher ;
 Thee, descending on a cloud,
 When with ravished eyes I see,
 Then I shall be filled with God
 To all eternity !

378

(488)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- R**EJOICE evermore with angels above,
 In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love :
 With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been ;
 Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us from sin ;
 The power of Thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,
 And now we inherit all fulness in Thee :
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
 And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy :
 To us it is given in Jesus to know
 A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join, while sinners invite ;
 Nor envy the swine their brutish delight ;
 Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
 Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.
- 5 Oh ! might they at last with sorrow return,
 The pleasures to taste for which they were born ;
 Our Jesus receiving our happiness prove,
 The joy of believing, the heaven of love !

379

(420)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

WEARY souls, who wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Fly to those dear wounds of His :
 Sink into the purple flood :
 Rise into the life of God !

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown :
 By His pain He gives you ease,
 Life by His expiring groan :
 Rise exalted by His fall ;
 Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
 God to you His Son hath given !
 Ye may now be happy too ;
 Find on earth the life of heaven :
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul designed ;
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind ;
 Blest in Christ this moment be !
 Blest to all eternity !

380

S.M.

J. or C. WESLEY. 1747.

YE simple souls that stray
 Far from the path of peace,
 (That lonely, unfrequented way,
 To life and happiness,)
 Why will ye folly love,
 And thron'g the downward road,
 And hate the wisdom from above,
 And mock the sons of God ?

- 2 Madness and misery
 Ye count our life beneath ;

And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death :
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie ;
And utterly contemned we live,
And unlamented die.

- 3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise ;
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things ;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.
- 4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know ;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;
And, always sorrowful, we live
Rejoicing evermore.
- 5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways ;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace :
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend ;
And God Himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.
- 6 With Him we walk in white ;
We in His image shine ;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine :
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down ;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

381

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

WHO is as the Christian great !
 Bought and washed with sacred blood,
 Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
 Soars aloft, and walks with God.

- 2 Who is as the Christian wise !
 He his nought for all hath given ;
 Bought the pearl of greatest price,
 Nobly bartered earth for heaven.
- 3 Who is as the Christian blest !
 He hath found the long-sought stone,
 He is joined to Christ his rest,
 He and happiness are one.
- 4 Lo ! his clothing is the Sun,
 The bright Sun of Righteousness ;
 He hath put salvation on,
 Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 5 Lo ! he feeds on Living Bread,
 Drinks the Fountain from above,
 Leans on Jesus' breast his head,
 Feasts for ever on His love.
- 6 Angels here his servants are,
 Spread for him their golden wings,
 To his throne of glory bear,
 Seat him by the King of kings.
- 7 Who shall gain that heavenly height,
 Who his Saviour's face shall see ?
 I, who claim it in His right,
 CHRIST hath bought it all for me.

382

5,5,11. or 10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- COME, Lord, from above, the mountains remove ;
 Overturn all that hinders the course of Thy
 My bosom inspire, inkindle the fire, [love ;
 And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
- 2 I languish and pine for the comfort divine ;
 O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine !

- I have chosen the good part ; my portion Thou art,
O Love ; let me find Thee, O God, in my heart.
- 3 For this my heart sighs, nothing else can suffice ;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price ?
It cannot be bought, and Thou knowest I have
nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
- 4 But I hear a voice say, “ Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay :
Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys :
- 5 The blessing is free : ”—So, Lord, let it be ;
I yield that Thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive what Thou freely dost give,
And consent in Thy love, in Thy Eden, to live.
- 6 The gift I embrace ; the Giver I praise ;
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus’s grace :
It comes from above, the foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

Describing Inward Religion.

383

(549)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- A**UTHOR of faith, Eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same :
- 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable :
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know Thee strong to save :
(Save us, a present Saviour Thou !)
Whate’er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in Thy Name believes,
Eternal life with Thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
 With strong, commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realising light,
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
 The' Invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

384 (492)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**OW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?
 What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell ;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.
- 2 We who in Christ believe
 That He for us hath died,
 We all His unknown peace receive,
 And feel His blood applied ;
 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburdened of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 3 His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.
 Stronger than death and hell,
 The mystic power we prove ;
 And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.
- 4 We by His Spirit prove,
 And know the things of God,
 The things which freely of His love
 He hath on us bestowed ;

His Spirit to us He gave,
 And dwells in us, we know :
 The witness in ourselves we have,
 And all its fruits we show.

5 The meek and lowly heart,
 That in our Saviour was,
 To us His Spirit doth impart,
 And signs us with His cross :
 Our nature's turned, our mind
 Transformed in all its powers ;
 And both the witnesses are joined,
 The Spirit of God with ours.

6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
 Commands, we gladly do ;
 And, guided by His sacred word,
 We all His steps pursue ;
 His glory our design,
 We live our God to please ;
 And rise, with filial fear divine,
 To perfect holiness.

385

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
 Whose love hath gently led me on,
 Even from my infant days ;
 Mine inmost soul expose to view,
 And tell me, if I ever knew
 Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,
 And followed, with a heart sincere,
 Thy drawings from above ;
 Now, now the further grace bestow,
 And let my sprinkled conscience know
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,
 A stranger to the gospel hope,
 The sense of sin forgiven ;

- I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without Thy inward Witness live,
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee
In Jesus reconciled ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself Thy child ?
- 5 Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love,—
Or sin, or righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display ;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.
- 6 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art :
The secret of Thy love reveal,
And by Thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart !
-

Describing the Love of God to Man.

386

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- F**ATHER, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave ;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world to save.
- 2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined ;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race :
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

- 4 The world He suffered to redeem :
 For all He hath the' atonement made :
 For those that will not come to Him,
 The ransom of His life was paid.
- 5 Why then, Thou universal Love,
 Should any of Thy grace despair ?
 To all, to all, Thy bowels move,
 But straitened in our own we are.
- 6 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause !
 The fulness of the Gentiles call :
 Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
 And all shall own Thou diedst for all.

387

(43)

C.M. S. WESLEY, SEN. 1739.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree !

How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how He groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks ;
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
 " Receive my soul," He cries :
 See where He bows His sacred head !
 He bows His head, and dies !
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like Thine ?

388

(44)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT. 1639.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
 In sorest agony and blood,

See there, the King of Glory see !

Sinks, and expires the Son of God !

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done ?
 Who could Thy sacred body wound ?
 No guilt Thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in Thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone, have done the deed !
 'Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn ;
 My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 The burden, for me to sustain
 Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid ;
 To heal me, Thou hast borne my pain ;
 To bless me, Thou a curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
 Torn, and forsook of all, I lay ;
 Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
 From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to Thee I cannot give ;
 Too much I cannot do for Thee ;
 Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
 Graven on my heart for ever be !
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
 O may I learn from Thee, my God ;
 And love, with softest pity joined,
 For those that trample on Thy blood !
- 9 Still let Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
 Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
 And ever in Thy bosom rest.

389

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

YE that pass by, behold the Man !
 The Man of Griefs, condemned for you !
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.

- 2 See ! how His back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all His body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can He thus their hate assuage ;
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage :
Hark ! how they clamour for His blood !
- 4 “ To us our own Barabbas give !
Away with Him,” (they loudly cry,)
“ Away with Him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify !”
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood ;
His sacred limbs,—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.
- 6 See there ! His temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet, transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side !
- 7 Where is the King of Glory now ?
The everlasting Son of God ?
The’ Immortal hangs His languid brow ;
The’ Almighty faints beneath His load !
- 8 Beneath *my* load He faints and dies :
I filled His soul with pangs unknown :
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
I killed the Father’s only Son !

390

(45)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O THOU dear suffering Son of God,
How doth Thy heart to sinners move !
Help me to catch Thy precious blood ;
Help me to taste Thy dying love.

- 2 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed, while her Creator died ;
O let mine inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified !

- 3 At Thy last gasp the graves displayed
 Their horrors to the upper skies :
 O that my soul might burst the shade,
 And, quickened by Thy death, arise !
- 4 The rocks could feel Thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part :
 O rend, with Thine expiring breath,
 The harder marble of my heart !
- 5 My stony heart Thy voice shall rent,
 Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove :
 My inmost bowels shall resent
 The yearnings of Thy dying love.

391

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break by Jesu's cross subdued ;
 See His body, mangled, rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood !
 Sinful soul ! what hast thou done ?
 Crucified God's only Son !
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed ;
 Driven the nails that fixed Him there ;
 Crowned with thorns His sacred head ;
 Pierced Him with the soldier's spear ;
 Made His soul a sacrifice ;
 For a sinful world He dies.
- 3 Shall we let Him die in vain ?
 Still to death pursue our God ?
 Open all His wounds again,
 Trample on His precious blood ?
 No ; with all our sins we part ;
 Saviour, take my broken heart !

392

(489)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

From Count ZINZENDORF and ANNA and JOHN NITSCHMAN.

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;
 To dwell within Thy wounds ; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee !
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there !
- 3 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side !
Who life, and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move—
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should'st us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
“ My Lord, my love is crucified.”
- 7 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought !
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren Thou !
To Thee, lo ! all our souls we bow :
To Thee our hearts and hands we give :
Thine may we die : Thine may we live !

393

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like Thine !

Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on Thee :
Help me, Lord ; to Thee I look ;
Draw me, Saviour, after Thee.

- 2 'Tis done ! my God hath died ;
My Love is crucified !

- Break, this stony heart of mine ;
 Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood ;
 Feel, my soul, the pangs Divine ;
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood !
- 3 His would I wholly be
 Who lived and died for me :
 Grief was all His life below,
 Pain, and poverty, and loss :
 Mine the sins that bruised Him so,
 Scourged, and nailed Him to the cross.
- 4 To love is all my wish,
 I only live for this :
 Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
 There, by faith, for ever dwell :
 This I always will require,
 Thee, and only Thee, to feel.
- 5 Thy power I pant to prove,
 Rooted and fixed in love ;
 Strengthened by Thy Spirit's might,
 Wise to fathom things divine,
 What the length, and breadth, and height,
 What the depth of love like Thine.
- 6 Ah ! give me this to know,
 With all Thy saints below :
 Swells my soul to compass Thee,
 Gasps in Thee to live and move,
 Filled with all the Deity,
 All immersed and lost in love !

394

(47)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O LOVE Divine ! what hast Thou done ?
 The' immortal God hath died for me !
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 The' immortal God for me hath died !
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !

Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like His ?
 Come, feel with me His blood applied :
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood ;
 Pardon for all flows from His side ;
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath His cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream :
 All things for Him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to Him :
 Of nothing think or speak beside,
 " My Lord, my Love is crucified."

395

(421)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who groan beneath your load ;
 Jesus calls His wanderers home :
 Hasten to your pardoning God.
 Come, ye guilty spirits, oppressed,
 Answer to the Saviour's call :
 " Come, and I will give you rest,
 Come, and I will save you all."

- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We Thy kindest word obey,
 Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away :
 Fain we would on Thee rely,
 Cast on Thee our sin and care ;
 To Thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.
- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
 Burdened with our sinful load,
 Burdened with this unbelief,
 Burdened with the wrath of God,

Lo ! we come to Thee for ease,
 True and gracious as Thou art ;
 Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

396

(422)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

Written May 23, 1738, immediately after his conversion.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin ?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire ?

A slave redeemed from death and sin,

A brand plucked from eternal fire,

How shall I equal triumphs raise,

And sing my great Deliverer's praise ?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,

Father, which Thou to me hast showed ?

That I, a child of wrath and hell,

I should be called a child of God,

Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,

Blest with this antepast of heaven !

3 And shall I slight my Father's love ?

Or basely fear His gifts to own ?

Unmindful of His favours prove ?

Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,

Refuse His righteousness to' impart,

By hiding it within my heart ?

4 No : though the ancient Dragon rage,

And call forth all his host to war ;

Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,

Them, and their god, alike I dare ;

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim ;

Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,

Harlots, and publicans, and thieves !

He spreads His arms to' embrace you all ;

Sinners alone, His grace receives ;

No need of Him the righteous have ;

He came the lost to seek and save.

- 6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin :
 His bleeding heart shall make you room,
 His open side shall take you in :
 He calls you now, invites you home,—
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come !
- 7 For you the purple current flowed
 In pardons from His wounded side ;
 Languished for you the' eternal God ;
 For you the Prince of Glory died :
 Believe, and all your sin's forgiven ;
 Only believe,—and yours is heaven !

397

(423)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- S**EE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
 The Friend and Saviour of mankind !
 Not one of all the' apostate race
 But may in Him salvation find !
 His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
 —His life and death,—that God is Love !
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
 The sins of all the world away !
 A servant's form He meekly wears,
 He sojourns in a house of clay !
 His glory is no longer seen,
 But God with God is man with men.
- 3 See where the God Incarnate stands,
 And calls His wandering creatures home :
 He all day long spreads out His hands ;
 " Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !
 Ye all may hide you in My breast ;
 Believe, and I will give you rest.
- 4 " Ah ! do not of My goodness doubt,
 My saving grace for all is free ;
 I will in no wise cast him out
 That comes a sinner unto Me ;
 I can to none Myself deny ;
 Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ?"

398

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

- S**INNERS, believe the gospel word ;
 Jesus is come, your souls to save !
 Jesus is come, your common Lord ;
 Pardon ye all through Him may have ;
 May now be saved, whoever will :
 This Man receiveth sinners still.
- 2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
 The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor
 Flock to the Friend of human kind,
 And freely all accept their cure :
 To whom did He His help deny ?
 Whom, in His days of flesh, pass by ?
- 3 Did not His word, the fiends expel,
 The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead ?
 Did He not all their sickness heal,
 And satisfy their every need ?
 Did He reject His helpless clay,
 Or send them sorrowful away ?
- 4 Nay, but His bowels yearned to see
 The people hungry, scattered, faint ;
 Nay, but He uttered over Thee,
 Jerusalem, a true complaint ;
 Jerusalem, who shedd'st His blood,
 That, with His tears, for thee hath flowed.

399

(48)

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

- W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die ?
 Why hangs He, then, on yonder tree ?
 What means that strange expiring cry ?
 (Sinners, He prays for you and me)
 "Forgive them, Father, O forgive :
 They know not that by Me they live !"
- 2 Adam descended from above,
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
 Great God of universal love,
 If all the world in Thee may live,
 In us a quickening Spirit be,
 And witness, Thou hast died for me !

- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee—by Thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
 Thy precious death and life—I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away !
- 4 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears ;
 The story of Thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears ;
 That all may hear the quickening sound,
 If I, e'en I, have mercy found !
- 5 O let Thy love my heart constrain,
 Thy love for every sinner free,
 That every fallen soul of man
 May taste the grace that found out me,
 That all mankind, with me, may prove
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love !

400

(96)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- L**ET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious Name !
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at His love ;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze :
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

- 4 His Name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there, my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel, He died for me.
- 6 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race !
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done ?
- 7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call !
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified :
For all, for all my Saviour died !

401

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you He suffered pain ;
Swearers, for you He spilt His blood :
And shall He bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, His life for you He paid ;
Your basest crime He bore :
Drunkards, your sins on Him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of Love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heaven ;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

- 4 Believe in Him that died for thee ;
 And sure as He hath died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.

402

(98)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, the Name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky ;
 Angels and men before it fall ;
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
 The Name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear :
 And turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace !
 The arms of love which compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
 Might every bosom move !
 Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
 Of everlasting Love.
- 6 Sinners, behold the Lamb of God,
 On Him your spirits stay ;
 He bears the universal load,
 He takes your sins away.
- 7 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp His Name ;
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 " Behold, behold the Lamb !"

403

(629)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

YE neighbours, and friends of Jesus draw near ;
 His love condescends, by titles so dear.

- To call and invite you His triumphs to prove,
And freely delight you in Jesus's love.
- 2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side are gathered to Him
The weary and burdened, the reprobate race ;
And wait to be pardoned through Jesus's grace.
- 3 The blind are restored through Jesus's name ;
They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb ;
The halt they are walking, and running their race ;
The dumb they are talking of Jesus's praise.
- 4 The deaf hear His voice, and comforting word,
It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord,
"Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art ;"
They listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.
- 5 The lepers from all their spots are made clean ;
The dead by His call are raised from their sin ;
In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure ;
And gospel salvation is preached to the poor.
- 6 To us and to them is published the word :
Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving to save us by grace.
- 7 O Jesus, ride on, till all are subdued ;
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle Thy blood,
Display Thy salvation, and teach the new song
To every nation, and people, and tongue.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THE GOSPEL CALL URGED.

404

L.M.

DWIGHT. 1800.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !

Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

405

S.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—James iv. 14.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

406

4-7s.

DYER. 1795.

TIME is earnest, passing by ;
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh :
 Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
 Time and death appeal to thee.

- 2 Life is earnest : when 'tis o'er,
 Thou returnest never more.
 Soon to meet eternity,
 Wilt thou never serious be ?
- 3 God is earnest : kneel and pray,
 Ere thy season pass away ;
 Ere He set His judgment throne ;
 Ere the day of grace be gone.
- 4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come ;
 Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum ;
 Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
 Pleading with thee from above ?
- 5 O be earnest, do not stay ;
 Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
 Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee !
 Lo ! thy Saviour waits for thee.

407

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live,
 Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare
 In that eternal house above ;
 And, O ! my God, shall I be there !

408

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

GOD of my life preserved by grace,
 Like Moses' bush amidst the fire !
 Teach me to count aright my days,
 With wisdom pure my heart inspire.

- 2 In number as my days decrease,
 In value, Lord, I know they rise ;
 And every moment makes them less,
 And brings me nearer to the skies ;
- 3 If taught by Thee my hours to' improve,
 My hours I on account receive,
 And live to win Thy precious love,
 And only to Thy glory live.
- 4 Thy Spirit now if Thou infuse,
 My latter end I wisely weigh,
 No more the' important moments lose,
 No more neglect to watch and pray !
- 5 This instant now I cease from sin,
 This instant now I turn to Thee,
 And trust Thy blood to make me clean
 From all, from all impurity.
- 6 Stirr'd up to seek the God unknown,
 My soul awakes to righteousness,
 And strives, and pants, and wrestles on,
 For power to live and die in peace.

409

(159)

L.M. 6 lines.

1795.

- T**HIS is the field—the world below,
 In which the sowers came to sow,—
 Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares ;
 For so the word of truth declares ;
 And soon the reaping-time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth !—and is it so ?
 Must all the world the harvest know ?
 Is every man the wheat or tare ?
 Then for the harvest, O prepare !
 For soon, &c.
- 3 To love my sins—a saint to appear—
 To grow with wheat—and be a tare,
 May serve me whilst on earth below,
 Where tares and wheat together grow :
 But soon, &c.

- 4 But all who truly righteous be,
 Their Father's kingdom then shall see ;
 Shine like the sun for ever there :
 He that hath ears, then let him hear ;
 For soon, &c.

410

C.M. D.

HEBER. 1827.

- J**ERUSALEM, Jerusalem !
 Enthroned once on high,
 Thou favoured home of God on earth,
 Thou heaven below the sky !
 Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
 A curse and grief to see ;
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 Our tears shall flow for thee.
- 2 Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
 And flocked beneath the wing
 Of Him who called thee lovingly,
 Thine own anointed King :
 Then had the tribes of all the world
 Gone up thy pomp to see,
 And glory dwelt within thy gates,
 And all thy sons been free.
- 3 " And who art thou that mournest me ?"
 Jerusalem may say,
 " And fear'st not rather that thyself
 May prove a cast away !"
 I am a dried and abject branch,
 My place is given to thee ;
 But woe to every barren graft
 Of thy wild olive tree !
- 4 " Our day of grace is sunk in night,
 Our time of mercy spent,
 For heavy was my children's crime,
 And strange their punishment :
 Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
 But, sinner, warned be ;
 Who spared not His chosen seed,
 May send His wrath on thee !

- 5 " Our day of grace is sunk in night,
 Thy noon is in its prime ;
 Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour's face
 In this accepted time !
 So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
 A lesson prove to thee,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Thy home for ever be !"

Describing Death.

411

(125)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- O GOD ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
 Still may we dwell secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

412

(126)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name !
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 The' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road !
 And if our souls be hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

413

(127)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?

- And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be :
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb ?
With triumph or regret ?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet ?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar ?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there ?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
That rends my anxious breast !
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest ?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell ;
Must come at His command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.
- 5 O Thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die ;
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery !
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear !

- 6 Thou art Thyself the Way ;
 Thyself in me reveal :
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to Thy will :
 So shall I love my God,
 Because He first loved me,
 And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
 To all eternity.

414

(128)

4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY, 1768.

- A**ND am I only born to die ?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death for me remains ?
 Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity !
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay !
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone :
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery, or joy ;
 But Oh ! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destined place ?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies !

How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies !

- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray :
Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way
To glorious happiness !
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

415

(120)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet ;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

- 2 Numbered among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see :
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me !
- 3 O that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And certify that Thou art mine ;
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into Thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesu's presence cheers ;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in His face appears.

416

(130)

L.M.

S. WESLEY, JUN. 1736.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,

- The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows :
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine .
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains :
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

417

C.M.

HEBER. 1827.

- B**ENEATH our feet, and o'er our head.
 Is equal warning given ;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead ;
 Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower ;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And fate descend in sudden night
 On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come ?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know,
 Where'er thy foot can tread ;

The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

- 6 Turn, Christian, turn ; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The dead, which underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

418

(131)

L.M.

STEELE. 1760.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
3 Vain his ambition, noise and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.
4 O be a nobler portion mine !
My God ! I bow before Thy throne :
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

419

(134)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd :
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare.
3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a great reward.

420

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

JESUS, was ever love like Thine ?

Thy life a scene of wonders is ;

Thy death itself is all divine,

While, pleased Thy spirit to dismiss,

Thou dost out of the flesh retire,

And like the Prince of Life expire.

2 Ah ! grant me, Lord, in death to find,

That death is swallowed up in Thee,

While on Thy loving breast reclined

I gasp for immortality,

Purchased by Thine expiring groan,

And feel it in my heart made known

3 Ah ! Saviour, now in me reveal

The' eternal life Thou dost bestow,

And when my mortal foe I feel,

I'll trample on my mortal foe,

Into Thine hands my spirit give,

And long as my Redeemer live.

421

(135)

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,

All thy mourning days below :

Go, by angel guards attended,

To the sight of Jesus, go !

Waiting to receive thy spirit,

Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;

Shows the purchase of His merit,

Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion

To thy dear Redeemer's breast,

To His uttermost salvation,

To His everlasting rest.

For the joy He sets before thee,

Bear a momentary pain ;

Die, to live the life of glory,

Suffer, with thy Lord to reign

422

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

HAPPY who in Jesus live ;
 But happier still are they
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away :
 Lord, Thou read'st the panting heart ;
 Lord, Thou hear'st the praying sigh ;
 O 'tis better to depart,
 'Tis better far to die !

- 2 Yet, if so Thy will ordain,
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load :
 When we have our grief filled up,
 When we all our work have done,
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of Thy throne.
- 3 To Thy wise and gracious will
 We quietly submit,
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at Thy feet ;
 When Thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up Thy face to see ;
 Only let Thy servants live,
 And let us die, to Thee.

423

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- W**HERE shall true believers go,
 When from the flesh they fly ?
 Glorious joys ordained to know,
 They mount above the sky,
 To that bright celestial place ;
 There they shall in raptures live,
 More than tongue can e'er express,
 Or heart can e'er conceive.
- 2 When they once are entered there,
 Their mourning days are o'er ;
 Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
 And sighing are no more ;

Subject then to no decay,
 Heavenly bodies they put on,
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.

- 3 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy, shall be,
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see :
 With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is given ;
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

- 4 Him beholding face to face,
 To Him they glory give,
 Bless His name and sing His praise,
 As long as God shall live.
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employed in heaven they are :
 Lord, receive my happy soul
 With all Thy servants there !

424

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

THE saints who die of Christ possess,
 Enter into immediate rest ;
 For them no further test remains,
 Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

- 2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
 Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
 The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
 They find with Christ in Paradise.
- 3 Close followed by their works they go,
 Their Master's purchased joy to know ;
 Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
 And each hath its distinct reward.
- 4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
 They cast their crowns before the throne ;
 And fill the echoing courts above,
 With praises of Redeeming love.

425 (136)

P.M.

POPE. 1720.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
 O the pain,—the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
 “Sister spirit, come away!”
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

426 (137)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- R**EJOICE for a brother deceased,
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And free from its bodily chain;
- 2 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.
 - 3 Our brother the haven hath gained,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind;
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,
 And left his companions behind,
 - 4 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 5 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :
- 6 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past ;
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

427

13-11, 13-11.

HEBER. 1827.

- T**HOU art gone to the grave, !
 But we will not deplore thee ;
 Though sorrows and darkness
 Encompass the tomb :
 The Saviour has passed
 Through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love
 Is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave !
 We no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of
 The world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of Mercy
 Are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope,
 For the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave !
 And, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit
 In fear lingered long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise
 Beamed on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardst
 Was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave !
 But we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom,
 Thy guardian, and guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee,
 And He will restore thee,
 And death has no sting,
 For the Saviour has died!

428

(138)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
 Pay we, gracious God, to Thee :
 Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
 Givest us the victory ;
 True and faithful to Thy word,
 Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
 Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
 He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo ! the prisoner is released,
 Lightened of his fleshly load
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gathered unto God !
 Lo ! the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er ;
 Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallowed up of life !
 Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
 Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
 Triumphant in Paradise.

4 Join we then, with one accord,
 In the new, the joyful song :
 Absent from our loving Lord
 We shall not continue long :
 We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share ;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy brother there.

- 5 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain ;
 Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death to thee, to us, is gain :
 Thou art entered into joy :
 Let the unbelievers mourn ;
 We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

429

(139)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- H**ARK! a voice divides the sky,
 Happy are the faithful dead!
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed.
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest:
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Followed by their works, they go
 Where their Head hath gone before ;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace had opened Mercy's door ;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot
 Of a saint in Christ deceased ?
 Let the world, who know us not,
 Call us hopeless and unblessed :
 When from flesh the spirit freed,
 Hastens homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, " A man is dead !"
 Angels sing, " A child is born !"
- 4 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet ;
 Bear him to the throne of Love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet :

Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
 Good and faithful servant thou;
 Enter, and receive thy crown,
 Reign with Me triumphant now."

- 5 Angels catch the' approving sound,
 Bow, and bless the just award;
 Hail the heir with glory crowned,
 Now rejoicing with his Lord:
 Fuller joys ordained to know,
 Waiting for the general doom,
 When the' Archangel's trump shall blow
 "Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

430

(141)

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A** GAIN we lift our voice,
 And shout our solemn joys;
 Cause of highest rapture this,
 Rapture that shall never fail;
 See a soul escaped to bliss,
 Keep the Christian Festival.
- 2 Our friend is gone before
 To that celestial shore;
 He hath left his mates behind,
 He hath all the storms outrode!
 Found the rest we toil to find,
 Landed in the arms of God.
- 3 And shall we mourn to see
 Our fellow-prisoner free?—
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 In the haven of the skies?
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wiped for ever from his eyes?
- 4 No, dear companion, no;
 We gladly let thee go,
 From a suffering church beneath,
 To a reigning church above:
 Thou hast more than conquered death;
 Thou art crowned with life and love.

- 5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
 Hast leaped the bounds of time :
 Suddenly from earth released,
 Lo ! we now rejoice for thee ;
 Taken to an early rest,
 Caught into eternity.
- 6 Thither may we repair,
 That glorious bliss to share !
 We shall see the welcome day,
 We shall to the summons bow ;
 Come, Redeemer, come away :
 Now prepare, and take us now !

431

(142)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

On the Death of a Widow.

- GIVE glory to Jesus our Head,
 With all that encompass His throne ;
 A widow, a widow indeed,
 A mother in Israel is gone !
- 2 The winter of trouble is past ;
 The storms of affliction are o'er ;
 Her struggle is ended at last,
 And sorrow and death are no more.
- 3 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
 And caught him again in the sky :
 Advanced to her happy estate,
 And pleasure that never shall die :
- 4 Where glorified spirits, by sight,
 Converse in their holy abode,
 As stars in the firmament bright,
 And pure as the angels of God.
- 5 O Heaven ! what a triumph is there !
 Where all in His praises agree ;
 His beautiful character bear,
 And shine with the glory they see :
- 6 The glory of God and the Lamb
 (While all in the ecstasy join)

- Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.
- 7 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes His praise ;
When, lo ! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of His face :
- 8 The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great ;
But, lo ! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at His feet.

432

555, 11.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- H**OSANNA to God in His highest abode ;
All heaven be joined,
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind !
He claims all our praise, who in infinite grace
Again hath stooped down,
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.
- 2 Our friend is restored to the joy of his Lord,
With triumph departs,
But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts :
“ Follow after,” he cries, as he mounts to the skies,
“ Follow after your friend,
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.”
- 3 Through Jesus’s name, our comrade o’ercame ;
And Jesus is ours,
And arms us with all His invincible powers :
He looks from the skies, He shows us the prize,
And gives us a sign
That we shall o’ercome by the mercy Divine.
- 4 For us is prepared the angelical guard ;
The convoy attends,
A ministering host of invisible friends : [light,
Ready winged for their flight to the regions of
The horses are come,
The chariots of Israel to carry us home.

433

(145)

C.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- H**OW long shall death, the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just ?
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust.
- 2 Lo ! I behold the scattered shades !
 The dawn of heaven appears ;
 The sweet, immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of Glory come,
 And flaming guards around ;
 The skies divide to make Him room ;
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
 And lo ! the graves obey :
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute the expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air ;
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore Him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them, clothed in white !
 The meanest place at His right hand
 Is infinite delight.

434

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- A**ND must this body die ?
 This well-wrought frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh ;
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.

- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;
 And every shape and every face
 Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to Thy dying love :
 O may we bless Thy grace below,
 And sing Thy power above !
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

435

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1762.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—Job xix. 25-27.

- I** CALL the world's Redeemer mine ;
 He lives who died for me, I know ;
 Who bought my soul with blood Divine,
 Jesus, shall re-appear below,
 Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
 And fix on earth His heavenly throne.
- 2 Then the last judgment-day shall come ;
 And though the worms this skin devour,
 The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
 Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
 And raise this individual me,
 God in the flesh, my God, to see.
- 3 In this identic body I,
 With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
 Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
 See for myself my smiling Lord,
 See with ineffable delight ;
 Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.
- 4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
 The greedy grave my reins consume ;
 With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
 And rest till my Redeemer come ;
 On Christ my Life, in death rely,
 Secure that I can never die.

436

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to His arms.

2 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
 And softened every bed :

Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?

3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way :
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Describing Judgment.

437

(152)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry !

Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the Bridegroom nigh :
 Lo ! He comes to keep His word,
 Light and joy His looks impart ;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet Him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
 Of sin, your heads lift up ;
 See your great redeeming God,
 He comes, and bids you hope :
 In the midnight of your grief,
 Jesus doth His mourners cheer ;
 Lo ! He brings you sure relief ;
 Believe, and feel Him here.

- 3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
 Whose lamps are burning bright ;
 Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
 To walk with Him in white ;
 Jesus bids your hearts be clean ;
 Bids you all His promise prove ;
 Jesus comes to cast out sin,
 And perfect you in love.
- 4 Wait we all in patient hope,
 Till Christ, the Judge, shall come ;
 We shall soon be all caught up
 To meet the general doom :
 In an hour to us unknown,
 As a thief in deepest night,
 Christ shall suddenly come down,
 With all His saints in light.
- 5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
 Watching to see Him come ;
 Him the Judge of all mankind
 Shall bear triumphant home :
 Who can answer to His word ?
 Which of you dares meet His day ?
 " Rise, and come to judgment ! "—Lord,
 We rise, and come away.

438

(153)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown ;
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,

- The' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all Thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To' increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the' Archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come;
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"
- 4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to His word;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus ensure
 Our lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest!

439

(150)

C.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

- WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 Oh! how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;—
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh! how shall I appear?
- 4 Oh! may my broken contrite heart
 Timely my sins lament,
 And early, with repentant tears,
 Eternal woe prevent!

- 5 For, never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows Thine only Son has died
 To make that pardon sure.

440

L.M.

SCOTT. 1805.

- T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,—
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;—
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

441

(154)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

- H**E comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !
 The seventh trumpet speaks Him near ;
 His lightnings flash ; His thunders roll :
 How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound ;
 See the Almighty Jesus crowned !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace ;
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on His azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for His own ;
 The kingdoms all obey His word,
 And hail Him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky !
 And all the saints of the Most High ;
 Our Lord, who now His right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

442 (155)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- THE great Archangel's trump shall sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
 Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
 Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,
 Shall stand, unmoved, amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth, and all the works therein,
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
 While we survey the awful scene,
 And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruined world look down:
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

443

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- JESUS, faithful to His word,
 Shall with a shout descend;
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall pompously attend:
 Christ shall come, with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
 With the great Archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
 Then we that yet remain

Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again :
 We shall meet Him in the air,
 All rapt up to heaven shall be ;
 Find, and love, and praise Him there,
 To all eternity.

- 3 Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords ?
 Joy unuttered we possess
 In these reviving words :
 Happy while on earth we breathe,
 Mightier bliss ordained to know,
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
 To the third heaven we go.

444

(156)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry ;
 A half-awakened child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die !

- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible :

A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert !
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at Thy bar ;

- And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?
 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss to' ensure :
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with Thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

445

87,87,887. *Ringwald & COLLYER.*

- G**REAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead, which they contained before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing ;
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !

Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 Low at His cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

446

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

- S**TAND the' omnipotent decree :
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan :
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just,
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust :
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man !
 At His Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck ;
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire !
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
 Far beneath His feet He views,
 With smiles, the flaming void :
 Sees this universe renewed,
 The grand millennial reign begun ;
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the' eternal throne !
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword :
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

447

C.M. P. J. WRIGHT. 1863.

- A MID the dark and silent night,
 A trumpet thrills the sky,
 Dread lightnings flash upon the sight,
 Loud thunders roll on high.
- 2 The clouds divide, the Lord appears,
 And lifts His mighty voice ;
 The trembling earth responsive hears,
 And waking saints rejoice.
- 3 The Judge ascends the judgment-seat,
 In glory sits alone,
 And myriad saints and sinners meet,
 Before the great white throne.
- 4 Ten thousand angels waiting stand ;
 The books are opened wide ;
 A fire consumes the sea and land ;
 From judgment none can hide.
- 5 The blest with joy, the lost with fear,
 Behold the Saviour's face ;
 While words of weal and woe declare
 His justice, truth, and grace.
- 6 Great Judge of all ! from sin and hell,
 O save me, I implore !
 That I in perfect bliss may dwell,
 And praise Thee evermore.

448

Old 104th. P.M. MILMAN. (1827.)

- THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll on
 fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire ;
 Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
 bowed.
- 2 The glory ! the glory ! by myriads are pour'd,
 The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord ;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear !

- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard; [stirred ;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
From the sea, from the land, from the south and
the north,
The vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set, [are met ;
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word !
- 5 Oh mercy ! Oh mercy ! look down from above,
Creator ! on us, Thy sad children, with love !
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven !

449

(149)

8,7,4.

NEWTON. 1779.

- D**AY of judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round :
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty Divine !
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine :
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine !
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea :
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,

He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow !
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

450

8.8.8. P.M.

IRONS. 1848.

From the Ancient DIES IRÆ. (Abridged.)

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DAY of Wrath ! O day of mourning !
 See ! fulfilled the prophets' warning—
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
 Oh ! what fear man's bosom rendeth,
 When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
 On whose sentence all dependeth !

- 2 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
 All before the throne it bringeth.
 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded !—
 Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 3 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
 Who for me be interceding,
 When the just are mercy needing ?
 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
 On the Cross of suffering bought me ;—
 Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?
- 4 Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning ;
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
 Thou the sinful woman savedst,—
 Thou the dying thief forgavest,—
 And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 5 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying !
 With Thy favoured sheep, O place me,
 Nor among the goats allow me,
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.

- 6 While the wicked are confounded,
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
 Call me ! with Thy saints surrounded.
 Ah ! that Day of tears and mourning !
 From the dust of earth returning,
 Man for judgment must prepare him.

451

(147)

S.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- A**ND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from His righteous lips
 Shall the dread sentence sound,
 And through the numerous guilty throng
 Spread black despair around ?
- 3 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven, before His face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?
- 4 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread !
- 5 Ye sinners, seek His grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear :
 Fly to the shelter of His cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 6 So shall that curse remove
 By which the Saviour bled,
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

452

4-7s.

S. F. SMITH. (1840.)

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
 When is finished thy career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?

- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found ?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where, wilt thou appear ?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

453

(157)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

- W**OE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown ;
When God doth all His wrath reveal,
And shower His judgments down !
- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers :
To meet your God prepare !
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
His vial in the air.
 - 3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found,
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.
 - 4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe ?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
Oh ! where shall I appear ?
 - 5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide :

- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
 May view the final scene ;
 For, lo ! the everlasting Rock
 Is cleft to take us in.

454

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

- B**Y faith we find the place above,
 The Rock that rent in twain ;
 Beneath the shade of dying love,
 And in the cleft remain.
- 2 Jesus, to Thy dear wounds we flee,
 We sink into Thy side ;
 Assured that all who trust in Thee
 Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound ;
 The latest lightning glare ;
 The mountains melt ; the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air :
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
 Amidst that general fire,
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
 And all in smoke expire !
- 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
 When nature is destroyed,
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.
- 6 Sublime upon His azure throne,
 He speaks the' Almighty word :
 His *fiat* is obeyed ! 'tis done ;
 And Paradise restored.
- 7 So be it ! let this system end,
 This ruinous earth and skies ;
 The New Jerusalem descend,
 The New Creation rise.
- 8 Thy power omnipotent assume ;
 Thy brightest majesty !
 And when Thou dost in glory come,
 My Lord, remember me !

455

(158)

8,7,4.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

- L**O! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train;
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of His passion
 Still His dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thy eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Everlasting God! come down.

456

(151)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- Y**E virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake!
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 "Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"
- 2 He comes, He comes, to call
 The nations to His bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are:

Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

- 3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend :
Your Head to glorify,
With all His saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, His face!
- 4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in His Spirit lived,
Obedient to His love,
Jesus shall claim you for His bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified !
- 5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 6 (Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found ;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, Thou find'st us now !)

457

8.7.4.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

- L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in His sufferings here ;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lords of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the tokens
Of His heavenly kingdom near !
- 2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze !

Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face !

- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In His Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.
- 4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark ! on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
" Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from His eye !"
- 5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints His banner see !
By the tokens of His passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern Him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis He !"
- 6 Yes, the prize shall now be given,
We His open face shall see ;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be ;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity !

Describing Heaven.

458

2-6s & 4-7s. C. WESLEY. 1750.

HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men ;
Men, who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

- 2 How happy, then, are we,
 Who build, O Lord, on Thee !
 What can our foundation shock ?
 Though the shattered earth remove,
 Stands our city on a rock,
 On the rock of heavenly Love.
- 3 A house we call our own,
 Which cannot be o'erthrown :
 In the general ruin sure,
 Storms and earthquakes it defies ;
 Built immovably secure ;
 Built eternal in the skies.
- 4 High on Immanuel's land
 We see the fabric stand ;
 From a tottering world remove
 To our steadfast mansions there :
 Our inheritance above
 Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 5 Those amaranthine bowers
 (Unalienably ours)
 Bloom, our infinite reward,
 Rise, our permanent abode ;
 From the founded world prepared ;
 Purchased by the blood of God.
- 6 O might we quickly find
 The place for us designed ;
 See the long-expected day
 Of our full redemption here :
 Let the shadows flee away,
 Let the new-made world appear.
- 7 High on Thy great white throne,
 O King of Saints, come down ;
 In the new Jerusalem
 Now triumphantly descend ;
 Let the final trump proclaim
 Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

459

(160)

4-8s & 2-6s.

J. WESLEY. 1747.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot !
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue ;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 (I have no babes to hold me here ;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.)
- 5 (No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.)
- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

- 7 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home ;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 8 (I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies ;—
 I come to meet Thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest !
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end :
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to Thy breast !)

460

(170)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign :
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

461

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. ii. 11-17.

- T**HOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
 Shalt keep me faithful to the end :
 I trust Thy truth, and love, and power,
 Shall save me till my latest hour ;
 And when I lay this body down,
 Reward with an immortal crown.
- 2 Jesus, in Thy great name I go
 To conquer death, my final foe !
 And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
 And soar on angels' wings away,
 My soul the second death defies,
 And reigns eternal in the skies.
- 3 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 What Christ hath for His saints prepared,
 Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
 Who sink into perfection's height,
 And trample death beneath their feet,
 And gladly die their Lord to meet.
- 4 Dost thou desire to know and see,
 What thy mysterious name shall be ?
 Contending for thy heavenly home,
 Thy latest foe in death o'ercome ;
 Till then thou searchest out in vain,
 What only conquest can explain.

462

(161)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- I** LONG to behold Him arrayed
 With glory and light from above,
 The King in His beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love :
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed His abode ;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God !
- 2 With Him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)

The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord ;
 But when, on Thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens, in Thee.

- 3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive !

463

C.M.

1801.

Rev. xxi. and xxii.

- J**ERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where evermore the angels sing,
 Where Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe !
 Or feel at death, dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;

And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

464

6-7s.

Lange. 1701.

"Hymns from the Land of Luther." (1860).

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In its noblest flights conferred,—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore !

- 2 When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky ;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly, in that welcome strain.
- 3 Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,
Yet Creation's travail-groans,
Ever sadly sighed through all ;
There no discord jars the air,
Harmony is perfect there !
- 4 Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous world above ;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light, and all is love ;
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day !

465

(178)

C.M.

STENNETT. 1787.

ON Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruit that never fails,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters' night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?

466

(175)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove !
Stoop down, and take us on Thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow among them there,
 And view Thy face, and sing Thy love ?

467

(162)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
 Of all who travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
 Who would on Thee alone rely ;
 On Thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place,
 But hasten through the vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold Thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find :
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Sion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven ;

That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

- 6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed,
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

468

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. iii. 12.

SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death with Thee to rise,
And claim my station in the skies,
Fixed as the throne which ne'er can move,
A pillar in Thy church above.

- 2 As beautiful as useful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome;
Of perfect holiness possessed,
For ever in Thy presence blessed.
- 3 Write upon me the Name divine,
And let Thy Father's nature shine,
His image visibly exprest,
His glory pouring from my breast,
O'er all my bright humanity,
Transformed into the God I see!
- 4 Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly New Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among Thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.
- 5 When Thou hadst all Thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to Thy glorious home,

Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord ;
And thus Thy own new name obtain,
And one with Thee for ever reign.

469

(163)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- A**WAY with our sorrow and fear !
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode ;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord :
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air :
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there !
- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear :
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light :
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun :
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine !

- 5 The saints in His presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward ;
 In Jesus, in heaven they live ;
 They reign in the smile of their Lord ;
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus's face ;
 And all the enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

470

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

- H**OW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven ;
 A country far from mortal sight ;—
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 A stranger in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here ;
 Nor can its happiness or woe
 Provoke my hope or fear ;
 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past ;
 But, O ! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above
 With singing I repair :
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,
 My heart and soul, are there :
 There my exalted Saviour stands,
 My merciful High Priest,
 And still extends His wounded hands
 To take me to His breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,
 Or hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come ?

Shall I regret my parted friends.
 Still in the vale confined ?
 Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
 They will not stay behind.

- 5 The race we all are running now ;
 And if I first attain,
 They too their willing head shall bow,
 They too the prize shall gain.
 Now on the brink of death we stand ;
 And if I pass before,
 They all shall soon escape to land,
 And hail me on the shore.
- 6 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day :
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with His glorious presence nere
 Our earthen vessels filled.
- 7 (O would He more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessel break,
 And let our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek :
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me :
 And shout, and wonder at His grace,
 Through all eternity !)

471

(164)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

WE know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay,
 We have a house above,
 Not made with mortal hands ;
 And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
 That heavenly fabric stands.

- 2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure :
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored !
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !
- 3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray :
O might the tabernacle fall !
O might we 'scape away !
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.
- 4 Absent, alas ! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight ;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light.
- 5 O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face !
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given ;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven !

472

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high ;

- Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 (That only bliss for which it pants,)
 In my Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain :
 I suffer out my three-score years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away His servant's tears,
 And take His exile home.
- 3 Surely He will not long delay :
 I hear His Spirit cry,
 "Arise, My love, make haste away !
 Go, get thee up, and die.
 O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
 I give thee victory ;
 And with Me My reward I bring,
 I bring My heaven for thee."

473

(177)

C.M.
PART II.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

- O** WHAT hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise :
 They flourish in perpetual bloom,
 Fruit every month they give ;
 And to the healing leaves who come
 Eternally shall live.
- 2 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who reap the pleasures there ;
 They all are robed in purest white,
 And conquering palms they bear :
 Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
 They close pursue the Lamb :
 And every shining front displays
 The' unutterable Name.

- 3 They drink the vivifying stream,
 They pluck the' ambrosial fruit,
 And each records the praise of Him
 Who tuned his golden lute :
 At once they strike the' harmonious wire
 And hymn the great Three-One :
 He hears ; He smiles ; and all the choir
 Fall down before His throne.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host to' appear,
 And worship at Thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away :
 I come, to find them all again
 In that eternal day.

474

(172)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

- COME, let us join our friends above
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise :
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death ;
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
 Part of His host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 What numbers to their endless home,
 This solemn moment fly !
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die ;

- 6 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.
- 7 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity :
- 8 E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 9 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear His trumpet sound.
- 10 O that we now might grasp our Guide !
 O that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

475

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels joined in one :
 What a countless company
 Stand before yon dazzling throne !
 Each before his Saviour stands ;
 All in milk-white robes arrayed,
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
 Glory doth to God belong ;
 God, the glorious Saviour, praise :
 All salvation from Him came ;
 Him, who reigns enthroned on high ;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning stars reply.

- 3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
 Next the saints in glory they ;
 Lulled with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay ;
 Prostrate on their face before
 God and His Messiah fall ;
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all !
- 4 Be it so, they all reply,
 Him let all our orders praise ;
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favoured race !
 Render we our God His right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
 Honour, majesty, and might ;
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore !

476

(165)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- W**HAT are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in His righteous cause,
 Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
 Washed their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow :
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night :
 God resides among His own,
 God doth in His saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :

No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountain lead :
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up every soul with love.

477

(176)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

O MIGHT I with Thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,
 Who chant Thy praise above ;
 Mixed with the bright musician band,
 May I a heavenly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love !

- 2 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
 While all the' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than ecstasy, when all,
 Struck to the golden pavement, fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice !
- 3 Jesus ! the heaven of heavens He is ;
 The soul of harmony and bliss !
 And while on Him we gaze,
 And while His glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speaks His praise.
- 4 (O might I die that awe to prove,
 That prostrate awe which dares not move
 Before the great Three-One !
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In songs around the throne.)

478

7.6. D.

NEALE. 1851.

From the Latin of BERNARD OF CLUNY. Twelfth Century.

- T**O thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion,
 O Paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And joys have no alloy!
 Thy ageless walls are radiant
 With precious stones unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric;
 The corner-stone is Christ.
- 3 I know not—O, I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory;
 What light beyond compare!
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the saints.
- 4 Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom without bound,
 The beatific vision
 Shall gladden saints around:
 There God, my King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.
- 5 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song;
 And bright with many an angel,
 And many a martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
 The light is aye serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

6 There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

7 Jerusalem, the glorious,
 The joy of the elect,
 O ! dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect ;
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern,
 To thee my thoughts are kindled
 And strive and pant and yearn.

8 And, now, we fight the battle,
 And, then, we wear the crown
 Of full, and everlasting,
 And passionless renown.
 O land that seest no sorrow !
 O state that know'st no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

479

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove !
 O when shall we enter our rest,
 Return to the Sion above,
 The mother of spirits distrest !
 That city of God, the great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more ;
 But saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore.

- 2 Not all the archangels can tell,
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of His heavenly face ;
 When caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove,
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of His love.
- 3 Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
 We long Thy appearing to see,
 Resigned to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with Thee :
 'Tis good at Thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
 And see Thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in Thy throne.
- 4 To mourn for Thy coming is sweet,
 To weep at Thy longer delay ;
 But Thou, whom we hasten to meet,
 Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
 The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
 When Thee we behold in the cloud,
 And echo the joys of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

480

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. xxii. 17.

- THE Church in her militant state
 Is weary, and cannot forbear ;
 The saints in an agony wait
 To see Him again in the air.
 The Spirit invites, in the Bride,
 Her heavenly Lord to descend,
 And place her, enthroned at His side,
 In glory that never shall end.
- 2 The news of His coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry,
 O Jesus, in triumph appear,
 Appear in the clouds of the sky !

Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come,
 And give me a mansion above,
 And take to my heavenly home.

481

(166)

8s.

Rev. xxii. 17.

C. WESLEY. 1702.

THE thirsty are called to their Lord,
 His glorious appearing to see ;
 And, drawn by the power of His word,
 The promise, I know, is for me :
 I thirst for the streams of Thy grace,
 I gasp for the Spirit of Love ;
 I long for a glimpse of Thy face,
 And then to behold Thee above.

- 2 Thy call I exult to obey,
 And come, in the spirit of prayer,
 Thy joy in that happiest day,
 Thy kingdom of glory, to share ;
 To drink the pure river of bliss,
 With life everlasting o'erflowed ;
 Implunged in the crystal abyss,
 And lost in the ocean of God.

Describing Hell.

482

(415)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- TERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
 Who may be saved—shall I—
 Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
 Through sin, for ever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,
 A blessing to receive :
- 3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—
 Dragged to the judgment-seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet ?

- 4 Ah, no :—I still may turn and live,
 For still His wrath delays ;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me His grace.
- 5 I will accept His offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render Him my heart.
- 6 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus given ;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with Him in heaven.

483

(181)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll ;
 Damnation and the dead :
 What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed !
- 2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay,
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends,
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself for ever lost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains ;
 Tortured with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones ;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured His love.

484 (412)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- R**EPENT, the Voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay :
 For he who scorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are despatched abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in His presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess :
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with His grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to His bar ;
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,
 And turns to judgment there.
- 5 Amazing Love,—that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days :
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

In the large Hymn-Book 1780, Mr. Wesley closed his INTRODUCTORY HYMNS with a few entitled, *Praying for a Blessing*. These may be found, with similar Hymns, (Nos. 51—66,) in the Section on DIVINE WORSHIP.

CONVINCING.

Describing Formal Religion ; See HYMNS 336—338.

Describing Inward Religion ; See HYMNS 383—385.

Praying for Repentance.

485 (425)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er Thy every creature needs ;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
 To Thee I look, my heart prepare,
 Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

- 2 Since by Thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, Thou knowest them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
Thou knowest how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill ;
Thou knowest how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love !
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.
- 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel ;
My total misery reveal :
Ah ! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer !

486

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- J**ESUS, my great High Priest above,
My Friend before the Throne of Love ;
If now for me prevails Thy prayer,
If now I find Thee pleading there ;
If Thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray ;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to Thine !
- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel :
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,

The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God !

- 3 Jesu ! my heart's desire obtain ;
My earnest suit present, and gain ;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow ;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for Thee !
- 4 O Sovereign Love, to Thee I cry ;
Give me Thyself, or else I die ;
Save me from death ; from hell set free ;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee.
Quickened by Thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possest of Thee, I am ;
My life, my only heaven Thou art ;
O might I feel Thee in my heart !

487

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

GIVER of unfeign'd repentance,
Unto us Thy blessing give,
That we may the mortal sentence
In our guilty selves receive ;
Sensible of our demerit,
May from every sin depart,
Offering up a troubled spirit,
Rendering Thee a broken heart.

- 2 Let Thy dying love constrain us,
Our ingratitude to mourn,
Let Thine unknown anguish pain us,
'Till the wanderers return ;
Fill our souls with sacred trouble,
Give us bitterly to weep,
All our burdens, Lord, redouble,
Sink us in the lowest deep.

- 3 From the pit of condemnation,
 When to Thee for help we cry,
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Show the open fountain nigh ;
 Show Thyself our bleeding Jesus,
 All our sufferings to remove,
 With Thy pardoning mercy bless us,
 Bless us with Thy perfect love.

488

(427)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to Thy gracious eye present
 A humble, contrite heart :
 A heart with grief opprest,
 For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with Thy blood.
- 2 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire :
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down ;
 Strike with Thy love's effectual stroke,
 And break this heart of stone !

489

(426)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- S**AVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
 See me from Thy lofty throne ;
 Give the sweet relenting grace,
 Soften this obdurate stone !
 Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;
 Cast a look, and break my heart !
- 2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
 All my inmost sins reveal ;
 Sins against Thy light and love
 Let me see, and let me feel ;

- Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again Thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return ;
Bid me look on Thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
“ Now, Thou know’st I love Thee, Lord !”
- 4 Might I in Thy sight appear,
As the Publican distress ;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner’s only plea,
“ God be merciful to me !”
- 5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale ;
Show me Thy atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail ;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me !

490

(428)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O THAT I could revere
My much-offended God !
O that I could but stand in fear
Of Thy afflicting rod !
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by Thy threatenings move ;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.
- 2 Show me the naked sword,
Impending o’er my head :
O let me tremble at Thy word,
And to my ways take heed ;
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare ;
Nor ever, in my Judge’s eye,
My Judge’s anger dare.

- 3 Thou great, tremendous God,
 The conscious awe impart ;
 The grace be now on me bestowed,
 The tender fleshly heart ;
 For Jesu's sake alone,
 The stony heart remove ;
 And melt, at last, O melt me down,
 Into the mould of Love !

491

(429)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- O FOR that tenderness of heart,
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just Thou art,
 And trembles at Thy word !
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow ;
 That consciousness of guilt, which fears
 The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
 The sensible distress ;
 The pledge Thou wilt, at last, receive,
 And bid me die in peace ;
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove
 Before the evil come ;
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

492

(430)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O THAT I could repent ;
 O that I could believe !
 Thou by Thy voice the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave !
 Thou, by Thy two-edged sword,
 My soul and spirit part ;
 Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart !
- 2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
 The double grace bestow,

Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go :
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove ;
 Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.

3 For Thy own mercy's sake,
 The cursed thing remove ;
 And into Thy protection take
 The prisoner of Thy love :
 In every trying hour,
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till Thou hast made me whole.

4 This is Thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sin this moment go,
 This moment turn to Thee :
 O might I now embrace
 Thy all-sufficient power ;
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve Thee more !

493

(465)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep !
 False to Thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep :
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown !
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through Thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of Thy grief unknown ;

- Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show ;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow :
If Thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die :
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from Thy gracious eye :
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when Thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw Him weltering in His blood,
And bade Him rise again :
Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by Thy grace alone ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look, as when Thy pity saw
Thine own, in a strange land,
Forced to' obey the tyrant's law,
And feel His heavy hand :
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call Thy son ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 7 Look, as when Thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon sealed,
And bade her go in peace :

Vile, like her, and self-abhorred,
I at Thy feet for mercy groan :

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 8 Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live !
“Father,” (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasped,) “forgive !”
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, “ ’Tis done !”
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break’st my heart of stone !

494

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Acts v. 31. xvi. 31.

IN Thy state of exaltation,
Answer, Lord, its end on me,
Thou, the God of my salvation,
Thou my Prince and Ruler be ;
Let me, first, the true repentance,
Self-condemn’d, from Thee receive,
Then reverse the fearful sentence,
Bid Thy pardoned rebel live.

- 2 Author of our sure salvation,
Author of our faith Thou art,
Call me out of condemnation,
Sprinkle with Thy blood my heart,
Give the faith that moves the mountain,
Pardoned, saved by faith alone,
Lead me through that open fountain
To Thine everlasting throne.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

495

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

O THOU that hear’st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight :
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

496

S.M. J. OR C. WESLEY. 1747.

- J**ESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry ;
And show Thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high.
From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release,
And to Thy Father's grace restore,
And to Thy perfect peace.
- 2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea,
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from Thee :
Rivers of life divine
From Thee their Fountain flow,
And all who know that love of Thine,
The joy of angels know.

- 3 O then impute, impart
To me Thy righteousness,
And let me taste how good Thou art,
How full of truth and grace :
That Thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify,
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

497

(431)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1

CONFESSION :—Wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

WRETCHED, helpless, and distress,
Ah ! whither shall I fly ?

Ever gasping after rest,

I cannot find it nigh :

Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,

Fast bound in sin and misery,

Friend of sinners, let me find

My help, my all, in Thee !

- 2 I am all unclean, unclean,

Thy purity I want ;

My whole heart is sick of sin,

And my whole head is faint :

Full of putrefying sores,

Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul

Looks to Jesus, help implores,

And gasps to be made whole.

- 3 In the wilderness I stray,

My foolish heart is blind ;

Nothing do I know ; the way

Of peace I cannot find :

Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,

And take, O take the veil away :

Turn my darkness into light,

My midnight into day.

- 4 Naked of Thine image, Lord,

Forsaken, and alone,

Unrenewed, and unrestored,

I have not Thee put on :

Over me Thy mantle spread,
 Send down Thy likeness from above,
 Let Thy goodness be displayed,
 And wrap me in Thy love.

5 Poor, alas ! Thou know'st I am,
 And would be poorer still ;
 See my nakedness and shame,
 And all my vileness feel :
 No good thing in me resides,
 My soul is all an aching void,
 Till Thy Spirit here abides,
 And I am filled with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 In Thee is all I want ;
 Be the wanderer's resting-place
 A cordial to the faint ;
 Make me rich, for I am poor,
 In Thee may I my Eden find,
 To the dying health restore,
 And eye-sight to the blind !

7 Clothe me with Thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility ;
 Put on me Thy glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with Thee ;
 Let Thine image be restored,
 Thy name and nature let me prove ;
 With Thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

498

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxx.

OUT of the depth of self-despair,
 To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
 My misery mark, attend my prayer,
 And bring salvation nigh.

2 If Thou art rigorously severe,
 Who may the test abide ?
 Where shall the man of sin appear,
 Or how be justified ?

- 3 But, O ! forgiveness is with Thee,
That sinners may adore ;
With filial fear, Thy goodness see,
And never grieve Thee more.
- 4 My soul, while still to Him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray :
O that His mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day !
- 5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with Him remains ;
Plenteous redemption through His blood,
To wash out all your stains.
- 6 His Israel Himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem ;
The Lord our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in Him.

499

C.M.

NEWTON. 1779.

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh,
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
 - 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
 - 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place .
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died !"
 - 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name !

500

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

The Good Samaritan.

- W**OE is me ! what tongue can tell
 My sad afflicted state !
 Who my anguish can reveal,
 Or all my woes relate !
 Fallen among thieves I am,
 And they have robbed me of my God ;
 Turned my glory into shame,
 And left me in my blood.
- 2 O Thou good Samaritan !
 In Thee is all my hope ;
 Only Thou canst succour man,
 And raise the fallen up :
 Hearken to my dying cry,
 My wounds compassionately see ;
 Me, a sinner, pass not by,
 Who gasp for help to Thee.
- 3 Still Thou journeyest where I am,
 And still Thy bowels move :
 Pity is with Thee the same,
 And all Thy heart is love :
 Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
 And let Thy healing grace abound ;
 Heal my bruises, and bind up
 My spirit's every wound.
- 4 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
 In mercy haste to me ;
 At the point of death I lie,
 And cannot come to Thee ;
 Now Thy kind relief afford,
 The wine and oil of grace pour in ;
 Good Physician, speak the word,
 And heal my soul of sin.
- 5 Pity to my dying cries
 Hath drawn Thee from above ;
 Hovering over me, with eyes
 Of tenderness and love,

Now, ev'n now, I see Thy face ;
The balm of Gilead I receive :
Thou hast saved me by Thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past ;
O my Life, my Righteousness !
On Thee my soul is cast :
Thou hast brought me to Thine inn,
And I am of Thy promise sure ;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.

7 Perfect, then, the work begun,
And make the sinner whole ;
All Thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul :
Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for Thy patient care ;
Take me, Jesus, to Thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

501

87,87,887.
Psalm cxxx.

Luther. 1524.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing !

Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing :
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee ?

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving ;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living :
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation ;

On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
 Grant me, then, Thy salvation ;
 Shielded by Thee, I stand secure,
 Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
 And I rely upon Thee.

- 4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour,
 To hail the dawning morrow,
 I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
 Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
 So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
 And he shall find Thy mercy free,
 And Thy redemption plenteous.
- 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
 By grace they are exceeded ;
 Thy helping hand is always found
 With aid, where aid is needed :
 Thy hand, the only hand to save,
 Will rescue Israel from the grave,
 And pardon his transgressions.

502

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
 Whom I would gladly die to know,
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And show me, all Thy goodness show :
 Jesus, Thyself in me reveal,
 Tell me Thy name, Thy nature tell.
- 2 Hast Thou been with me, Lord, so long,
 Yet Thee, *my* Lord, have I not known ?
 I claim Thee with a faltering tongue ;
 I pray Thee, in a feeble groan,
 Tell me, O tell me, who Thou art,
 And speak Thy name into my heart !
- 3 If now Thou talkest by the way
 With such an abject worm as me,
 Thy mystery of grace display ;
 Open mine eyes that I may see !
 That I may understand Thy word,
 And now cry out,—“ It is the Lord !”

503

(467)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

JESUS, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;
 And let my soul on Thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

- 2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro ;
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below :
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For O, the waters still are high !
- 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth, for Thee I leave :
 Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace ;
 Into the ark of love receive !
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast !
- 4 Fill with inviolable peace,
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
 In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From Thee no more may I depart ;
 Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love !

504

(432)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness ;
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace :
 Other title I disclaim,
 This, only this, is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,

Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to Him :
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
 Unwatered still, and dry,
 While the dew on all around
 Falls plenteous from the sky.
 Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
 The Saviour's grace for all is free ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely He will lift me up,
 For I of Him have need !
 I cannot give up my hope,
 Though I am cold and dead :
 To bring fire on earth He came ;
 O that it now might kindled be !
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
 And Thou in me wilt live ;
 I shall feel Thy death applied,
 I shall Thy life receive :
 Yet, when melted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

505

(433)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
 Bid my sins and sorrows end :
 Whither should a sinner fly ?
 Art not Thou the sinner's Friend ?
 Rest in Thee I gasp to find,
 Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

- 2 Didst Thou ever see a soul
More in need of help than mine ?
Then refuse to make me whole ;
Then withhold the balm divine :
But, if I do want Thee most,
Come, and seek, and save the lost.
- 3 Haste, O haste, to my relief,
From the iron furnace take,
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For Thy love and mercy's sake :
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all Thy power in me.
- 4 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean ;
Me,—the farthest from Thy face,
Full of misery and sin ;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.
- 5 Jesus, on Thine only name
For salvation I depend !
In Thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me, to the end ;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

506

(434)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- G**OD is in this, in every place ;
Yet Oh ! how dark and void
To me !—'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.
- 2 Empty of Him, who all things fills,
Till He His light impart,
Till He His glorious Self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.
 - 3 O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself Unseen, Unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone !

- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give ;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face and live.
- 5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

507

C. M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know ;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did Thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath ;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power ;
Now all my wants Thou would'st relieve
In this, the' accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift !
My soul, without it, dies.
- 5 Surely, Thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live !
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face ;
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace !

508

(435)

4-8s. & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- A**UTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
To Thee, who would'st not have me die,
But know the truth and live :

- Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
 Work in my heart the saving grace,
 The life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till Thou the veil remove,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And write Thy name upon my heart,
 And manifest Thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only Thine,
 The gift of faith is all divine ;
 But, if on Thee we call,
 Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
 And give us hearts to feel and know
 That Thou hast died for all.
- 4 Thou bidst us knock and enter in,
 Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,
 The blessing seek and find :
 Thou bidst us ask Thy grace, and have ;
 Thou canst, Thou would'st, this moment save
 Both me, and all mankind.
- 5 Be it according to Thy word !
 Now let me find my pardoning Lord ;
 Let what I ask be given ;
 The bar of unbelief remove,
 Open the door of faith and love,
 And take me into heaven !

509

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1762.

- E**XPAND Thy wings, celestial Dove,
 And, brooding o'er my nature's night,
 Call forth the ray of heavenly love ;
 Let there in my dark soul be light ;
 And fill the' illustrated abyss
 With glorious beams of endless bliss.
- 2 "Let there be light," again command,
 And light there in our hearts shall be ;
 We then through faith shall understand
 Thy great mysterious Majesty ;

And, by the shining of Thy grace,
Behold in Christ Thy glorious face.

- 3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of Thy changeless word ;
We worship toward that Holy Place,
In which Thou dost Thy name record,
Dost make Thy gracious nature known,
That living Temple of Thy Son.
- 4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
That Temple fill'd with light Divine ;
And art Thou not well-pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly Shrine,
Through Jesus to Thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry ?
- 5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray !
And still we cry and wrestle on
Till mercy take our sins away :
Hear from Thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

510 ⁽⁵¹⁸⁾ L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1742.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God !
Ye soon shall see His smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not His rod ;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chastened whom He loved.

- 2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap ;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn ;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

511 ⁽⁴³⁶⁾ 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee and mourn,—
On Thee whom we have slain ;

- Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed Thy mortal pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transixed on Calvary,
To know Thee, who Thou art,
The One Eternal God and True !
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead ;
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.
- 4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.
- 5 Now by Thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify :
And, lo ! I come Thy cross to share,
Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die !

512

(437)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- L**ET the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God !
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesu's blood :
- 2 Till, at Thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

- 3 Prisoner of Hope, I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored :
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace ;
With present pardon blest ;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to Thy servant give,
And claim me for Thine own.
- 6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, Thyself declare,
And draw me to His open side,
And plunge the sinner there !

513

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- R**EGARDLESS now of things below,
Jesus, to Thee my heart aspires,
Determined Thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires :
Fill me with righteousness divine :
To end, as to begin, is Thine.
- 2 What is a worthless worm to Thee ?
What is in man Thy grace to move ?
That still Thou seekest those who flee
The arms of Thy pursuing love ?
That still Thine inmost bowels cry,
" Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why ?"
 - 3 Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin !
Ah, Lord, Thy depth of mercy show ;
End, Jesus, end this war within !
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till Thou Thy quickening influence give :
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.
 - 4 There, there, before the throne Thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain !

Take Thou, Oh take this guilty heart !
 Thy blood will wash out every stain .
 No cross, no sufferings I decline,
 Only let all my heart be Thine !

514

8.7.4.

Neander. 1679.

Isa. lv. 6.

Hymns from the LAND of LUTHER. 1854.

BEHOLD me here, in grief draw near,
 Pleading at Thy throne, O King ;
 To Thee each tear, each trembling fear,
 Jesus ! Son of Man ! I bring ;
 Let me find Thee,—
 Me, a vile and worthless thing !

2 Look down in love, and from above,
 With Thy Spirit satisfy ;
 Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me
 And Thy purchase, Lord, am I ;
 Let me find Thee,—

Here on earth, and then on high !

3 Hear the broken, scarcely spoken
 Utterance of my heart to Thee ;
 All the crying, all the sighing
 Of Thy child accepted be.
 Let me find Thee,—

Thus my soul longs vehemently !

4 Worldly pleasures, earthly treasures,
 Joys and honours will not stay ;
 They often pain, and, Oh ! how vain,
 Looking to eternity !

Let me find Thee—

Find Thee, O my God, this day.

515

(438)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem !
 Who gave His life, that I might live
 A life concealed in Him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire ;

- Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in His arms expire !
- 3 Mercy I ask, to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more !
- 4 Now, if Thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now, my sins remove ;
And set my soul at liberty,
By Thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend !
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end !
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel Thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

516

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Judges vii. 2. Job xl. 4.

- T**OO strong I was to conquer sin,
When 'gainst it first I turned my face,
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew the' omnipotence of grace.
- 2 In nature's strength I sought in vain,
For what my God refused to give ;
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.
- 3 But, for the glory of Thy name,
Vouchsafe me now the victory :
Weakness itself Thou know'st I am,
And cannot share the praise with Thee.
- 4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone ;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before Thy throne.

- 5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to' abase ;
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.
- 6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenced by Thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more.

517

(439)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- W**HEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face ?
How in Thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace ?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?
Will multiplied oblations please ?
Thousands of rams His favour buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease ?
 - 3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.
 - 4 Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve,
Must take the path Thy word hath showed ;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
 - 5 But though my life henceforth be Thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone :
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back Thine own.
 - 6 What have I, then, wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.
 - 7 Guilty I stand before Thy face ;
On me I feel Thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place ;
'Tis just ;—but, O ! Thy Son hath died !

- 8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled ;
 He bore our sins upon the tree ;
 Beneath our curse He bowed His head ;
 'Tis finished ! He hath died for me !
- 9 See where before the throne He stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
 Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
 And shows that I am graven there !
- 10 He ever lives for me to pray ;
 He prays that I with Him may reign ;
 Amen to what my Lord doth say !
 Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

518

(440)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- W**ITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me ?
- 2 Will He forsake His throne above,
 Himself to worms impart ?
 Answer, Thou Man of Grief and Love !
 And speak it to my heart !
- 3 In manifested love explain
 Thy wonderful design :
 What meant the suffering Son of Man,
 The streaming blood Divine ?
- 4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
 And live and die below,
 That I may now perceive Thee near,
 And my Redeemer know ?
- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
 The heights and depths of grace ;
 The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
 That dear disfigured face !
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confessed,
 Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb ;
 And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,
 And tell me all Thy name.

- 7 Jehovah, in Thy Person show,
 Jehovah crucified !
 And then the pardoning God I know,
 And feel the blood applied.
- 8 I view the Lamb in His own light,
 Whom angels dimly see ;
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity.

519

(441)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- A** DAM, descended from above !
 Federal Head of all mankind ;
 The covenant of redeeming love
 In Thee let every sinner find !
- 2 Its Surety, Thou alone hast paid
 The debt we to Thy Father owed ;
 For the whole world atonement made,
 And sealed the pardon with Thy blood.
- 3 Thee, the Paternal Grace Divine
 A universal blessing gave ;
 A Light in every heart to shine,
 A Saviour every soul to save.
- 4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
 Command the blind Thy rays to see ;
 Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
 And set the plaintive prisoner free.
- 5 Me, me who still in darkness sit,
 Shut up in sin and unbelief,
 Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
 This dungeon of despairing grief.
- 6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
 Who bears the general sin away ;
 And to my ransomed spirit show
 The glories of eternal day.

520

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
 Who still conceal'st Thyself from me ;

- Hear an apostate spirit groan,
 Broke off, and banished far from Thee ;
 But conscious of my fall I mourn,
 And fain I would to Thee return.
- 2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
 Of gospel hope, or humble fear,
 To guide me through the gulf of night,
 My poor desponding soul to cheer,
 Till Thou my unbelief remove,
 And show me all Thy glorious love.
- 3 A hidden God indeed Thou art :
 Thy absence I this moment feel :
 Yet must I own it from my heart,
 Conceal'd, Thou art a Saviour still ;
 And though Thy face I cannot see,
 I know Thine eye is fixed on me.
- 4 My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed,
 Yet will I Thee my Saviour call ;
 Adore Thy hand, from sin withheld ;
 Thy hand shall save me from my fall.
 Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
 And show Thyself for ever mine.

521

(442)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- J**ESUS, the Sinner's Friend, to Thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;
 Open Thine arms, and take me in !
- 2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul ;
 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole :
 Fall'n, till in me Thine image shine,
 And cursed I am till Thou art mine.
- 3 The mansion for Thyself prepare ;
 Dispose my heart by entering there !
 'Tis this alone can make me clean ;
 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 4 At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for Thee :

Here then to Thee, I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

- 5 What shall I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin,—but Thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,—
“ Lord, I am lost,—but Thou hast died ! ”

522

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

LORD, I despair myself to heal :
I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.

- 2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give ;
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to Thee, I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal—is Thine.
- 3 With simple faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure :
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart !

523

88,86.

C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—(Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

524

7.6. D.

BONAR. 1856.

- I** LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him :
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild :
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

525

(443)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of W. C. DESSLER. 1692.

JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to Thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veiled before Thy presence stand !

- 2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold Thy awful throne,
Or view Thy unapproached light ?
- 3 Restore my sight ! let Thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give ;
Open mine eyes of faith :—Thy face
So shall I see ; yet seeing live.
- 4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth ; lo ! my whole heart I bow ;
Say to my soul, " Thou art My love ;
My chosen, 'midst ten thousand, thou."
- 5 O Jesus, full of grace ! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view !
Hark ! how my silence speaks, and cries,
" Mercy, Thou God of mercy, show !"
- 6 I know Thou canst not but be good ! [restrain ?
How shouldst Thou, Lord, Thy grace
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flowed,
To save me from all guilt and pain.

526

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

The Dying Malefactor's Prayer.

- O THOU that hangedst on the tree,
 Our curse and sufferings to remove,
 Pity the souls that look to Thee,
 And save us by Thy dying love.
- 2 We have no outward righteousness,
 No merits, or good works, to plead;
 We only can be saved by grace;
 Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
 A faith Thou must Thyself impart;
 A faith that would by works be shown,
 A faith that purifies the heart.
- 4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
 A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
 A faith that sweetly works by love,
 And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
 The faith in Thy all-cleansing blood;
 That blood which doth for sinners speak,
 O let it speak us up to God!

527

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

PART II.

- CANST Thou reject our dying prayer,
 Or cast us out who come to Thee?
 Our sins, ah! wherefore didst Thou bear?
 Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 Numbered with the transgressors Thou,
 Between the felons crucified,
 Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
 Wherefore hast Thou for sinners died?
- 3 For us wast Thou not lifted up?
 For us a bleeding victim made?
 That we, the abjects we, might hope,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

4 O might we, with believing eyes,
Thee in Thy bloody vesture see ;
And cast us on Thy sacrifice !
Jesus, my Lord, remember me !

528

(444)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

Mat. v. 3—6.

JESUS, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises are sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor.
To me be all Thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest ;
And, lo ! for Thee I ever mourn :
I cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till Thou, my only Rest, return ;
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness, bestowed
On all that hunger after Thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with Thy righteousness !

4 Ah Lord !—if Thou art in that sigh,
Then hear Thyself within me pray ;
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say ;
Answer the deep, unuttered groan,
And show that Thou and I are one.

5 Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom !
Light in Thy light I then shall see ;
Say to my soul, " Thy light is come ;
Glory divine is risen on thee :
Thy warfare's past ; thy mourning's o'er :
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust Thou wilt not long delay .

Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
 Upon Thy word myself I stay ;
 Into Thine hands my all resign,
 And wait till all Thou art is mine.

529

(445)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- W**HEN shall Thy love constrain,
 And force me to Thy breast ?
 When shall my soul return again
 To her eternal rest ?
- 2 Ah ! what avails my strife,
 My wandering to and fro ?
 Thou hast the words of endless life :
 Ah ! whither should I go ?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move ;
 It calls me still to seek Thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at Thy feet I fall ;
 I groan to be set free ;
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for Thee.
- 5 To rescue me from woe,
 Thou didst with all things part ;
 Didst lead a suffering life below,
 To gain my worthless heart.
- 6 My worthless heart to gain,
 The God of all that breathe
 Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death.
- 7 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive ?
- 8 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
 I can hold out no more ;
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror.

- 9 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign ;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever Thine !
- 10 Come, and possess me whole :
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all Thy weight of love.
- 11 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
- 12 My Life, my Portion Thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart.

530 ⁽⁴⁴⁶⁾ C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

- O** THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rent,
 In majesty come down ;
 Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent,
 And seize me for Thine own !
- 2 Descend, and let Thy lightning burn
 The stubble of Thy foe ;
 My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
 And make the mountains flow !
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my headstrong will ;
 Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What though I cannot break my chain,
 Or e'er throw off my load,
 The things impossible to men,
 Are possible to God.
- 5 Is there a thing too hard for Thee,
 Almighty Lord of all !
 Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
 And make the mountains fall ?

- 6 Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ?
Ungrasp the hold of Thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail ;
Nearer to save Thou art :
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.
- 8 Lo ! to the hills I lift mine eye ;
Thy promised aid I claim :
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's name.
- 9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

531

(447)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

- J**ESU ! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend ;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty :
Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,
And Jesus prove to me !
- 3 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
For Thou that faith hast given :
Thou canst, Thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;
Thou wilt victorious prove ;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin ;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write Thy law within.

- 6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear Thy call,
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise and break through all.
- 7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice ;
 The blind his sight receive ;
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;
 The heart of stone believe.
- 8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin ,
 The dead shall feel Thy power ;
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,
 And I shall sin no more.

532

(448)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Wrestling Jacob.

- COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee :
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;
 My misery or sin declare ;
 Thyself hast called me by my name,
 Look on Thy hands, and read it there :
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
 Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold !
 Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of Thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable Name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
 To know it now, resolved I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ?
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong,
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

533

(448)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

- Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak ;
 But confident in self-despair :
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak :
 Be conquered by my instant prayer :
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if Thy name is Love.
- 2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me :
 I hear Thy whisper in my heart !
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, Universal Love Thou art :
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God : the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face .
 I see Thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end ;
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in His wings :
 Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

- 6 Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

534

7s D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
 Tarry till the Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold !
 Murmur not at His delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time,
 Calmly for His coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to Him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
 Wait the leisure of thy Lord :
 Though it seem to tarry long,
 True and faithful is His word !
 On His word my soul I cast ;
 (He cannot Himself deny)
 Surely it shall speak at last ;
 It shall speak, and shall not lie.
- 3 Every one that seeks shall find,
 Every one that asks shall have
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able, all to save ;
 I shall His salvation see ;
 I in faith on Jesus call ;
 I from sin shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.

- 4 Lord, my time is in Thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am,
 Surely Thou canst make me stand :
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour in temptation Thou,
 Thou hast saved me heretofore ;
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

535

(449)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- J**ESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just, and holy is Thy Name ;
 I am all unrighteousness :
 False and full of sin I am :
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within !

Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

536

(450)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- T**HEE Jesu, Thee, the Sinner's Friend,
 I follow on to apprehend,
 Renew the glorious strife ;
 Divinely confident and bold,
 With faith's strong arm on Thee lay hold,
 Thee, my eternal life.
- 2 Thy heart, I know, Thy tender heart
 Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
 And at my tears relent !
 My powerful sighs Thou canst not bear,
 Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
 My prayer omnipotent.
- 3 Give me the grace, the love I claim :
 Thy Spirit now demands Thy Name !
 Thou know'st the Spirit's will :
 He helps my soul's infirmity,
 And strongly intercedes for me
 With groans unspeakable.
- 4 Answer, O Lord, Thy Spirit's groan !
 O make to me Thy nature known,
 Thy hidden name impart !
 (Thy name and nature is the same :)
 Tell me Thy nature and Thy name,
 And write it on my heart.
- 5 Prisoner of hope, to Thee I turn,
 And, calmly confident, I mourn,
 And pray, and weep for Thee :
 Tell me Thy Love, Thy secret tell ;
 Thy mystic name in me reveal,
 Reveal Thyself in me.
- 6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
 O Lord of Hosts, Thy glorious Name,—
 " The Lord, the gracious Lord,

- Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
 The God who always bears in mind
 His everlasting word.
- 7 Plenteous He is in truth and grace ;
 He wills that all the fallen race
 Should turn, repent, and live ;
 His pardoning grace for all is free ;
 Transgression, sin, iniquity,
 He freely doth forgive.
- 8 Mercy He doth for thousands keep ;"
 He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
 And brings His wanderer home ;
 And every soul that sheep might be :
 Come then, my Lord, and gather me,
 My Jesus, quickly come.
- 9 (Take me into Thy people's rest ;
 O come, and with my sole request,
 My one desire, comply :
 Make me partaker of my hope ;
 Then bid me get me quickly up,
 And on Thy bosom die.)

537

(80)

L.M.

CENNICK. 1743.

- J**ESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon :
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went—
 The road that leads from banishment—
 The King's highway of holiness—
 I'll go ; for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not :
 My grief, my burden long have been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 " Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and, Thou, blest Lamb !
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am :
 Nothing but sin to Thee I give ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say—"Behold the Way to God !"

538

(452)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- S**TILL, Lord, I languish for Thy grace,
 Reveal the beauties of Thy face,
 The middle wall remove :
 Appear, and banish my complaint ;
 Come, and supply my only want,
 Fill all my soul with love !
- 2 O ! conquer this rebellious will :
 Willing Thou art, and ready still,
 Thy help is always nigh :
 The stony from my heart remove,
 And give me, Lord, O give me love,
 Or at Thy feet I die.
- 3 To Thee I lift my mournful eye :
 Why am I thus ?—O, tell me why
 I cannot love my God ?
 The hindrance must be all in me ;
 It cannot in my Saviour be ;
 Witness that streaming blood !
- 4 It cost Thy blood my heart to win,
 To buy me from the power of sin,
 And make me love again :
 Come, then, my Lord, Thy right assert,
 Take to Thyself my ransomed heart,
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

539

(451)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** JESUS, let me bless Thy name !
 All sin, alas ! Thou know'st I am,
 But Thou all pity art :

Turn into flesh my heart of stone,
Such power belongs to Thee alone ;
Turn into flesh my heart.

2 A poor, unloving wretch, to Thee
For help against myself I flee !

Thou only canst remove
The hindrances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.

3 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine :
O might He now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine.

4 What shall I do my suit to gain ?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
I plead what Thou hast done !
Didst Thou not die the death for me ?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone,

5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace ;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

540 (453)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me !

2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light

- Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
 With *Mary* at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that I could with favoured *John*,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast ;
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
 My everlasting rest.

541

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
 My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
 Pity a soul that fain would trust
 In Him who lov'd and died for me :
 But only Thou canst make Him known,
 And in my heart reveal Thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Show me in Christ Thy smiling face ;
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
 Thy co-eternal Son, display,
 And call my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart ;
 Command the light of faith to shine ;

To shine in my dark drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine :
 Now bid the new creation be ;
 O God, let there be faith in me !

542

C.M.

C. WESLEY, 1747.

- T**HOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
 Till Thou Thyself declare,
 God inaccessible, unknown ;
 Regard a sinner's prayer !
- 2 A sinner weltering in his blood,
 Unpurged and unforgiven ;
 Far distant from the living God,
 As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregenerate child of man,
 On Thee for faith I call ;
 Pity Thy fallen creature's pain,
 And raise me from my fall.
- 4 The darkness, which through Thee I feel,
 Thou only canst remove ;
 Thy own eternal power reveal,
 Thy Deity of Love.
- 5 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
 That grace may let me go ;
 In hope believing against hope,
 I wait the truth to know.
- 6 Thou wilt in me reveal Thy name,
 Thou wilt Thy light afford :
 Bound and oppressed, yet Thine I am,
 The prisoner of the Lord.
- 7 I would not to Thy foe submit,
 But hate the tyrant's chain ;
 Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
 Nor let me cry in vain !
- 8 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
 The covenant blood apply,
 And all my griefs at once shall cease,
 And all my sins shall die.

- 9 Now, Lord, if Thou art power, descend ;
 The mountain sin remove ;
 My unbelief and troubles end,
 If Thou art Truth and Love :
 10 Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart
 What Thou for me hast done ;
 One grain of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own !

543

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- OUT of the deep I cry,
 Just at the point to die :
 Hastening to infernal pain,
 Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee ;
 Help a feeble child of man ;
 Show forth all Thy power in me.
 2 On Thee I ever call,
 Saviour and Friend of all ;
 Well Thou know'st my desperate case ;
 Thou my curse of sin remove ;
 Save me by Thy richest grace,
 Save me by Thy pardoning love.
 3 How shall a sinner find
 The Saviour of mankind ?
 Canst Thou not accept my prayer ?
 Not bestow the grace I claim ?
 Where are Thy old mercies ? Where
 All the powers of Jesu's Name ?
 4 What shall I say to move
 The bowels of Thy love ?
 Are they not already stirred ?
 Have I in Thy death no part ?
 Ask Thy own compassions, Lord,
 Ask the yearnings of Thy heart !
 5 I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy mercy know ;
 Let me hear the welcome sound !
 Speak, if still Thou canst forgive ;

- Speak, and let the lost be found ;
 Speak, and let the dying live.
- 6 Thy love is all my plea ;
 Thy passion speaks for me :
 By Thy pangs and bloody sweat,
 By Thy depth of grief unknown,
 Save me, gasping at Thy feet ;
 Save, O save, Thy ransomed one !
- 7 What hast Thou done for me !
 O, think on Calvary !
 By Thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By Thy precious death, I pray,
 Hear my dying spirit's cries,
 Take, O take my sins away !

544 (454)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- AH! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint ;
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
 My Saviour bids me come ;
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay !
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see ;
 Yet let me now consent to know
 What keeps me out of Thee :

Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

- 4 I now believe, in Thee
Compassion reigns alone ;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done !
In me is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove,
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

545

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- L**O! in Thy hand I lay,
And wait Thy will to prove ;
My Potter, stamp on me, Thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love !
Be this my whole desire ;
I know that it is Thine ;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.
- 2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert ;
Thy image, love—Thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear !
Into my soul come down !
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.
- 3 O plant in me Thy mind !
O fix in me Thy home !
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come,
Jesus is full of grace,
To all His bowels move,
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love !

546 (455)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- GOD of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give !
 I only live my sin to mourn ;
 To love my God I only live.
- 2 To Thee, benign and saving Power,
 I consecrate my lengthened days ;
 While, marked with blessings, every hour
 Shall speak Thy co-extended praise.
- 3 Be all my added life employed
 Thine image in my soul to see ;
 Fill with Thyself the mighty void :
 Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.
- 4 O give me, Saviour, give me more :
 Thy mercies to my soul reveal :
 Alas ! I *see* their endless store ;
 But, O ! I cannot, cannot *feel*.
- 5 The blessing of Thy love bestow :
 For this my cries shall never fail ;
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 I will not, till my suit prevail.
- 6 I'll weary Thee with my complaint ;
 Here at Thy feet for ever lie,
 With longing, sick ; with groaning, faint :
 O give me love, or else I die !
- 7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
 And fix in me Thy lasting home :
 Be mindful of Thy gracious word ;
 Thou, with Thy promised Father, come.
- 8 Prepare, and then possess, my heart ;
 O take me, seize me from above ;
 Thee may I love ; for God Thou art :
 Thee may I feel ; for God is Love.

547 (456)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true, the only Light,

- Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near :
 Day-star, in my heart appear !
- 2 O disclose Thy lovely face ;
 Quickened all my drooping powers :
 Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
 As a thirsty land for showers :
 Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
 Come, my Saviour, come away.
- 3 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee :
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till Thou inward light impart.
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 4 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief :
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

548

(457)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- M**Y sufferings all to Thee are known,
 Tempted in every point like me ;
 Regard my grief, regard Thy own ;
 Jesus, remember Calvary !
- 2 O call to mind Thy earnest prayers,
 Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
 Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
 Thy mortal groan, " My God ! my God ! "
- 3 For whom didst Thou the cross endure ?
 Who nailed Thy body to the tree ?
 Did not Thy death my life procure ?
 O let Thy bowels answer me !
- 4 Art Thou not touched with human woe ?
 Hath pity left the Son of Man ?

- Dost Thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain ?
- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That Thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to Thy word ?
- 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 7 The day of small and feeble things
I know Thou never wilt despise ;
I know, with healing in His wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 8 With labour faint, Thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth Thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

549

(458)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O MY God, what must I do ?
Thou alone the way canst show ;
Thou canst save me in this hour ;
I have neither will nor power :
God if over all Thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
All Thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.
- 2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean :
Make me willing to receive
All Thy goodness waits to give :
Force me, Lord, with all to part ;
Tear these idols from my heart ;
Now Thy love almighty show,
Make ev'n me a creature new.
- 3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do ;

Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride ;
Stop the whirlwind of my will ;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still,
Now Thy love almighty show,
Make ev'n me a creature new.

- 4 Arm of God, Thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down,
All my unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay the' aspiring mountain low :
Conquer Thy worst foe in me,
Get Thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be saved by grace.

550

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LAY to Thy hand, O God of Grace !
O God, the work is worthy Thee ;
See at Thy feet, of all the race
The chief, the vilest sinner see ;
And let me all Thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

- 2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me ;
My Ethiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity ;
I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name.
- 3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore ;
While all I am declares Thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more ;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

551

5,5,11, or 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

O JESUS, my hope, for me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued Thee to Calvary's
top ;

The blood Thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
And declare Thou hast died in Thy murderer's
stead.

- 2 Come then from above, the stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of Thy love.
Thy love on the tree display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.
- 3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from Thy
side :
Let Thy life-giving blood remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to
God.
- 4 Now, now let me know its virtue below !
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow ;
Let it hallow my heart, and thoroughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as Thou art.
- 5 Each moment applied, my weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide ;
My Advocate prove, with the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of Thy love.

552

(468)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved :
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;

- Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague, I pray, remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the Promised Land.

553

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- O** MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on Thy blood,
And done despite to Thee ;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep ;—
Into Thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.
- 2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim,
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name :
Thou all the debt hast paid ;
This is my only plea ;
The covenant, God in Thee hath made
With all mankind, and me.
- 3 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live ;
And lo ! Thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.
- 4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,

That all may know the gracious hour,
 And be by faith made whole :
 Thou hast for sinners died,
 That all might come to God ;
 The covenant Thou hast ratified,
 And sealed it with Thy blood.

- 5 He that believes in Thee,
 And doth till death endure,
 He shall be saved eternally ;
 The covenant is sure ;
 The mountains shall give place,
 Thy covenant cannot move,
 The covenant of Thy general grace
 Thy all-redeeming love.

554

(459)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in Thee ?
 The fulness of Thy promise prove ;
 The seal of Thine eternal Love ?
- 2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
 If haply I may feel Thee near !
 O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,
 Amidst the blaze of Gospel day !
- 3 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind ;
 Thou, only Thou, to me be given,
 Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 Whom man forsakes, Thou wilt not leave,
 Ready the outcasts to receive ;
 Though all my simpleness I own,
 And all my faults to Thee are known.
- 5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt !
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
 A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
 With only sin and misery.
- 6 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure ;
 I want,—do Thou enrich the poor ;

Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up !

- 7 Lord, I am blind,—be Thou my sight :
Lord, I am weak,—be Thou my might :
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my All in Thee !

555

C.M.

STEELE. 1760.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
Hast Thou not said, Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet ?
Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat !
- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine !
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy :
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

556

(460)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

The Woman of Canaan.

LORD, regard my earnest cry ;
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth :

- Save me from this tyranny ;
From all the power of Satan save ;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have !
- 2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in Thy flesh wast sent ;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In Thee their Covenant :
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom Thou camest to save !
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have !
- 3 Still I cannot part with Thee !
I will not let Thee go ;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show !
Vilest of the sinful race,
On Thee, importunate, I call ;
Help me, Jesus, show Thy grace ;
Thy grace is free for all.
- 4 Nothing am I in Thy sight ;
Nothing have I to plead ;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread :
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from the master's table fall :
Let the fragments be my meat ;
Thy grace is free for all.
- 5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil .
Let it now be done to me
According to Thy will !
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great !
My grace is free for all."
- 6 If Thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear ;

Show this token upon me,
 And bring salvation near :
 Now the gracious word repeat,
 The word of healing to my soul,
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great !
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

557

(169)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1743.

- COME, holy, celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest !
- 2 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load ;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 3 With me if of old Thou hast strove,
 And strangely withheld from my sin,
 And tried by the lure of Thy love,
 My worthless affections to win,—
- 4 The work of Thy mercy revive ;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert ;
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield Thee my heart.
- 5 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in Thee,—
- 6 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
 The sense of Thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel !
- 7 If when I had put Thee to grief,
 And madly to folly returned,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourned,—
- 8 Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;

- My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more !
- 9 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of Thy love,
If Jesus hath bought Thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,—
- 10 Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy Divine,
And make me Thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally Thine !

558

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

The Pool of Bethesda.

- J**ESUS, take my sins away,
And make me know Thy Name !
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same ;
Thou my true Bethesda be ;
I know within Thine arms is room :
All the world may unto Thee,
Their House of Mercy, come.
- 2 See me lying at the pool,
And waiting for Thy grace ;
O come down into my soul,
Disclose Thy angel-face !
If to me Thy bowels move,
If now Thou dost my sickness feel,
Let the Spirit of Thy Love
The helpless sinner heal.
- 3 Persons Thou dost not respect ;
Whoe'er for mercy call
Thou in no wise wilt reject ;
Thy mercy is for all :
Thou wouldst freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

- 4 Mercy then there is for ME,
 (Away, my doubts and fears !)
 Plagued with an infirmity
 For many tedious years.
 Jesus, cast a pitying eye !
 Thou long hast known my desperate case :
 Poor and helpless here I lie,
 And wait the healing grace.
- 5 Long hath Thy good Spirit strove
 With my distemper'd soul ;
 But I still refused Thy love,
 And would not be made whole :
 Hardly now at last I yield,
 I yield with all my sins to part ;
 Let my soul be fully healed,
 And throughly cleansed my heart.
- 6 Pain and sickness, at Thy word,
 And sin, and sorrow flies :
 Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
 And bid my spirit rise ;
 Bid me bear the hallowed cross,
 Which Thou, my Lord, hast borne before ;
 Walk in all Thy righteous laws,
 And go and sin no more.

559

8.7.4.

EVANS. 1787.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !

See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !

“ It is finished ! ”

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 “ It is finished ! ”—O what pleasure
 Do these gracious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord :

“ It is finished ! ”

Let our joyful songs record.

- 3 Now redemption is completed,
 Sin atoned, the curse removed,
 Satan, Death, and Hell defeated,
 As His rising fully proved ;
 ' All is finished !'
 Here our hopes may rest unmoved.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
 All creation, swell the chorus,
 These delightful words proclaim,
 " It is finished !"
 Glory to His worthy Name !

560

664,6664. RAY PALMER. 1833.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine !

Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine !

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire !
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire !

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide !
 Bid darkness turn to-day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;

Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul !

561

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY, 1712.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
 To Thee I feebly pray :
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away !
 From this bondage, Lord, release ;
 No longer let me be opprest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast.

2 Wilt Thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to Thee ?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me :
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise possest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !

3 Worldly good I do not want,
 Be that to others given ;
 Only for Thy love I pant,
 My all in earth and heaven ;
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest.
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !

4 (This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath :
 Join the happy few whose love
 Was mightier than death !
 Let it not my Lord displease,
 That I would die to be Thy guest !
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !)

562

(240)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1710.

JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,
 For all my sins were Thine;
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
 Thy life hath made Him mine.

- 2 Spotless and just in Thee I am;
 I feel my sins forgiven;
 I taste salvation in Thy Name,
 And antedate my heaven.
- 3 For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died!
- 4 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt, and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own:
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 The' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

563

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born!

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of His eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down, and sees
 The purchase of His agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The contrite soul He forms anew;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

Convinced of Backsliding.

564

(470)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me !
 Can my God His wrath forbear,
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare !
 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hearken to His calls ;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt His precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God ;
 Filled with pangs unspeakable !
 I, who yet am not in hell !
 Whence to me this waste of love ?
 Ask my Advocate above ;
 See the cause in Jesu's face,
 Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo ! I cumber still the ground :
 Lo ! an Advocate is found !
 " Hasten not to cut him down ;
 Let this barren soul alone : "
 Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood !
 He disarms the wrath of God !
 Now my Father's bowels move :
 Justice lingers into Love.

4 Kindled His relentings are :
 Me He now delights to spare ;
 Cries, " How shall I give thee up ? "
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands !
 God is Love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still !

- 5 Jesus, answer from above :
 Is not all Thy nature Love ?
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget ?
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet ?
 If I rightly read Thy heart,
 If Thou all compassion art,
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow !
 Pardon and accept me now.
- 6 Pity from Thine eye let fall ;
 By a look my soul recall ;
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and break my heart.
 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my fall lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore ;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

565

(479)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- I**N trouble, I seek Thee, O God,
 Compelled by the burden I bear,
 Constrained by the stroke of Thy rod,
 I pour out a penitent prayer :
 Ah ! do not abhor my sad moan,
 Extorted, alas ! by distress,
 But hear, and with pity look down,
 And send me an answer of peace.
- 2 What must a poor prodigal do,
 Thy forfeited grace to regain ?
 My trouble I only can show,
 And tell Thee my sorrow and pain :
 I only for mercy can cry,
 And groan with the sense of my load,
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
 I die in my sins and my blood.
- 3 I own I have sinn'd in Thy sight,
 Have sinn'd against knowledge and love,
 And done Thy good Spirit despite ;
 Yet look on my Surety above !

His passion alone is my plea,
 His free inexhaustible grace :
 My Advocate answered for me,
 And Jesus hath died in my place.

- 4 O Father of mercies ! restore,
 For Jesus's merits alone,
 And heal a backslider once more,
 And give me again to Thy Son :
 If still Thou art able to spare,
 If Infinite Mercy Thou art,
 Reply to my penitent prayer,
 And whisper Thy peace to my heart.

566

(166)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray :
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay :
 Speak, O speak, the kind release,
 A poor backsliding soul restore ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride,
 Thou hast withdrawn Thy grace ;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from Thy face ;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy, I implore :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell and reach to heaven,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 I may be still forgiven :
 Infinite my sins' increase,
 But greater is Thy mercy's store :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

- 4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 A hardness o'er my heart ;
 But if Thou Thy Spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart :
 Shed Thy love, Thy tenderness,
 And let me feel Thy softening power ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 5 From the' oppressive power of sin
 My struggling spirit free ;
 Perfect righteousness bring in,
 Unspotted purity :
 Speak, and all this war shall cease,
 And sin shall give its raging o'er ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 6 For this only thing I pray,
 And this will I require,
 Take the power of sin away,
 Fill me with chaste desire ;
 Perfect me in holiness ;
 Thine image to my soul restore ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

567

(471)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- J**ESUS, the all-restoring Word,
 My fallen spirit's hope,
 After Thy lovely likeness, Lord,
 Ah, when shall I wake up ?
- 2 Thou, O my God, Thou only art
 The Life, the Truth, the Way :
 Quickened my soul, instruct my heart,
 My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all Thou hast in earth below,
 In heaven above, to give,
 Give me Thy only Self to know,
 In Thee to walk, and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love ;
 In mystic union join
 Me to Thyself, and let me prove
 The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
 My longing soul and Thee,
 Never to be broke off again
 To all eternity.

568

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

O 'TIS enough, my God, my God !
 Here let me give my wanderings o'er ;
 No longer trample on Thy blood,
 And grieve Thy gentleness no more ;
 No more Thy lingering anger move,
 Or sin against Thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with Thee,
 Now let it all on me be shown ;
 On me, the chief of sinners, me,
 Who humbly for Thy mercy groan :
 Me to Thy Father's grace restore ;
 Nor let me ever grieve Thee more !

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 Of infinite compassion, hear !
 My Saviour, and my Prince above,
 Once more in my behalf appear ;
 Repentance, faith, and pardon give ;
 O let me turn again and live !

569

(472)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

O UNEXHAUSTED Grace !
 O Love unsearchable !
 I am not gone to my own place ;
 I am not yet in hell !
 Earth doth not open yet,
 My soul to swallow up ;
 And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
 I still am forced to hope.

- 2 I hope at last to find
 The kingdom from above ;
 The settled peace, the constant mind,
 The everlasting love ;
 The sanctifying grace,
 That makes me meet for home :
 I hope to see Thy glorious face,
 Where sin can never come.
- 3 What shall I do to keep
 The blessed hope I feel ?
 Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
 And serve Thy pleasure still :
 O may I never grieve
 My kind, long-suffering Lord,
 But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
 And answer all His word.
- 4 Lord, if Thou hast bestowed
 On me this gracious fear,
 This horror of offending God,
 O keep it always here !
 And that I never more
 May from Thy ways depart,
 Enter with all Thy mercy's power,
 And dwell within my heart.

570

(473)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, I believe Thee near :
 Now my fallen soul restore ;
 Now my guilty conscience clear,
 Give me back my peace and power ;
 Stone to flesh again convert ;
 Write forgiveness on my heart.
- 2 I believe Thy pardoning grace,
 As at the beginning, free ;
 Open are Thy arms to' embrace
 Me, the worst of rebels, me :
 In me all the hindrance lies ;
 Called,—I still refuse to rise.

- 3 Yet, for Thy own mercy's sake,
 Patience with Thy rebel have ;
 Me, Thy mercy's witness make,
 Witness of Thy power to save :
 Make me willing to be free,
 Restless to be saved by Thee.
- 4 Now the gracious work begin ;
 Now for good some token give ;
 Give me now to feel my sin,
 Give me now my sin to leave :
 Bid me look on Thee and mourn,
 Bid me to Thy arms return.
- 5 Take this heart of stone away,
 Melt me into gracious tears,
 Grant me power to watch and pray,
 Till Thy lovely face appears,
 Till Thy favour I retrieve,
 Till by faith again I live.

571

(474)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me ?
 And O ! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in Thee ?
- 2 O Jesus ! of Thee I inquire,
 If still Thou art able to save,
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave ?
 The help of Thy Spirit restore,
 And show me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

- 3 O Jesus ! in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul ;
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole !
 The balm of Thy mercy apply ;
 (Thou seest the sore anguish I feel ;)
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die !
 O save, or I sink into hell !
- 4 I sink, if Thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The power of Thy passion below !
 By all Thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of Thy blood I implore !
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 The sinner—a sinner no more !

572

C.M.

ALEXANDER. 1858.

- W**HEN wounded sore, the stricken heart
 Lies bleeding and unbound,
 One only hand, a pierced hand,
 Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
 And tears of anguish flow,
 One only heart, a broken heart,
 Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
 Over some foul dark spot,
 One only stream, a stream of blood,
 Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
 His hand that brings relief,
 His heart that's touched with all our joys
 And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
 Unseal that cleansing tide ;
 We have no shelter from our sin,
 But in Thy wounded side.

573

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee !
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

574

(475)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- G**OD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe !
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive.
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am ;
 But to Thy wounds for refuge flee.
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,
 To Thee I lift mine eye !

Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy blood is always nigh :
 Now, as yesterday, the same
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can Thy grace procure ;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor :
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery ;
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
 Bring I to gain Thy grace ;
 Pardon I accept, unbought,
 Thy proffer I embrace :
 Coming, as at first I came,
 To take, and not bestow on Thee ;
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour ! from Thy wounded side
 I never will depart ;
 Here will I my spirit hide,
 When I am pure in heart :
 Till my place above I claim,
 This only shall be all my plea,
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

575

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS, Thou know'st my sinfulness,
 My faults are not concealed from Thee ;
 A sinner in my last distress,
 To Thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
 And never, never thence depart,
 Close sheltered in Thy loving heart.

- 2 How shall I find the living Way,
 Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind ?
 Ah ! Lord, my soul is gone astray :
 Ah ! Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
 And in Thy arms of mercy take,
 And bring the weary wanderer back.
- 3 Weary and sick of sin I am ;
 I hate it, Lord, and yet I love :
 When wilt Thou rid me of my shame ?
 When wilt Thou all my load remove,
 Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
 And speak the word of power, " Be clean ?"
- 4 O Lord, if I at last discern
 That I am sin, and Thou art love,
 If now o'er me Thy bowels yearn,
 Give me a token from above ;
 And conquer my rebellious will,
 And bid my murmuring heart be still.
- 5 Sin only let me not commit,
 (Sin never can advance Thy praise,)
 And, lo ! I lay me at Thy feet,
 And wait unwearied all my days,
 Till my appointed time shall come,
 And Thou shalt call Thine exile home.

576

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Jer. iii. 4, 5.

- Y**ES, from this instant, now I will
 To my offended Father cry ;
 My base ingratitude I feel,
 Vildest of all Thy children, I,
 Not worthy to be called Thy son ;
 Yet will I Thee my Father own.
- 2 Guide of my youth hast Thou not been,
 And rescued me from passion's power ?
 Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
 Nor let the greedy grave devour ?
 And wilt Thou now Thy wrath retain,
 Nor ever love Thy child again ?

- 3 Ah! canst Thou find it in Thy heart
 To give me up, so long pursued!
 Ah! canst Thou finally depart,
 And leave Thy creature in his blood!
 Leave me,—out of Thy presence cast,
 To perish in my sins at last!
- 4 If Thou hast will'd me to return,
 If weeping at Thy feet I fall,
 The prodigal Thou wilt not spurn,
 But pity, and forgive me all,
 In answer to my Friend above,
 In honour of His bleeding love!

577

(463)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isa. lvii. 17—19.

- SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
 My thirst for creature happiness;
 By base desires I wronged Thy love,
 And forced Thy mercy to remove.
- 2 Yet would I not regard Thy stroke;
 But, when Thou didst Thy grace revoke,
 And when Thou didst Thy face conceal,
 Thy absence I refused to feel.
- 3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
 In my own froward will went on,
 And lived to the desires of men,
 And Thou hast all my wanderings seen.
- 4 Yet, O the riches of Thy grace!
 Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
 Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 For this I at Thy footstool wait,
 Till Thou my peace again create;
 Fruit of Thy gracious lips, restore
 My peace, and bid me sin no more!
- 6 Far off, yet at Thy feet, I lie,
 Till Thou again Thy blood apply;

Till Thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort Thou wilt give me back ;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness :

8 Till, throughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in Thy full image rise,
To share Thy glory in the skies.

578 (476)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Heb. v. 7.

THOU Man of Grievs, remember me,
Who never canst Thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat :

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load !
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God !

3 Father, if I may call Thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire ;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire !

4 I tremble lest the wrath Divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To Thee my last distress I bring ;
The heightened fear of death I find :
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind !

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from Thee !
O save, and give me to Thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me !

Recovered.

579

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- I** WILL hearken what the Lord
 Will say concerning me !
 Hast Thou not a gracious word
 For one who waits on Thee ?
 Speak it to my soul, that I
 May in Thee have peace and power ;
 Never from my Saviour fly,
 And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 How have I Thy Spirit grieved,
 Since first with me He strove !
 Obstinately disbelieved,
 And trampled on Thy love !
 I have sinned against the light ;
 I have broke from Thy embrace !
 No, I would not, when I might,
 Be freely saved by grace.
- 3 After all that I have done
 To drive Thee from my heart,
 Still Thou wilt not leave Thine own,
 Thou wilt not yet depart ;
 Wilt not give the sinner o'er ;
 Ready art Thou now to save ;
 Bidst me come, as heretofore,
 That I Thy life may have.
- 4 O Thou meek and gentle Lamb !
 Fury is not in Thee ;
 Thou continuest the same,
 And still Thy grace is free ;
 Still Thine arms are open wide,
 Wretched sinners to receive ;
 Thou hast once for sinners died,
 That all may turn and live.
- 5 Lo ! I take Thee at Thy word ;
 My foolishness I mourn ;

Unto Thee, my bleeding Lord,
 However late, I turn :
 Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
 Listen to Thy speaking blood,
 Me, with all my sins, I cast
 On my atoning God !

580

(477)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- M**Y God, my God, to Thee I cry ;
 Thee only would I know ;
 Thy purifying blood apply,
 And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
 Purge my iniquity :
 Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
 I have no part in Thee.
- 3 But art Thou not already mine ?
 Answer, if mine Thou art !
 Whisper within, Thou Love Divine,
 And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Tell me again, my peace is made,
 And bid the sinner live :
 The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
 My Father must forgive.
- 5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
 His wounds are opened wide :
 For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
 And speaks me justified.
- 6 O why did I my Saviour leave,
 So soon unfaithful prove,
 How could I Thy good Spirit grieve,
 And sin against Thy love !
- 7 I forced Thee first to disappear ;
 I turned Thy face aside :
 Ah, Lord ! if Thou hadst still been here,
 Thy servant had not died.
- 8 But O, how soon Thy wrath is o'er,
 And pardoning love takes place !

- Assist me, Saviour, to adore
 The riches of Thy grace.
- 9 O could I lose myself in Thee,
 Thy depth of mercy prove,
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea
 Of unexhausted love !
- 10 My humbled soul, when Thou art near,
 In dust and ashes lies :
 How shall a sinful worm appear,
 Or meet Thy purer eyes ?
- 11 I loathe myself, when God I see,
 And into nothing fall ;
 Content, if Thou exalted be,
 And Christ be *All in All*.

581

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**FTER all that I have done,
 Saviour, art Thou pacified ?
 Whither shall my vileness run ?
 Hide me, earth, the sinner hide !
- 2 Let me sink into the dust,
 Full of holy shame, adore !
 Jesus Christ the Good, the Just,
 Bids me go, and sin no more !
- 3 O confirm the gracious word,
 Jesus, Son of God and Man !
 Let me never grieve Thee, Lord,
 Never turn to sin again :
- 4 Till my all in all Thou art,
 Till Thou bring Thy nature in,
 Keep this feeble, trembling heart !
 Save me, save me, Lord, from sin !

582

(478)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- W**EARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
 For Thee, not without hope, I mourn ;
 I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of Love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin ;
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,
 Open Thine arms, and take me in ;
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 O ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more,
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert :
 The veil of sin again remove :
 Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
 And melt it by Thy dying love !
 This rebel heart by love subdue,
 And make it soft, and make it new.
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now ;
 Fill all my soul with filial fears ;
 To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
 Bend by Thy grace, O bend, or break,
 The iron sinew in my neck !
- 6 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the' approach of sin :
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Implant, and root it deep within ;
 That I may dread Thy gracious power,
 And never dare to' offend Thee more.

583

(600)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

SON of God, if Thy free grace
 Again hath raised me up,
 Called me still to seek Thy face,
 And given me back my hope ;
 Still Thy timely help afford,
 And all Thy lovingkindness show :

- Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go !
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour ;
Save me with Thine outstretched hand,
And show forth all Thy power ;
O be mindful of Thy word ;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart ;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart :
Sin be more than hell abhorred,
Till Thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 4 Never let me leave Thy breast,
From Thee, my Saviour, stray ;
Thou art my Support and Rest,
My true and living Way ;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above, and earth below ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

584

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1712.

- L**ORD, and is Thine anger gone ?
And art Thou pacified ?
After all that I have done,
Dost Thou no longer chide ?
Infinite Thy mercies are,
Beneath the weight I cannot move,
O ! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway ;

Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way :
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought ;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,
If e'en now I find Thy power
Present my soul to heal,—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of Thine embrace ;
Never more resist or fly
From Thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, Thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love ;
Freedom let me never find
From Thee, my Lord, to move :
That I never, never more,
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart !

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone ;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for Thine own :
More and more Thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find :
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep ;
Help me at Thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep ;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven ;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

For Believers Rejoicing.

585

(27)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

From the German of J. A. ROTHE. 1688—1758.

- N**OW I have found the ground, wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love ! Thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest !
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 Though joys be withered all, and dead, [gone,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father ! Thy mercy never dies.

- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

586

(99)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

From the German of COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1709—1760.

- J**ESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
 Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then,—this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 7 Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of God,
 Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim !
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 8 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 9 Ah ! give to all Thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak Thy quick'ning word ;
That all, who to Thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in Thee.
- 10 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove !
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

587

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- T**HEE, O my God and King,
My Father, Thee I sing !
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive ;
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.
- 2 Father, behold Thy son,
In Christ I am Thy own :
Stranger long to Thee, and rest,
See the prodigal is come :
Open wide Thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.
- 3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity looked me near ;
Me Thy bowels yearned to see ;
Me Thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of Thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.
- 4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all :
Still Thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
“Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine !”

588

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1712.

Rom. x. 6—8.

OFT I in my heart have said,
 Who shall ascend on high,
 Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
 And bring Him from the sky ?
 Borne on contemplation's wing,
 Surely I shall find Him there,
 Where the angels praise their King,
 And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
 Who to the deep shall stoop,
 Sink with Christ among the dead,
 From thence to bring Him up ?
 Could I but my heart prepare,
 By unfeigned humility,
 Christ would quickly enter there,
 And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
 Hath taught me better things :
 " Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
 (While Christ to me it brings,)
 " Christ is ready to impart
 Life to all, for life who sigh :
 In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
 The word is ever nigh."

589

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

O FILIAL Deity,
 Accept my new-born cry ;
 See the travail of Thy soul,
 Saviour, and be satisfied ;
 Take me now, possess me whole,
 Who for me, for me, hast died !

2 Of life Thou art the Tree ;
 My immortality !
 Feed this tender branch of Thine,
 Ceaseless influence derive :

- Thou the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into Thee I live.
- 3 Of life the Fountain Thou,
I know,—I feel it now !
Faint and dead no more I droop ;
Thou art in me ; Thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.
- 4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From Thee I ne'er shall part :
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Make me still Thy tender care ;
Gently lead me by Thy side,
Sweetly in Thy bosom bear.
- 5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, Thou art my Head !
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me Thy living member, flow :
Nourished I, and fed, by Thee,
Up to Thee in all things grow.
- 6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will :
Never mortal spake like Thee,
Human prophet like Divine ;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward Thine !
- 7 On Thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all :
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still Thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with Thine own.
- 8 Jesus, Thou art my King,
From Thee my strength I bring :
Shadowed by Thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence ?
Faith supports ; by faith I stand,
Strong in Thy omnipotence.

590

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of W. C. DESSLER. 1692.

- I**NTO Thy gracious hands I fall,
 And with the arms of faith embrace,
 O King of Glory, hear my call;
 O raise me, heal me, by Thy grace!
- 2 Now righteous through Thy wounds I am;
 No condemnation now I dread;
 I taste salvation in Thy name,
 Alive in Thee, my living Head.
- 3 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take Thy light from me away;
 Still with me let Thy grace abide,
 That I from Thee may never stray:
- 4 Let Thy word richly in me dwell;
 Thy peace and love my portion be;
 My joy to' endure and do Thy will,
 Till perfect I am found in Thee.
- 5 Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord!
 Support my weakness with Thy might;
 Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
 And shield me in the threatening fight:
- 6 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
 So in Thy strength shall I go on;
 Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
 And glory end what grace begun.

591

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- H**EAR, Holy Spirit, hear,
 My inward Comforter!
 Loos'd by Thee, my stammering tongue
 First essays to praise Thee now,
 This the new, the joyful song,
 Hear it in Thy temple, Thou!
- 2 Long o'er my formless soul
 The dreary waves did roll;
 Void I lay, and sunk in night:
 Thou, the overshadowing Dove,

- Call'dst the chaos into light,
 Bad'st me be, and live, and love.
- 3 Thee I exult to feel,
 Thou in my heart dost dwell :
 There Thou bear'st Thy witness true,
 Shed'st the love of God abroad ;
 I, in Christ, a creature new,
 I, e'en I, am born of God !
- 4 Pledge of the promise given,
 My antepast of heaven ;
 Earnest Thou of joys divine,
 Joys divine on me bestowed,
 Heaven, and Christ, and all are mine,
 All the plenitude of God.
- 5 Thou art my inward Guide,
 I ask no help beside :
 Arm of God, on Thee I call,
 Weak as helpless infancy !
 Weak I am—yet cannot fall,
 Stay'd by Faith, and led by Thee !

592

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Isa. xii.

- H**APPY soul, who sees the day,
 The glad day of gospel grace !
 Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt say,)
 Thee will I for ever praise ;
 Though Thy wrath against me burned,
 Thou dost comfort me again ;
 All Thy wrath aside is turned,
 Thou hast blotted out my sin.
- 2 Me, behold ! Thy mercy spares ;
 Jesus my salvation is ;
 Hence my doubts ; away my fears ;
 Jesus is become my peace :
 JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
 Ever merciful and just ;
 I will lean upon His word ;
 I will on His promise trust.

- 3 Strong I am, for He is strong ;
 Just in righteousness divine :
 He is my triumphal song ;
 All He has, and is, is mine ;
Mine—and *yours*, whoe'er believe ;
 On His Name whoe'er shall call,
 Freely shall His grace receive ;
 He is full of grace for all.
- 4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
 Water from Salvation's well ;
 Praise shall your glad tongues employ
 While His streaming grace ye feel.
 Each to each, ye then shall say,
 " Sinners, call upon His Name ;
 O rejoice to see His day ;
 See it, and His praise proclaim !"
- 5 Glory to His Name belongs,
 Great, and marvellous, and high :
 Sing unto the Lord your songs,
 Cry, to every nation, cry !
 Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
 Excellent His Name we find ;
 This to all mankind is known,
 Be it known to all mankind !
- 6 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
 Israel's HOLY ONE is He !
 Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
 Great is He, and dwells in thee.
 O the grace unsearchable !
 While eternal ages roll,
 God delights in man to dwell,
 Soul of each believing soul !

593

(493)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The weakest believer that hangs upon Him !

- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in Thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face ;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in Thy name ;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim :
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For Thou art their boast, their glory and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;
I trust in His word, none plucks me from thence :
Since I have found favour, He all things will do ;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

594

(485)

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne :
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down His heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

- 3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

595

88,886. or L.M. MRS. D. WILSON. 1830.

FROM J. F. OBERLIN.

- O** LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee,
On Thee, my God, on Thee !
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

596

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- MY Father, my God, I long for Thy love ;
 O shed it abroad ; send Christ from above !
 My heart, ever fainting, He only can cheer ;
 And all things are wanting, till Jesus is here.
- 2 O when shall my tongue be fill'd with Thy praise !
 While all the day long I publish Thy grace,
 Thy honour and glory to sinners forth show,
 Till sinners adore Thee, and own Thou art true.
- 3 Thy strength and Thy power I now can proclaim,
 Preserved every hour through Jesus's Name ;
 For Thou art still by me, and holdest my hand ;
 No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I stand.
- 4 My God is my Guide : Thy mercies abound ;
 On every side they compass me round :
 Thou sav'st me from sickness, from sin dost
 retrieve, [believe.
 And strength'nest my weakness, and bidst me
- 5 Thou holdest my soul in spiritual life,
 My foes dost control, and quiet their strife ;
 Thou rulest my passion, my pride and self-will :
 To see Thy salvation, Thou bidst me "stand still!"
- 6 I stand, and admire Thine out-stretched arm ;
 I walk through the fire, and suffer no harm ;
 Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit ;
 The world and the devil fall under my feet.
- 7 I wrestle not now, but trample on sin,
 For with me art Thou, and shalt be within ;
 While stronger and stronger in Jesus's power,
 I go on to conquer, till sin is no more.

597

(503)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

AND can it be, that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood !
 Died He for me, who caused His pain ?
 For me, who Him to death pursued ?
 Amazing Love ! how can it be,
 That Thou, my God, should'st die for me !

- 2 'Tis mystery all ! The' Immortal dies !
 Who can explore His strange design !
 In vain the first-born Seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love Divine.
 'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore,
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite His grace !)
 Emptied Himself of all but Love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race :
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me* !
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light ;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine !
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

598

(50)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice

In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die !"

4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear Anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, Father, Abba, Father, cry !

599

(212)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
 Hath animated senseless stones ;
 Called us to stand before His face,
 And raised us into Abraham's sons !

2 The people that in darkness lay,
 In sin and error's deadly shade,
 Have seen a glorious gospel day,
 In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
 And bared Thine arm in all our sight ;
 Hast made the reprobates Thine own,
 And claimed the outcasts as Thy right.

4 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
 To us the great salvation brought,
 Thy Word, Thy all-creating Word,
 That spake at first the world from nought.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
 And ceaseless praise to Thee is given ;

For this the hosts above rejoice,—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

- 6 For this, (no longer sons of night,)
To Thee our thankful hearts we give ;
To Thee, who call'dst us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.
- 7 (We bless the power of grace Divine !
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise !)

600

(333)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY, 1749

I will sing with the Spirit.—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

JESUS, Thou Soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune Thy people's heart.

- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our sole design,—
Thy glory, not our own :
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.
- 3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To' offend Thy glorious eyes ;
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.
- 4 To magnify Thy awful Name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise ;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

- 5 Still let us on our guard be found,
 And watch against the power of sound,
 With sacred jealousy ;
 Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
 And music's charms bewitch and steal
 Our hearts away from Thee.
- 6 With calmly-reverential joy,
 O let us all our lives employ
 In setting forth Thy love ;
 And raise in death our triumph higher,
 And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
 That endless song above !

601

(504)

5, 5, 12.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

MY God, I am Thine, what a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
 mine !
 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His
 name.

- 2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound ;
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
 My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast :
 That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste.
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

602

(505)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

WHAT am I, O Thou glorious God !
 And what my father's house to Thee,
 That Thou such mercies hast bestowed
 On me, the vilest reptile, me !
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at Thy boundless love.

- 2 Me in my blood Thy love passed by,
 And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve ;

- Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, " Live !"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in Thy mercy found.
- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pardoning God ;
 Extol the riches of Thy grace,
 And spread Thy saving name abroad ;
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless Thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts Thy Name :
 Thy Name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim ;
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find with me their heaven below.

603

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- O** HAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love ;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice Divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest :
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possess.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

604

8s & 7s.

LYTE. 1825.

Mark x. 28.

- J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow Thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,—
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
 Life with trials hard may press me,—
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me!
 O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee!
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
 What a Father's smile is thine!
 What a Saviour died to win thee!
 Child of Heaven! should'st thou repine?
- 5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there!

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

605

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS is our common Lord,
 He our loving Saviour is :
 By His death to life restored,
 Misery we exchange for bliss ;
- 2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown :
 O 'tis more than tongue can tell !
 Only to believers shown,
 Glorious and unspeakable !
- 3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
 Shows us His eternal love :
 Never shall our triumphs end,
 Till we take our seats above.
- 4 Let us walk with Him in white,
 For our bridal day prepare,
 For our partnership in light,
 For our glorious meeting there !

606

(214)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of JOHN ANGELUS. 1624—1677.

- T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, with all my power,
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah ! why did I so late Thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To Thee, the only ease in pain !
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to Thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed ;
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;

- Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
 Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee !
- 4 I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.
- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
 Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
 Or smile,—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod :
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day !

607

(213)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- M**Y soul, through my Redeemer's care,
 Saved from the second death I feel,
 Mine eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to Him my feet shall run ;
 Mine eyes on His perfections gaze ;
 My soul shall live for God alone ;
 And all within me shout His praise.

608

(216)

8s & 7s. Lady HUNTINGDON. 1764.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace !
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some celestial measure,
 Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
 O ! the vast, the boundless treasure
 Of my Lord's unchanging love !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither, by Thy help, I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be :
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Take my heart,—O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

609

(494)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

LET all men rejoice, by Jesus restored :
 We lift up our voice, and call Him our Lord :
 His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall ;
 From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, and Priest we proclaim ;
 We triumph and sing of Jesus's name :
 Poor sinners He teaches to show forth His praise,
 And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull the scholar whom He
 Takes into His school, and gives him to see ;

- A wonderful fashion of teaching He hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.
- 4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy His way :
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.
- 5 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls were despised,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized ;
His gracious creation in us He makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us His own.

610

88,86. or L.M.

C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

- 2 Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?
- 3 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee !
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee !
- 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried ;
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !
- 6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;
Because they cling to Thee !

- 7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
 What can disturb me, who appal,
 While as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

611

77, 87. D.

C. WESLEY. 1745

- H** E A D of Thy Church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore Thee ;
 Till Thou appear, Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy Love we praise, which knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands exulting
 In Thine Almighty favour ;
 The Love Divine, which made us Thine,
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By Thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory,
 To which Thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise for that high prize,
 Which Thou hast set before us ;
 And, if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

612 (491)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
 My dawning is begun :
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
 And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word ;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conqueror through.

613 (495)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove ;
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care ;
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
 And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;
 'Tis all I wish to seek ;

To' attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

614

(229)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

- 2 Soon as I find myself forsook,
The grace again is given :
A sigh can reach Thy heart, a look
Can bring Thee down from heaven.
- 3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On Thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.
- 4 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 5 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On Thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

615

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to Thee ;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free !
Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
Thou hast raised me from my fall ;
Thou hast full atonement made :
My Saviour died for all.

- 2 What could my Redeemer move
 To leave His Father's breast ?
 Pity drew Him from above,
 And would not let Him rest :
 Swift to succour sinking man,
 Sinking into endless woe,
 Jesus to our rescue ran,
 And God appear'd below.
- 3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
 A Man of Grievs was seen :
 Here for three and thirty years
 He dwelt with sinful men.
 Did they know the Deity ?
 Did they own Him, who He was ?
 See the Friend of Sinners, see !
 He hangs on yonder cross !
- 4 Yet Thy wrath I cannot fear,
 Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb !
 By Thy judgment I am clear ;
 Heal'd by Thy stripes I am :
 Thou for me a curse wast made,
 That I might in Thee be blest ;
 Thou hast my full ransom paid,
 And in Thy wounds I rest.

616

(575)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

All things are yours.—1 Cor. iii. 21.

- H**OW vast the treasure we possess !
 How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !
 This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.
- 2 All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood :
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use, and to improve them, too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise ;
 If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Those sorrows work my lasting good.

- 4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait Thy daily will,
Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

617

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Mat. vi. 33.

THE earth is the Lord's, and all it contains,
The truth of His words for ever remains,
The saints have a mountain of blessings in Him :
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.

- 2 To Him our request we now have made known,
Who sees what is best for each of His own :
Our heathenish care, we cast it aside ;
He heareth the prayer, and God will provide.
- 3 The modest and meek the earth shall possess :
The kingdom who seek of Jesus's grace,
The power of His Spirit shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, in virtue of One.

618

(569)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxv.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God :
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

- 2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them,
From all their enemies.

On every side He stands,
 And for His Israel cares ;
 And safe in His Almighty hands
 Their souls for ever bears.

- 3 But let them still abide
 In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
 Till every soul is sanctified,
 And perfectly restored :
 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend ;
 And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.

619

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1831.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
 Our steps, whate'er betide,
 With watchful care their charge defend,
 And evil turn aside.

- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
 Sent by the King of kings,
 Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
 And shade us with their wings.
- 3 Jehovah's charioteers surround ;—
 The ministerial choir
 Encamp, where'er His hoirs are found,
 And form our wall of fire.
- 4 Ten thousand offices unseen
 For us they gladly do,
 Deliver in the furnace keen,
 And safe escort us through.
- 5 But thronging round, with busiest love
 They guard the dying breast,
 The lurking fiend far off remove,
 And sing our souls to rest.
- 6 And when our spirits we resign,
 On outstretched wings they bear,
 And lodge us in the arms Divine,
 And leave us ever there.

620

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxi.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills ;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels :
 Will He not His help afford ?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given ;
 God comes down ; the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heaven.

- 2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
 And still in God confide ;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide :
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
 Rest in Him, securely rest ;
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;
 Careless slumber cannot steal
 On His all-seeing eyes ;
 He is Israel's sure defence ;
 Israel all His care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful providence,
 And ever-waking Love.
- 4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near !
 Lo ! He holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with His wings thy head ;
 Guards from all impending harms :—
 Round thee, and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.
- 5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin ;

Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
 Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,
 Henceforth, and evermore.

621

C.M.

Xavier. 1849.

MY God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for heaven thereby ;
 Nor because they who love Thee not
 Are lost eternally.

- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace ;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony ;
 E'en death itself,—and all for one
 Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well ?
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,
 Or of escaping hell.
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Nor seeking a reward ;
 But as Thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
 And in Thy praise will sing,
 Because Thou art my loving God,
 And my redeeming King.

622

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1822.

O GOD ! Thou art my God alone ;
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

- 2 Oh ! that it were as it hath been,
 When praying in the holy place,
 Thy power and glory I have seen,
 And mark'd the footsteps of Thy grace !

- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
 I follow hard on Thee, my God !
 Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
 I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
 When I remember on my bed,
 Thy presence makes the darkness light,
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself Thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above,
 Or what on earth, compared with Thee ?
- 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
 For all Thy mercy I will give ;
 My soul shall still in God rejoice,
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

623

C.M.

BONAR. 1856.

- I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 “ Come unto Me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast !”
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “ Behold ! I freely give
 The living water,—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live !”
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “ I am this dark world’s Light,
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him, my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

624

(219)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appeared so great.
 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did Thy hand confess :
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung Thy wondrous grace.
 3 Great is the work, my neighbours cried,
 And owned the power Divine ;
 Great is the work, my heart replied,
 And be the glory Thine.

625

C.M.

S. STENNETT. 1787.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
 2 No mortal can with Him compare
 Among the sons of men :
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.
 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me, He bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have :
 He makes me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.
 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.

- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of Love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

626

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

- O** DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire :
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight : nor fear,
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.
- 2 My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown,
My Portion and my Treasure Thou !
O take me, seal me for Thine own ;
To Thee alone my soul I bow ;
Without Thee all is pain ; my mind
Repose in nought but Thee can find.
- 3 What in Thy love possess I not ?
My Star by night, my Sun by day ;
My spring of life when parched with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My All before the throne of God !

627

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- P**RAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
Your glorious Lord and ours,
Principalities, and Thrones,
And all the heavenly powers !
Angels, that in strength excel,
Here your utmost strength employ,
Let your ravished spirits swell
With endless praise and joy.
- 2 Worms of earth, on God we call,
And challenge you to sing,
Sing the Sovereign Cause of all,
The universal King ;

While eternal ages last,
 The transporting theme repeat,
 Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
 Your crowns before His seat.

- 3 There, with you, we trust to lie,
 With you to rise again,
 Nearest Him who rules the sky,
 And foremost of His train :
 We shall lead the heavenly choir,
 We shall give the key to you,
 Singing to our golden lyre,
 The song for ever new.

628

11,12,12,10.

HEBER. 1827.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to
 Thee ;

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea,
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
 see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth,
 and sky, and sea ;

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

In the Section *For Believers Rejoicing*, Mr. Wesley included Hymns of Praise, on the Attributes and Providence of God, the Trinity, &c. They will now be found, with many kindred Hymns, in their respective Sections. See, especially.—ADORATION AND THANKSGIVING. Nos. 80 to 220.

For Believers Fighting.

629

(224)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

O MAY Thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !

- 2 O may we all improve
 The grace already given,
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven !

630

(506)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son :
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

- 2 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

- 3 Stand then against your foes,
 In close and firm array :
 Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day :
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.

- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul ;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Indissolubly joined,
 To battle all proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ, your Head.

631

(506)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

PART II.

- B**UT, above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield ;
 Armed with that adamant and gold,
 Be sure to win the field :
 If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdued ;
 Repelled his every fiery dart,
 And quenched with Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus hath died for you !
 What can His love withstand ?
 Believe ! hold fast your shield ! and who
 Shall pluck you from His hand ?
 Believe, that Jesus reigns ;
 All power to Him is given :
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains ;
 Believe yourselves to heaven !
- 3 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care,
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,
 And watching unto prayer.
 Ready for all alarms,
 Steadfastly set your face,
 And always exercise your arms,
 And use your every grace.
- 4 Pray, without ceasing pray ;
 Your Captain gives the word ;
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord :

To God your every want
 In instant prayer display ;
 Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;
 Pray, without ceasing pray !

632

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

PART III.

- I**N fellowship,—alone,
 To God with faith draw near :
 Approach His courts, besiege His throne
 With all the powers of prayer :
 Go to His temple, go,
 Nor from His altar move ;
 Let every house His worship know,
 And every heart His love.
- 2 To God your spirits dart ;
 Your souls in words declare ;
 Or groan, to Him who reads the heart,
 The' unutterable prayer.
 His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth His praise ;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.
- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
 And bow them with your knees ;
 And spread your heart and hands abroad,
 And pray for Zion's peace :
 Your guides and brethren bear
 For ever on your mind ;
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
 In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day :
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all His soldiers, " Come ;"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home.

633

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,
 Stormed by a host of foes within,
 Nor swift to flee, nor strong to' oppose,
 Single against hell, earth, and sin,
 Single, yet undismayed, I am ;
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
 A thousand worlds, my soul to shake ?
 I have a shield shall quell their rage,
 And drive the alien armies back ;
 Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb ;
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
 Me from this evil world to free,
 To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
 And save from all iniquity,
 My Lord and God, from heaven He came ;
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 4 Salvation in His name there is ;
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
 Salvation into glorious bliss ;
 How great salvation, who can tell !
 But all He hath for mine I claim ;
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.

634

(507)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- E**QUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight ;
 My simple, upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright ;
 Control my every thought ;
 My whole of sin remove ;
 Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
 Let all be wrought in love.
- 2 O arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb ! which was in Thee ;

And let my knowing zeal be joined
 To fervent charity :
 With calm and tempered zeal
 Let me enforce Thy call ;
 And vindicate Thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
 In any arm but Thine !
 Humble, O humble to the dust,
 This stubborn soul of mine !
 A feeble thing of nought,
 With lowly shame I own,
 The help which upon earth is wrought
 Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like Thee !
 In all Thy footsteps tread !
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing Thou hast made.
 O may I learn Thy art,
 With meekness to reprove ;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

635

(508)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O ALMIGHTY God of Love,
 Thy holy arm display ;
 Send me succour from above,
 In this my evil day :
 Arm my weakness with Thy power,
 Woman's seed, appear within ;
 Be my Safeguard and my Tower
 Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of Thy strength take hold,
 And always feel Thee near,
 Confident, divinely bold,
 My soul would scorn to fear :
 Nothing should my firmness shock ;
 Though the gates of hell assail,

Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend Thy ample shade ;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head :
Save me from the trying hour,
Thou my sure protection be,
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on Thee.

4 Set upon Thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand ;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with Thy hand :
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from my fence remove ;
In Thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

636

(557)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

Isa. xliii. 2.

PEACE! doubting heart—my God's I am !
Who formed me man, forbids my fear :
The Lord hath called me by my name ;
The Lord protects for ever near ;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head ;
Fearless their violence I dare ;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way :
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play ;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand !
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;
 Show forth in me Thy saving power ;
 Still be Thy arms my sure defence ;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 5 Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
 (Good as Thou art, and strong to save,)
 I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Upborne by the unyielding wave,
 Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
 And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, " Peace, be still !"
- 7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
 Unhurt, on snares and deaths I'll tread ;
 Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
 Pour all its flames upon my head,
 Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

637

(509)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O**MNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and King,
 Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring :
 Thy promises bind Thee compassion to have ;
 Now, now let me find Thee almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
 To Thee I look up for certain relief ;
 I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
 Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour in jeopardy stand ;
 But Thou art my power, and holdest my hand :
 While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel ;
 It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

- 4 O who can explain this struggle for life !
 This travail and pain, this trembling and strife !
 Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and
 The wonderful coming of Jesus declare ! [war,
- 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud !
 The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood,
 His foes overturning, till all shall expire ;
 But this is with burning, and fuel of fire.
- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin :
 My Jesus's love the battle shall win :
 So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
 His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break through ; His truth and His
 Shall bring me into the plentiful place, [grace
 Through much tribulation, through water and fire,
 Through floods of temptation, and flames of desire.
- 8 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely ;
 All evil before His presence shall fly :
 When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
 And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

638

(510)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
 " Sit Thou, in glory sit,
 Till I Thine enemies have made
 To bow beneath Thy feet."

2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 What can my hopes withstand,
 While Thee my Advocate I have,
 Enthroned at God's right hand ?

3 Nature is subject to Thy word ;
 All power to Thee is given,
 The uncontrolled, Almighty Lord
 Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

4 And shall my sins Thy will oppose ?
 Master, Thy right maintain !
 O let not Thy usurping foes
 In me Thy servant reign !

- 5 Come, then, and claim me for Thine own ;
Saviour, Thy right assert !
Come, gracious Lord, set up Thy throne,
And reign within my heart !
- 6 So shall I bless Thy pleasing sway ;
And, sitting at Thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
- 7 So shall I do Thy will below
As angels do above ;
The virtue of Thy passion show,
The triumphs of Thy love.
- 8 Thy love the conquest more than gains ;
To all I shall proclaim,
“Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns ;
Bow down to Jesu’s Name.”
- 9 To Thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath Thy feet,
And God is all in all.

639

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**WAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine ;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast ;
My Father’s hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.
 - 3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the Will Divine ;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
 - 4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By Heaven designed for me.

- 5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.
- 6 To' accomplish His design
The creatures all agree ;
And all the attributes Divine
Are now at work for me.

640

(551)

C.M.

TURNER. (1747.)

- F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares ;—
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where endless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there, unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

641

(511)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,

- His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 2 Extol His Kingly power ;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on His Father's throne :
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of His cross.
- 3 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight !
In mighty phalanx joined,
Undaunted all proceed ;
Armed with the' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.
- 4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
'Tis seized by violent hands :
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies !
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize !
- 5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain ;
Yet O! disdain to fear!
"Courage," your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew,
"Toil ye shall have ; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

- 6 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror ;
 The world must sink beneath that hand
 Which arms us for the war :
 This is the victory !
 Before our faith they fall ;
 Jesus hath died for you and me,
 Believe, and conquer all.

642

(109)

L.M.

GRIGG. 1765.

- J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be !
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
 Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
 Oh may I scorn it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star.
 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 'Tis evening with my soul till He,
 That Morning Star, bids darkness flee ;
 He sheds the beams of noon divine
 O'er all this midnight soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! of that Friend
 On whom, for heaven, my hopes depend !
 It must not be ! be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then (nor is the boasting vain),
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And oh ! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour not ashamed of me !"

643

(512)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

David and Goliath.

WHO is this gigantic foe
 That proudly stalks along,

- Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.
- 2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.
- 3 In the strength of Jesu's Name,
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarmed I am,
But Jesus is my might:
Mindful of His mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On His redeeming love.
- 4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin;
On His promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord;
Sure to win the victory,
For He hath spoke the word.
- 5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesu's conquering Name
Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

- 6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise !
 Your routed foe pursue ;
 Shout His praises to the skies,
 Who conquers sin for you.
 Jesus doth for you appear,
 He His conquering grace affords ;
 Saves you, not with sword and spear,
 The battle is the Lord's.
- 7 Every day the Lord of Hosts,
 His mighty power displays,
 Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
 The threatening Gittite slays :
 Israel's God let all below
 Conqueror over sin proclaim ;
 O that all the earth might know
 The power of Jesu's Name !

644

(513)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**RE there not in the labourer's day
 Twelve hours, in which he safely may
 His calling's work pursue ?
 Though sin and Satan still are near,
 Nor sin, nor Satan can I fear,
 With Jesus in my view.
- 2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
 A soul that walks with Christ in light ;
 He walks, and cannot fall ;
 Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
 Shining unto the perfect day,
 And more than conquers all.
- 3 Light of the world ! Thy beams I bless !
 On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
 My faith hath fixed its eye ;
 Guided by Thee, through all I go,
 Nor fear the ruin spread below,
 For Thou art always nigh.
- 4 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
 Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
 Which Thou to me hast given ;

Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

- 5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal, to do Thy will,
And trust in Thy defence :
My soul into Thy hands I give,
And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence !

645

(558)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to Thy love,
From sin for ever cease ?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope ;
It lifts my drooping spirit up,
It gives me back my peace.

- 2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just ;
Thy sacred word is past ;
And I, who dare Thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.
- 3 I rest in Thine Almighty power ;
The Name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above :
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Keeper be ;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of Love.
- 4 While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin ;
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in.
- 5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend !

Assured that Thou through life shalt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

646

(230)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory.—Ex. xxxiii. 18.

O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, Thy goodness show :
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

- 2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes
Make all Thy gracious goodness pass ;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize ;
O may I see Thy smiling face !
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal Thy Love, Thy glorious Name !
- 3 There, in the Place, beside Thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into Thy Son ;
Cover me with Thy mighty hand :
Set me upon the Rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.
- 4 O put me in the cleft ; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear !
Descend in this accepted hour,
Pass by me, and Thy Name declare ;
Thy wrath withdraw, Thy hand remove,
And show Thyself—the God of Love !

647

(231)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

And the Lord passed by, &c.—Exodus xxxiv. 6-7.

TO Thee, great God of Love ! I bow,
And prostrate in Thy sight adore :
By faith I see Thee passing now ;
I have, but still I ask for more ;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
My soul for all Thy presence cries.

- 2 The fulness of my vast reward
 A blest eternity shall be :
 But hast Thou not on earth prepared
 Some better thing than this for me ?
 What,—but one drop !—one transient sight !
 I want a sun,—a sea of light.
- 3 Moses Thy backward parts might view,
 But not a perfect sight obtain :
 The Gospel doth Thy fulness show,
 To us, by the commandment slain :
 The dead to sin shall find the grace ;
 The pure in heart shall see Thy face.
- 4 More favoured than the saints of old,—
 Who now by faith approach to Thee,
 Shall all with open face behold
 In Christ the glorious Deity ;
 Shall see and put the Godhead on,
 The nature of Thy sinless Son !
- 5 This, this is our high calling's prize !
 Thine image in Thy Son I claim ;
 And still to higher glories rise,
 Till all transformed I know Thy Name,
 And glide to all my heaven above,
 My highest heaven of Jesu's Love.

648 (232)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the French of MADAME BOURIGNON.

- COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
 Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free,
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But day and night to feast on Thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue ;
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glittering snares, adieu !

- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
 Of any other love but Thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul ;
 Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
 This short-enduring world can give,
 Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
 To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 7 Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
 With pure delight and inward bliss :
 To know Thou tak'st me for Thine own,
 O what a happiness is this !
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But Thy pure love within my breast ;
 This, only this, will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

649

(233)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- A** BRAHAM, when severely tried,
 His faith by his obedience showed,
 He with the harsh command complied,
 And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offered up,
 Son of his age, his only son,
 Object of all his joy and hope,
 And less beloved than God alone.
- 3 O for a faith like his, that we
 The bright example may pursue ;
 May gladly give up all to Thee,
 To whom our more than all is due !
- 4 Now, Lord, to Thee our all we leave ;
 Our willing soul Thy call obeys ;
 Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
 Freedom, and life,—to win Thy grace.

- 5 Is there a thing than life more dear,
 A thing from which we cannot part ?
 We can ; we now rejoice to tear
 The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice ;
 All things for Thee we count but loss ;
 Lo ! at Thy word our Isaac dies,
 Dies on the altar of Thy cross.
- 7 For what to Thee, O Lord, we give,
 A hundred-fold we here obtain ;
 And soon with Thee shall all receive,
 And loss shall be eternal gain.

650

(234)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** GOD, Thy faithfulness I plead !
 My present help in time of need,
 My great Deliverer Thou !
 Haste to my aid, Thine ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine !
 I claim the promise now !
- 2 Where is the way ? ah, show me where,
 That I Thy mercy may declare,
 The power that sets me free :
 How can I my destruction shun ?
 How can I from my nature run ?
 Answer, O God, for me !
- 3 One only way the erring mind
 Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
 From inbred sin to fly :
 Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
 Death, only death, can cut the knot,
 Which love cannot untie.
- 4 But Thou, O Lord, art full of grace ;
 Thy love can find a thousand ways
 To foolish man unknown :
 My soul upon Thy love I cast ;
 I rest me, till the storm is past,
 Upon Thy love alone.

- 5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
 Shall every stumbling-block remove,
 And make an open way :
 Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
 And bear me, from the gulf beneath,
 To everlasting day.

651

(32)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head.

- 2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
 And given me back at Thy command :
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,
 Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;
 Sudden, I found Thee near to save ;
 The fever own'd Thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly !
 But to my loving Saviour's breast ;
 Secure within Thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But Thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But Thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving Thee alone.

- 8 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room ;
 Enter, and in me ever stay :
 The crooked then shall straight become ;
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

652

(461)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- M**Y God, if I may call Thee mine,
 From heaven and Thee removed so far ;
 Draw nigh ; Thy pitying ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid prayer.
- 2 Gently the weak Thou lov'st to lead,
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee ;
 O break not then a bruised reed,
 Nor quench the smoking flax in me.
- 3 Buried in sin, Thy voice I hear,
 And burst the barriers of my tomb,
 In all the marks of death appear,—
 Forth at Thy call, though bound, I come.
- 4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy resurrection's power to know ;
 Free me indeed ; repeat the word,
 And loose my bands, and let me go.
- 5 Fain would I go to Thee, my God,
 Thy mercies and my wants to tell ;
 To feel my pardon sealed in blood,
 Saviour, Thy love I wait to feel.
- 6 Freed from the power of cancelled sin,
 When shall my soul triumphant prove ?
 Why breaks not out the fire within
 In flames of joy, and praise, and love ?
- 7 Jesus, to Thee my soul aspires ;
 Jesus, to Thee I plight my vows ;
 Keep me from earthly, base desires,
 My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
- 8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
 Thou art the good I seek below ;
 Fulness of joy in Thee there is,
 Without,—'tis misery all, and woe.

653

(538)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- F**ONDLY my foolish heart essays
 To' augment the source of perfect blis.
 Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
 With drops of creature-happiness.
- 2 O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,
 And guard the gift Thyself hast given :
 My portion, Thou, my treasure, art,
 And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
 Though dear as life the idol be,
 The idol from my breast I'll tear,
 Resolved to seek my all in Thee.
- 4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To Thee, my Lord, I here restore ;
 Gladly I all to Thee resign ;
 Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

654

(82)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- T**O the haven of Thy breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly !
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For, oh ! the storm is high !
 Save me from the furious blast ;
 A covert from the tempest be !
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry, barren place,
 O descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace !
 O'er a parch'd and weary land
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with Thine hand,
 And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succour been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin :

O how swiftly didst Thou move,
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power.

4 First and Last, in me perform
The work Thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till Thou the' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of Thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When Thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with Thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven:
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I Thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of Thy blood
Shall speak me up to Thee.

655

(72)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Fight the Good Fight of Faith!

JESUS, my King, to Thee I bow,
Enlisted under Thy command;
Captain of my salvation, Thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke;
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds Thou hast me led;
Thou bidst me now the land possess,
And on Thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope;
Legions of sins in vain oppose;
Bold I with Thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

- 5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
 I mark, disdain, and all subdue;
 I tread them down in Jesu's might,
 Through Jesus I can all things do.
- 6 Lo! the tall sons of Anak rise!
 Who can the sons of Anak meet?
 Captain, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 And, lo! they fall beneath my feet.
- 7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
 (Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,)
 I see cast down on every side,
 And, conquering, I to conquer go.
- 8 My Lord, in my behalf appears;
 Captain, Thy strength-inspiring eye
 Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
 And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
- 9 Who can before my Captain stand?
 Who is so great a King as mine?
 High over all is Thy right hand,
 And might and majesty are Thine.
-

For Believers Praying.

656

(116)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- JESUS, Thou sovereign Lord of all,
 The same through one eternal day,
 Attend Thy feeblest followers' call,
 And O instruct us how to pray!
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek Thy face!
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
 We cannot feel a good desire,
 Till Thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
 The power into our hearts inspire;
 And then we in Thy Spirit groan,
 And then we give Thee back Thine own.

- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
 Of all Thy tempted followers here !
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter :
 The Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
 And fix Thy Agent in our heart.
- 4 To help our soul's infirmity,
 To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,
 To urge our God-commanding plea,
 And make our hearts a house of prayer,
 The promised Intercessor give,
 And let us now Thyself receive.
- 5 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down
 To us, who for Thy coming stay ;
 Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
 We ask the constant power to pray :
 Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
 Thou canst not then deny the rest.

657

(526)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Luke xviii. 1.

- COME, ye followers of the Lord,
 In Jesu's service join :
 Jesus gives the sacred word,
 The ordinance divine ;
 Let us His command obey,
 And ask, and have whate'er we want ;
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.
- 2 Place no longer let us give
 To the old Tempter's will ;
 Never more our duty leave,
 While Satan cries, " Be still :"
 Stand we in the ancient way,
 And here with God ourselves acquaint ;
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.
- 3 Be it weariness and pain
 To slothful flesh and blood,

Yet we will the cross sustain,
 And bless the welcome load ;
 All our griefs to God display,
 And humbly pour out our complaint :
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
 And still our wants declare ;
 All the promises are sure
 To persevering prayer :
 Till we see the perfect day,
 And each wakes up a sinless saint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on, when all renewed,
 And perfected in love ;
 Till we see the Saviour-God
 Descending from above,
 All His heavenly charms survey,
 Beyond what angel minds can paint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

658

(528)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day :
 To all Thy tempted followers give
 The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on Thee be cast
 In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle, till we see Thy face,
 And know Thy hidden Name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
 Till Thou Thyself bestow,

Be this the cry of every heart,
 " I will not let Thee go.

5 " I will not let Thee go, unless
 Thou tell Thy Name to me ;
 With all Thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like Thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
 Behold Thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And prayer in endless praise.

659

(527)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THE praying Spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart ;
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my anxious heart :
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress,
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thy own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace :
 Suffer'd no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

660

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

James v. 17, 18.

O THAT the power were mine,
 To saints and prophets given,
 The power of faithful prayer divine,
 Which shuts and opens heaven !
 Then would I wrestle on,
 And more than conqueror prove,
 And bring the hallowing Spirit down
 In showers of purest love.

- 2 Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 Thy glory to display,
 Remove this unbelieving bar,
 And teach me how to pray :
 Author of faith Thou art ;
 Help my infirmity,
 And put Thy Spirit within my heart,
 And pray Thyself in me.

661

(529)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- O** WONDROUS power of faithful prayer !
 What tongue can tell the' almighty grace ?
 God's hands or bound or open are,
 As Moses or Elijah prays :
 Let Moses in the spirit groan,
 And God cries out, " Let Me alone !
- 2 " Let Me alone, that all My wrath
 May rise the wicked to consume !
 While Justice hears thy praying faith,
 It cannot seal the sinner's doom :
 My Son is in My servant's prayer,
 And Jesus forces Me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel grace !
 Which now we for our Israel plead ;
 A faithless and backsliding race,
 Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed :
 O do not then in wrath chastise,
 Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name ;
 In Jesu's power and Spirit pray,
 Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim !
 O turn Thy threat'ning wrath away !
 Our guilt and punishment remove,
 And magnify Thy pardoning love.
- 5 Father, regard Thy pleading Son !
 Accept His all-availing prayer ;

And send a peaceful answer down,
 In honour of our Spokesman there ;
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
 And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

662

(530)

7s & 6s.

Luke xviii.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, Thou hast bid us pray,
 Pray always, and not faint ;
 With the word a power convey
 To utter our complaint :
 Quiet shalt Thou never know,
 Till we from sin are fully freed ;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 2 We have now begun to cry,
 And we will never end,
 Till we find salvation nigh,
 And grasp the sinner's Friend :
 Day and night we'll speak our woe,
 With Thee importunately plead :
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 3 Speak the word, and we shall be
 From all our bands released ;
 Only Thou canst set us free,
 By Satan long oppress'd :
 Now Thy power almighty show ;
 Arise the Woman's conquering Seed !
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 4 To destroy his work of sin,
 Thyself in us reveal ;
 Manifest Thyself within
 Our flesh, and fully dwell
 With us, in us, here below ;
 Enter, and make us free indeed :
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !

- 5 Stronger than the strong man, Thou
 His fury canst control :
 Cast him out, by entering now,
 And keep our ransom'd soul ;
 Satan's kingdom overthrow,
 On all the powers of darkness tread ;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 6 To the never-ceasing cries
 Of Thine elect attend ;
 Send deliverance from the skies,
 The mighty Spirit send :
 Though to man Thou seemest slow,
 Our cries Thou seemest not to heed ;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !

663

(531)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind ;
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the Tempter fly ;

- A spirit still prepared,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want,
 Out of the deep on Thee to call,
 And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 (Unmoved by threatening or reward,)
 To Thee and Thy great Name ;
 A jealous, just concern
 For Thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn,
 And glorify Thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon Thy word ;
 The promise is for me ;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love.

664 (579)

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isa. xxviii. 9.

LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
 Give me true simplicity ;
 Wean my soul, and keep it low,
 Willing Thee alone to know.

- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
 All that feeds my knowing pride ;
 Not to man, but God submit,
 Lay my reasonings at Thy feet :

- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child ;
Only seeing in Thy light,
Only walking in Thy might.
- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

665

(580)

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxxi.

- L**ORD, if Thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that Thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.
 - 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child,
Quiet now without my food,
Wean'd from every creature good.
 - 4 Hangs my new-born soul on Thee,
Kept from all idolatry,
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in Thy love !
 - 5 O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined !
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore !

666

(532)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- A**H ! when shall I awake
From sin's soft-soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more !
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,

- Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer !
- 2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want !
I know that Thou wouldst give
More than I can request ;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.
- 3 I feel Thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save :
All may obey Thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race
But may return to Thee,—
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.
- 4 Here let me ever lie,
And tell Thee all my care,
And “ Father, Abba, Father,” cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
Till Thou my sins subdue,
Till Thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
- 5 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
Thine everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through Thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.
- 6 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole ;
Till Thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.

Who can resist Thy will ?
 Speak, and it shall be done !
 Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
 And perfect us in one.

667

(534)

L.M.

COWPER. 1779.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat !
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love ;
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when, through weariness, they failed,
 That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To Heaven in supplication sent ;
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

668

4-7s.

NEWTON. 1779.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee, nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;

- For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :—
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt !
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end !
- 6 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

669

(225)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

The Beatitudes.

- SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all who feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven ;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.
- 2 Meeken my soul, Thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward ;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.
- 3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire ;
And feast my hungry heart :
Less than Thyself cannot suffice :
My soul for all Thy fulness cries,
For all Thou hast, and art.

- 4 Mercy who show shall mercy find ;
 Thy pitiful and tender mind
 Be, Lord, on me bestowed ;
 So shall I still the blessing gain,
 And to eternal life retain
 The mercy of my God.
- 5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart,
 Bless me with purity of heart,
 That now beholding Thee,
 I soon may view Thy open face,
 On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,
 And God for ever see !
- 6 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
 The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
 But for true holiness,
 Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred ;
 And Thee, my sanctifying Lord,
 In life and death confess.
- 7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
 And suffer for Thy righteous cause,
 Pronounce me doubly blest :
 And let Thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
 Assure me of my great reward,
 In heaven's eternal feast.
-

For Believers Watching.

670

(481)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1719.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul !
 Say to me now, " Awake, awake !
 And Christ shall make thee whole."
 Lay to Thy mighty hand ;
 Alarm me in this hour ;
 And make me fully understand
 The thunder of Thy power !

- 2 Give me on Thee to call,
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.
 For each assault prepared
 And ready may I be ;
 For ever standing on my guard,
 And looking up to Thee.
- 3 O ! do Thou always warn
 My soul of evil near !
 When to the right or left I turn,
 Thy voice still let me hear :
 " Come back ! this is the way ;
 Come back, and walk herein !"
 O may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin !
- 4 Thou seest my feebleness ;
 Jesus, be Thou my power,
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.
 Give me to trust in Thee ;
 Be Thou my sure abode ;
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour, and my God.
- 5 Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep ;
 But strength in Thee I surely have,
 Whose eye-lids never sleep :
 My soul to Thee alone
 Now therefore I commend ;
 Thou, Jesus, love me as Thy own,
 And love me to the end.

671

(482)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

FATHER, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 My longing eyes, and restless heart :
 Before the morning watch I rise,
 And wait to taste how good Thou art,

- To' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
 The saving power of Jesu's name.
- 2 This slumber from my soul, O shake !
 Warn by Thy Spirit's inward call ;
 Let me to righteousness awake,
 And pray that I no more may fall,
 Or give to sin or Satan place,
 But walk in all Thy righteous ways.
- 3 O wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy servant guard,
 'Gainst every known or secret foe,
 A mind for all assaults prepared,
 A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
 Ever apprised of danger nigh,
 And when to fight, and when to fly.
- 4 O never suffer me to sleep
 Secure within the verge of hell ;
 But still my watchful spirit keep
 In lowly awe, and loving zeal ;
 And bless me with a godly fear,
 And plant that guardian-angel here !
- 5 Attended by the sacred dread,
 And wise from evil to depart,
 Let me from strength to strength proceed,
 And rise to purity of heart ;
 Through all the paths of duty move,
 From humble faith to perfect love.

672

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- GOD of all grace and majesty,
 Supreme great and good !
 If I have mercy found with Thee,
 Through the atoning blood ;
- 2 The guard of all Thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear, lest I should ever grieve
 The gracious Spirit Divine.
- 3 If mercy is indeed with Thee,
 May I obedient prove ;

- Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against Thy love :
- 4 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.
- 5 Rather I would in darkness mourn
 The absence of Thy peace,
 Than e'er by light irreverence turn
 Thy grace to wantonness.
- 6 Rather I would, in painful awe,
 Beneath Thine anger move,
 Than sin against the gospel law
 Of liberty and love.
- 7 But, O ! Thou would'st not have me live
 In bondage, grief, or pain ;
 Thou dost not take delight to grieve
 The helpless sons of men :
- 8 Thy will is my salvation, Lord ;
 And let it now take place !
 And let me tremble at Thy word
 Of reconciling grace.
- 9 Still may I walk as in Thy sight,
 My strict Observer see ;
 And Thou by reverent love unite
 My child-like heart to Thee :
- 10 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide ;
 So shall He lift me up at last,
 And seat me by His side.

673

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- I** WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire ;

- To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved Thy love.
- 6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul ;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole !

674

(590)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day :
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with Thy whole armour arm ;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near ;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see Thy gathering frown,
And feel Thy warning eye ;
And starting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die !

- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart !
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful *Peter's* heart.
- 5 In me Thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like Thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Ready prepared, and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness, to' appear
 Before Thy glorious face.

675

(514)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, my Master, and my Lord,
 I would Thy will obey,
 Humbly receive Thy warning word,
 And always watch and pray.
- 2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
 In some unguarded hour ;
 And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
 And watches to devour.
- 3 But worse than all my foes, I find
 The enemy within,
 The evil heart, the carnal mind,
 Mine own insidious sin.
- 4 My nature every moment waits
 To render me secure,
 And all my paths with ease besets,
 To make my ruin sure.
- 5 But Thou hast given a loud alarm ;
 And Thou shalt still prepare
 My soul for all assaults, and arm
 With never-ceasing prayer.
- 6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
 Who on Thy love depend ;
 But still Thy faithful servant keep,
 And save me to the end !

676

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, bestow the power,
Who gavest the command :
Unwearied on Thyself, my Tower,
Enable me to stand ;
- 2 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed ;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
- 3 O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above ;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love !
- 4 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join ;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine :
- 5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me sue to Thee for aid,
To Thee my weakness show ;
- 6 Hang on Thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.
- 7 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
- 8 Still may I cleave to Thee,
And never more depart,
But watch, with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.
- 9 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath ;

- 10 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with Thee to reign !

677

(483)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend ;
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer ;
- 2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings ;
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings ;--
- 3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
“Return, and walk in Christ thy Way ;
Fly back to Christ ; for sin is near.”
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide ;
Till all the stony He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat ;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the Rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;
O reach me out Thy gracious hand !
Only on Thee for help I call :
Only by faith in Thee I stand.

678

(591)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear
My utter helplessness reveal !

- Satan and sin are always near ;
 Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O that to Thee my constant mind
 Might with an even flame aspire,
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And mark the risings of desire !
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly
 The first abhorred approach of ill ;
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 The slightest touch of sin to feel !
- 4 Till Thou anew my soul create,
 Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
 Humbly and confidently wait,
 And long to see the perfect day.

679

(599)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mat. v. 13.

- A**H, Lord, with trembling I confess,
 A gracious soul may fall from grace ;
 The salt may lose its seasoning power,
 And never, never find it more !
- 2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
 Each moment knit my soul to Thee ;
 And lead me to the mount above,
 Through the low vale of humble love.

680

(515)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**ARK, how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound,
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
 The powers of hell surround :
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare ;
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war !
- 2 See, in the mountain top,
 The standard of your God !
 In Jesu's name I lift it up,
 All stained with hallowed blood.

His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh !
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head ;
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory.
 All power to Him is given ;
 He ever reigns the same ;
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven
 Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God ;
 In faith your foes assail ;
 Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
 But all the powers of hell :
 From thrones of glory driven,
 By flaming vengeance hurled,
 They throng the air, and darken heaven,
 And rule the lower world.

681

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

ANGELS your march oppose,
 Who still in strength excel,
 Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible :
 With rage that never ends,
 Their hellish arts they try,
 Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
 And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the' usurpers reign,
 Exert their baleful power ;
 O'er the poor fallen sons of men
 They tyrannize their hour :
 But shall believers fear ?
 But shall believers fly ?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy ?

- 3 Jesu's tremendous name
 Puts all our foes to flight :
 Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
 A Lion is in fight.
 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow ;
 And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
 We still to conquer go.
- 4 Our Captain leads us on ;
 He beckons from the skies,
 And reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize :
 " Be faithful unto death ;
 Partake My victory ;
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shalt reign with Me."

682

(592)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Lev. viii. 35.

- A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live ;
 And O ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely ;
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

683

(594)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- B**E it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude ;

Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart !
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given ;
And let me through Thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

684

(593)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Neh. v. 9.

WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame ;
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for His glorious name,
We ought in all His paths to move,
With holy fear, and humble love.

- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart ;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

For Believers Working.

685

(617)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

SUMMONED my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy Name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

- 2 End of my every action Thou !
In all things Thee I see :
Accept my hallowed labour now ;
I do it unto Thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious eyes ;

Jesus, this mean oblation join
To Thy great Sacrifice.

- 4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work He then shall own ;
Well pleased with me, when mine Thou art,
And I His favoured son.

686

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us !

- 2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise ;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.
- 3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free ;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

687

(618)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face :
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive ;
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed Name !
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on Thee alone :
Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;
Thy will by all be done !

- 3 Spirit of Faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart ;
 Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
 With all Thou hast, and art :
 My feeble mind transform,
 And, perfectly renewed,
 Into a saint exalt a worm,
 A worm exalt to God !

688

(616)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- F**ORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue ;
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
 O let me cheerfully fulfil !
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy acceptable will.
 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
 And labour on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.
 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray ;
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to Thy glorious day.
 5 For Thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

689

(619)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- L**O ! I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will ;
 Him in outward works pursue,
 And serve His pleasure still.
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,
 I still would choose the better part ;
 Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
 And loving *Mary's* heart.

- 2 Careful, without care, I am,
 Nor feel my happy toil,
 Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
 Supported by His smile :
 Joyful thus my faith to show,
 I find His service my reward ;
 Every work I do below,
 I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
 Dost all my burdens bear !
 Lift my heart to things above,
 And fix it ever there !
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
 'Midst busy multitudes alone,
 Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
 Till all Thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
 Before I hence remove !
 Now my treasure and my heart
 Are all laid up above :
 Far above all earthly things,
 While yet my hands are here employed,
 Sees my soul the King of kings,
 And freely talks with God.
- 5 O that all the art might know
 Of living thus to Thee !
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here Thy glory see !
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By Thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see Thy glorious face !

690

(620)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Exod. xiii. 21.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of Thy protecting love :

Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

691

(615)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Lev. vi. 13.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And, trembling, to its Source return,
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus ! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

692

(596)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. iii. 19.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me Thy Spirit dwell !
In me Thy bowels move !
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

693

S.M.

BENAR. 1861.

- M**AKE use of me, my God !
 Let me not be forgot ;
 A broken vessel cast aside,
 One whom Thou needest not.
- 2 I am Thy creature, Lord ;
 And made by hands Divine ;
 And I am part, however mean,
 Of this great world of Thine.
- 3 Thou usest all Thy works,
 The weakest things that be ;
 Each has a service of its own,
 For all things wait on Thee.
- 4 Thou usest the high stars,
 The tiny drops of dew,
 The giant peak and little hill ;—
 My God, Oh use me too !
- 5 All things do serve Thee here,
 All creatures, great and small ;
 Make use of me, of me, my God,
 The meanest of them all !

694

S.M.

BENAR. 1860.

- M**AKE haste, O man, to live,
 For thou so soon must die ;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
 How swift its moments fly.
 Make haste, O man, to live !
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
 To move in idleness through earth,
 This, this is not to live !
 Make haste, O man, to live !
- 3 Make haste, O man, to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.
 Make haste, O man, to live !

4 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away ;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work, and pray !
 Make haste, O man, to live !

5 The useful, not the great,
 The thing that never dies ;
 The silent toil that is not lost,—
 Set these before thine eyes.
 Make haste, O man, to live !

6 Make haste, O man, to live,
 Thy time is almost o'er ;
 O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
 The Judge is at the door.
 Make haste, O man, to live !

695

L.M.

(1861).

- I**F grief in heaven might find a place,
 And shame the worshippers bow down,
 Who meet the Saviour face to face,
 'Twould be to wear a starless crown ;
- 2 Nor find in all that countless host,
 We meet before th' eternal throne,
 Who once like us were sinners lost,
 Any to say we led them home.
- 3 The Son, to do His Father's will,
 Could lay His own bright crown aside,
 The law's stern mandate to fulfil,
 Poured out His blood for us, and died !
- 4 Shall we, who know His wondrous love,
 While here below, sit idly down ?
 Ah ! then,—if we reach heaven above,
 'Twill be to wear a starless crown.
- 5 O may it ne'er of me be said,
 No soul that's saved by grace Divine,
 Has called for blessings on my head,
 Or linked its destiny with mine !

696

L.M.

BONAR. 1856.

- GO labour on ; spend, and be spent,—
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
 Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
 The Master praises,—what are men ?
- 3 Go labour on, while it is day,
 The world's dark night is hastening on ;
 Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
 It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Men die in darkness at your side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
 Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
 The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
 Be wise the erring soul to win ;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal, Behold, I come !
-

For Believers Suffering.

697

(517)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Thee, Saviour, we adore ;
 Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
 And magnify Thy power.
- 2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
 Shall make us all entire ;

We now Thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburn'd in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide ;
Surrounded and upheld by Thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

698

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress ;
The soul, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul, by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast,
'Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears :
It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget mine every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

3 Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind :
In deep affliction blest
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distrest,
Thine all-sufficient love.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill,

What though created streams are dry,
 I have the Fountain still.
 Stripp'd of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in One :
 And peace, and joy, that never ends,
 And heaven, in Christ alone !

699

7s.

MILMAN. 1827.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Jesus, Son of David, hear !

2 Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
 Thou, our mortal grief hast borne ;
 Thou hast shed the bitter tear ;
 Jesus, Son of David, hear !

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
 Thou Thy precious blood hast shed ;
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
 Jesus, Son of David, hear !

4 When the heart is sad within,
 With the thought of all its sin ;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Jesus, Son of David, hear !

5 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known ;
 Though the sins were not Thine own,
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
 Jesus, Son of David, hear !

700

(519)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast Thou done,
 What hast Thou suffer'd on the tree ?
 Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,
 Obedient unto death for me ?
 The mystery of Thy passion show,
 The end of all Thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
 Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine ;

- Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
 To change my human to divine ;
 To cleanse from all iniquity,
 And make the sinner all like Thee.
- 3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
 My bleeding SACRIFICE expired ;
 But didst Thou not my PATTERN die,
 That, by Thy glorious Spirit fired,
 Faithful to death I might endure,
 And make the crown by suffering sure ?
- 4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
 That I might in Thy footsteps tread ;
 Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
 And groan and bow with Thee my head ;
 Thy dying in my body bear,
 And all Thy state of suffering share.
- 5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
 Shall as his perfect Master be ;
 To all Thy inward life restored,
 And outwardly conform'd to Thee ;
 Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,
 And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.
- 6 This is the straight and royal way,
 That leads us to the courts above ;
 Here let me ever, ever stay,
 Till, on the wings of perfect love,
 I take my last triumphant flight,
 From Calvary's to Sion's height.

701

(236)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- T**HOU, Lord, hast blest my going out ;
 O bless my coming in !
 Compass my weakness round about,
 And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in Thy secret place,
 Thy tabernacle spread ;
 Shelter me with preserving grace,
 And screen my naked head.

- 3 To Thee, for refuge, may I run,
 From sin's alluring snare ;
 Ready its first approach to shun,
 And watching unto prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more
 Might from Thy ways depart !
 Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
 By giving Thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,
 And then from earth release ;
 I ask not life, but let me love,
 And lay me down in peace.

702

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Luke ix. 23.

- M**ASTER, I own Thy lawful claim,
 Thine, wholly Thine, I long to be !
 Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
 Where'er Thou goest, to follow Thee ;
 Myself in all things to deny ;
 Thine, wholly Thine, to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
 For Thee I cheerfully forego ;
 My covetous and vain desires,
 My hopes of happiness below ;
 My senses' and my passions' food,
 And all my thirst for creature-good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
 Shall lead my captive soul astray :
 My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to' obey ;
 My own in all things to resign,
 And know no other will but Thine.
- 4 All power is Thine in earth and heaven ;
 All fulness dwells in Thee alone ;
 Whate'er I have was freely given :
 Nothing but sin I call my own ;
 Other propriety disclaim ;
 Thou only art the great I AM.

- 5 Wherefore to Thee I all resign ;
 Being Thou art, and Love, and Power ;
 Thy only will be done, not mine !
 Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore !
 Flow back the rivers to the sea,
 And let our all be lost in Thee !

703

(562)

S.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

Trust in Providence.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

- COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To Him commend thy cause, His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
 Father, Thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.
- 6 And whatso'er Thou will'st,
 Thou dost, O King of kings ;
 What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings.
- 7 Thou everywhere hast sway,
 And all things serve Thy might ;
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.

- 8 When Thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall Thy work withstand ?
 Whate'er Thy children want, Thou giv'st ;
 Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?

704

(563)

S.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

PART II.

- G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismayed :
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night !
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 Bid every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not ?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well !
- 5 Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose, and to command ;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His way
 How wise, how strong His hand !
- 6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee ;
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
- 8 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy Love, and Guardian Care !

705

(520)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY, 1749.

- COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel ;
 A while forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears,
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 The saints' secure abode :
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before His face appear,
 And by His side sit down :
 To patient faith the prize is sure ;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope ;
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see ;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on His throne,
 The glorious co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, one and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And, lo ! we fall before His feet,
 And silence heightens heaven.

- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at Thy footstool fall ;
 Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is All in All !

706

(167)

C.M.

WATTS. 1700.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled ;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

707

8s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Sam. xvi. 10.

- L**ORD, I adore Thy gracious will ;
 Through every instrument of ill
 My Father's goodness see ;
 Accept the complicated wrong
 Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
 As kind rebukes from Thee !

708

(521)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- C**AST on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall His salvation see,
 According to His word :

Credence to His word I give ;
 My Saviour in distresses past
 Will not now His servant leave,
 But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
 To me Thou oft hast proved ;
 Oft observed my silent tears,
 And challenged Thy beloved :
 Mercy to my rescue flew,
 And Death ungrasped his fainting prey ;
 Pain before Thy face withdrew,
 And Sorrow fled away.

3 Now, as yesterday, the same ;
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on Thy Word and Name
 I steadfastly rely ;
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promised joy I soon shall have ;
 Saved again, to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.

4 To Thy blessed will resigned,
 And stayed on Thee alone,
 I Thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own ;
 Compassed round with songs of praise,
 My all to my Redeemer give ;
 Spread Thy miracles of grace,
 And to Thy glory live.

709

(522)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

FATHER, in the Name, I pray
 Of Thy Incarnate Love ;
 Humbly ask, that as my day
 My suffering strength may prove :
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let Thy strongest joys be given :
 Jesus, come with my distress,
 And agony is heaven !

- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me !
 Me, whom Thou hast caused to trust
 For more than life in Thee :
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till, like burnished gold, I shine,
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the Face Divine.

710

(523)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- E**TERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath, and heaven above :
- 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
 Give me Thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
 Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
 And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace !"
 Say to my trembling heart, " Be still !"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
- 6 Ò Death ! where is thy sting ? Where now
 Thy boasted victory, O Grave ?
 Who shall contend with God ? or who
 Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

711

(524)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of C. F. RICHTER—1676-1711.

THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;

- My longing heart implores Thy grace ;
O make me in Thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see ;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by Thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow ;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone Thou hast the winepress trod :
In me Thy strength'ning grace be shown ;
O may I conquer through Thy blood !
- 6 So, when on Sion Thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at Thy right hand,
And free from pain Thy glories sing.

712

(525)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

FROM THE GERMAN.

- O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean !
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way !
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, My God, art near.

- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

713

888.4. or L.M.

C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,—
 Thy will be done!
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,
 Thy will be done!
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 Thy will be done!
- 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield Thee what was Thine;
 Thy will be done!
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father! still I strive to say,—
 Thy will be done!
- 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
 Thy will be done!

- 7 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with Thine ; and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done !
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
 Thy will be done !

714

6s D.

Schmolk. eb. 1737.

Hymns from the LAND of LUTHER. 1854.

- M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 Oh, may Thy will be mine !
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow, or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon ;
 And if all else should fail—
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If loved ones must depart,
 Suffer not sorrow's flood
 To overwhelm my heart :
 For they are blest with Thee,
 Their race and conflict won,
 Let me but follow them—
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 All shall be well for me,
 Each changing future scene,
 I gladly trust with Thee.

Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

715

(583)

C.M.

BEDDOME. 1787.

- M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God, are in Thy hand !
 My choicest comforts come from Thee,
 And go at Thy command.
- 2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine :
 Before they were possessed by me,
 They were entirely Thine.
- 3 What is the world with all its store ?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet :
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking thorn I meet.
- 4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mixed with gall ;
 'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
 Be Thou my All in all.

716

6s.

H. BONAR. 1856.

- T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine ; so let the way

- That leads to it be Thine ;
 Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill ;
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All !

717

(572)

10s & 11s.

NEWTON. 1779.

- B**E GONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide :
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite
 through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ? He told me no less ;
 The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
 Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might live :
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine :
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?

- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food :
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song !

718

6s & 5s.

F. E. COX. 1841.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. S. OSWALD, 1793.

OH ! let him whose sorrow no relief can find,
 Trust in God, and borrow ease for heart
 and mind.

Where the mourner, weeping, sheds the secret
 tear,

God His watch is keeping, though none else is
 near.

- 2 God will never leave us, all our wants He knows,
 Feels the pains that grieve us, sees our cares and
 woes.

When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear,
 Who His children's anguish soothes with succour
 near.

- 3 All our woe and sadness in this world below,
 Equal not the gladness we in heaven shall know,
 When our gracious Saviour, in the realms above,
 Crowns us with His favour, fills us with His love.

719

(571)

C.M.

BEDDOME. 1787.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears ;
 Be mercy all your theme :

Mercy, which like a river flows
 In one continued stream.

- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
 God will these powers restrain ;
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

- 3 Fear not the want of outward good ;
 He will for His provide :
 Grant them supplies of daily food,
 And give them heaven beside.

- 4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone :
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in His wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, His power protects,
His grace rewards, the just.

720

(578)

C.M.

RYLAND. 1777.

- O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same :
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name !
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near ;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil !
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

721

11s. or 10s & 11s.

KIRKHAM. 1787.

- H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth—
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, [be.
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
I'll never—no never—no never forsake. [shake

722

(391)

5,5,5,11.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- C**OME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
- 2 Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 3 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
- 4 No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

- 5 A country of joy, without any alloy,
 We thither repair :
 Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
- 6 We march, hand in hand, to Immanuel's land ;
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth ; for eternity's near.
- 7 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay ;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
- 8 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past ;
 The troubles that come,
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

723

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, Thy Sovereign Name I bless !
 Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease
 To those that trust in Thee :
 All things together work for good,
 To me, the purchase of Thy blood,
 The much-loved sinner me.
- 2 As sure as now Thy cross I bear,
 I shall Thy heavenly kingdom share,
 And take my seat above ;
 Celestial joy is in this pain,
 It tells me I with Thee shall reign,
 In everlasting love.
- 3 The more my sufferings here increase,
 The greater is my future bliss ;
 And Thou my griefs dost tell :
 They in Thy book are noted down ;
 A jewel added to my crown
 Is every pain I feel.
- 4 So be it then, if Thou ordain,
 Crowd all my happy life with pain,
 And let me daily die :
 I bow, and bless the sacred sign,
 And bear the cross, by grace divine,
 Which lifts me to the sky.

Seeking for Full Redemption.

724

(237)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Jer. xlv. 4; xxxi 33.

- THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew :
 My soul shall then, like Thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by Love Divine,
 For ever cease from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of Thine,
 Jesus, to me impart :
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart !
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove ;
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to Thee.
 Soul of my soul remain !
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will.

725

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mat. xxvii. 46. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

- O JESUS, let Thy dying cry
 Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
 Its evils cure, its wants supply,
 And bid my unbelief depart.
- 2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
 Prepare for Thee the holiest place ;
 Then, O essential Love, come in !
 And fill Thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to Thy word,
 A tender, contrite heart receive,
 Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
 And never can itself forgive :

4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
 A heart that cannot faithless prove,
 A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
 All praise, all meekness, and all love.

726

(238)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mic. vii. 20. Mat. xv. 23. Mark ix. 23.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
 Thy faithful promise seal !
 Thy word, Thy oath, to Abraham's race,
 In us, e'en us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
 Thy image here retrieve ;
 And in the presence of our Lord
 The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
 Which cannot ask in vain ;
 Which holds, and will not let Thee go,
 Till I my suit obtain :

4 Till Thou into my soul inspire
 The perfect love unknown,
 And tell my infinite desire,
 " Whate'er thou wilt, be done !"

5 But is it possible that I
 Should live and sin no more ?
 Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
 The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow,
 Which doth the mountain move ;
 And all my spotless life shall show
 The' omnipotence of love.

727

(484)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of G. TERSTEEGEN and P. GERHARDT.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would ; but though my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live.
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive !
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !
- 6 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there.
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry !

- 7 Ah no ! ne'er will I backward turn ;
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;
 Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame !
 O help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of Thy love !
- 8 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 " I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

728

(239)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels Thy blood
 So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe :
 Jesus, for Thee distressed I am,
 I want Thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest,
 Till Thou create my peace ;
 Till, of my Eden re-possess,
 From every sin I cease.

- 7 Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
 Bestow that peace unknown,
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best Name of Love.

729

(559)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- Y**E ransomed sinners, hear,
 The prisoners of the Lord,
 And wait till Christ appear,
 According to His word :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 Let others hug their chains,
 For sin and Satan plead,
 And say from sin's remains,
 They never can be freed :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 In God we put our trust ;
 If we our sins confess,
 Faithful He is, and just,
 From all unrighteousness
 To cleanse us all, both you and me ;
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Surely in us the hope
 Of glory shall appear ;
 Sinners, your heads lift up,
 And see Redemption near :
 Again I say, rejoice with me ;
 We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
 My fellow-prisoners now,
 Ye soon the wreath shall wear
 On your triumphant brow :

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise ;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in His grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

730

(241)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

JESUS, my Life ! Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to Thy death.

- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with Thy rebel strive ;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive !
- 3 More of Thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway ;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode ;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God !

731

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

Isaiah xxxv.

HEAVENLY Father, Sovereign Lord,
 Ever faithful to Thy word,
 Humbly we our seal set to,
 Testify that Thou art true.
 Lo ! for us the wilds are glad,
 All in cheerful green arrayed ;
 Opening sweets they all disclose,
 Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark ! the wastes have found a voice ;
 Lonely deserts now rejoice,
 Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
 All around with praises ring.
 Lo ! abundantly they bloom ;
 Lebanon is hither come ;
 Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
 Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
 Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
 We behold (the abjects, we !)
 Christ, the' Incarnate Deity,
 Christ, in whom Thy glories shine,
 Excellence of strength Divine.

4 Ye that tremble at His frown,
 He shall lift your hands cast down ;
 Christ, who all your weakness sees,
 He shall prop your feeble knees.
 Ye of fearful heart, be strong ;
 Jesus will not tarry long ;
 Fear not lest His truth should fail :
 Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God, shall surely come,
 Quell your foes, and seal their doom ;
 He shall come and save you too :
 We, O Lord, have found Thee true !

Blind we were, but now we see ;
 Deaf, we hearken now to Thee ;
 Dumb, for Thee our tongues employ ;
 Lame, and, lo ! we leap for joy.

- 6 Faint we were, and parched with drought,
 Water at Thy word gushed out ;
 Streams of grace our thirst repress,
 Starting from the wilderness.
 Still we gasp Thy grace to know ;
 Here for ever let it flow ;
 Make the thirsty land a pool,
 Fix the Spirit in our soul.

732

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

WHERE the ancient Dragon lay,
 Open for Thyself a way !

There let holy tempers rise,
 All the fruits of Paradise.
 Lead us in the way of peace,
 In the path of righteousness,
 Never by the sinner trod,
 Till he feels the cleansing blood.

- 2 There the simple cannot stray ;
 Babes, though blind, may find the way,
 Find, nor ever thence depart,
 Safe in lowliness of heart ;
 Far from fear, from danger far ;
 No devouring beast is there ;
 There the humble walk secure,
 God hath made their footsteps sure.
- 3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 Let our lot be cast with them ;
 Far from earth our souls remove,
 Ransom'd by Thy dying love.
 Leave us not below to mourn ;
 Fain we would to Thee return,
 Crown'd with righteousness, arise
 Far above these nether skies.

- 4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face ;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of Thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy ;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy ;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

733

(242)

4-7s.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

From the German of ANNA DOBER.

HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be !

- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast !
See I pant in Thee to rest !
Gladly would I now be clean :
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind ;
To Thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God !
Take the purchase of Thy blood !
- 5 Who in heart on Thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives ;
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see ! the flame,
Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day !
- 7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee ;
When Thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power Divine,
 Love unspeakable, are Thine :
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven !

734 (243) L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1740.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire !
 Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
 Now to my soul Thyself reveal :
 Thy mighty working let me feel,
 And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
 That God, my God, inhabits there,
 Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
 Eternal Light's coeval Beam,—
 Be Christ in me, and I in Him,
 Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt Thou my whole heart subdue ?
 Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
 Emptied of pride, and self, and hell :
 Less than the least of all Thy store
 Of mercies, I myself abhor :
 All, all my vileness may I feel.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
 O may I as a little child,
 My lowly Master's steps pursue !
 Be anger to my soul unknown :
 Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone ;
 In love create Thou all things new.

5 Let earth no more my heart divide ;
 With Christ may I be crucified,
 To Thee with my whole soul aspire ;
 Dead to the world and all its toys,
 Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
 Be Thou alone my one desire !

- 6 Be Thou my joy, be Thou my dread ;
 In battle cover Thou my head ;
 Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear ;
 I then shall turn my steady face,—
 Want, pain defy,—enjoy disgrace,—
 Glory in dissolution near.
- 7 My will be swallowed up in Thee ;
 Light in Thy light still may I see,
 Beholding Thee with open face ;
 Called the full power of faith to prove,
 Let all my hallowed heart be love,
 And all my spotless life be praise.
- 8 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening Fire !
 My consecrated heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood ;
 Still to my soul Thyself reveal ;
 Thy mighty working may I feel,
 And know that I am one with God.

735

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- J**ESUS, Thou art our King !
 To me Thy succour bring ;
 Christ, the Mighty One, art Thou ;
 Help for all on Thee is laid ;
 This the word ; I claim it now ;
 Send me now the promised aid.
- 2 High on Thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down !
 Help, O help ! attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity :
 King of Glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me !
- 3 I pant to feel Thy sway,
 And only Thee to' obey ;
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet ;
 This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
 Make, O make my heart Thy seat,
 O set up Thy kingdom there !

- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread Thy victory ;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue ; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer, go.

736

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of JOHN ANASTASIUS FRYLINGHAUSEN—1670-1739.

- O** JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows ;
Fairest among ten thousand fair !
E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear.
- 2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began ;
Thou, when the' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.
- 3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain ;
Thou, by Thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God !
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage ;
None can withstand Thy conquering blood.
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To Thy dread sceptre will I bow :
With dutious reverence at Thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo ! I sit ;
Speak, Lord ! Thy servant heareth now.
- 5 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me ;
Lowly and gentle may I be ;
No charms but these to Thee are dear :
No anger may'st Thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there !

- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Ssprings forth obedient to Thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All !

737

(244)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- E**VER fainting with desire,
For Thee, O Christ, I call ;
Thee I restlessly require ;
I want my God, my All !
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait Thy coming from above :
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt Thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days ?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace ?
Wilt Thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove ;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 3 Lord, if I on Thee believe,
The second gift impart ;
With the' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart :
If with love Thy heart is stored,
If now o'er me Thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 4 Let me gain my calling's hope ;
O make the sinner clean !
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the' entail of sin :
Take me into Thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove,

- Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 5 Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My Portion here below ;
Nothing would I seek but Thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My Heaven on earth, my Heaven above !
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in Thee ;
Son of God, Thyself reveal,
Engrave Thy name on me ;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove ;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

738

(245)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in CHRIST JESUS.—Phil. ii. 5.

- J**ESU, shall I never be,
Firmly grounded upon Thee ?
Never by Thy work abide,
Never in Thy wounds reside ?
- 2 O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind !
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart !
- 3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable :
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul Thy Name.
- 4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel Thee nigh ;
Steadfastly behold Thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.

- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in Thee ;
Settled peace I then shall find ;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.
- 6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined ;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.
- 7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will ;
Be in all alike resigned ;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.
- 9 When I feel it fixed within,
I shall have no power to sin ;
How shall sin an entrance find ?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.
- 10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and Him crucified ;
Perfectly to Him be joined ;
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.
- 11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,—
God so good, so true, so kind :
Jesu's is a *thankful* mind.
- 12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure ;
Be no more to sin inclined ;
Jesu's is a *constant* mind.
- 13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord ;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

739

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LORD, I believe Thy every word,
Thy every promise, true ;
And, lo ! I wait on Thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth Thy praise ;
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name ;
Let Him who raised Thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live Thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain ;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I Thy love, retrieve ;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean ;
Able Thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.
- 7 Surely Thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt Thyself impart ;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.
- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew,
The excellence divine
(If Thou art good, if Thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.
- 9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

- 10 For this in steadfast hope I wait ;
 Now, Lord, my soul restore ;
 Now the new heavens and earth create,
 And I shall sin no more.

740

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Matt. vi. 10.

- J**ESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 In whom I now believe,
 As taught by Thee, in faith I pray,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the choirs above,
 Who always see Thee on Thy throne,
 And glory in Thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
 That I may do Thy will,
 As angels, who behold Thy face,
 And all Thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
 Shall serve Thee without fear ;
 My heart no longer gives the lie
 To my deceitful prayer.
- 5 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
 I shall be pure within,
 Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
 For angels never sin.
- 6 From Thee no more shall I depart,
 No more unfaithful prove :
 But love Thee with a constant heart ;
 For angels always love.
- 7 I all Thy holy will shall prove,
 I, a weak, sinful worm,
 When Thee with all my heart I love,
 Shall all Thy law perform.
- 8 The graces of my second birth
 To me shall all be given ;
 And I shall do Thy will on earth,
 As angels do in heaven.

741

(355)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- CHRIST, my hidden Life, appear,
Soul of my inmost soul !
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole !
Now in me Thyself display ;
Surely Thou in all things art ;
I from all things turn away
To seek Thee in my heart !
- 2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice !
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.
- 3 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward Voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.
- 4 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold ;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold !
Teach the lesson of Thy cross,
Let me die with Thee to reign !
All things let me count but loss,
So I may Thee regain !
- 5 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin ;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within :

Take me, whom Thyself hast bought !
 Bring into captivity
 Every high aspiring thought,
 That would not stoop to Thee !

- 6 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,
 My soul to Thee convert !
 Thou canst make me understand,
 Though I am slow of heart :
 Thine, in whom I live and move,
 Thine the work, the praise is Thine ;
 Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
 And all Thou art is mine !

742

(560)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Dan. iii.

GOD of Israel's faithful Three
 Who braved a tyrant's ire,
 Nobly scorned to bow the knee
 And walked unhurt in fire ;
 Breathe their faith into my breast ;
 Arm me in this fiery hour ;
 Stand, O Son of Man, confest
 In all Thy saving power !

- 2 For while Thou, my Lord, art nigh,
 My soul disdains to fear ;
 Sin and Satan I defy,
 Still impotently near ;
 Earth and hell their wars may wage,
 Calm I mark their vain design,
 Smile to see them idly rage
 Against a child of Thine.

- 3 Unto Thee, my Help, my Hope,
 My Safeguard, and my Tower,
 Confident I still look up,
 And still receive Thy power :
 All the alien's hosts I chase,
 Blast and scatter with mine eyes ;
 Satan comes ; I turn my face,
 And lo ! the Tempter flies !

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
 Awhile subsists in chains ;
 But Thou all Thy power shalt show,
 And slay its last remains :
 Thou hast conquered my desire,
 Thou shalt quench it with Thy blood,
 Fill me with a purer fire,
 And make me all like God.

743

(550)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Rom. iv. 16, &c.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 My Saviour, and my Head,
 I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
 Hath raised Him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence He died,
 And rose again for me,
 Fully and freely justified,
 That I might live to Thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
 Thou hast in Jesus given ;
 And all who seek, in Him shall find
 The happiness of heaven.

4 O God ! Thy record I believe,
 In Abraham's footsteps tread ;
 And wait, expecting to receive
 The Christ, the promised Seed.

5 Faith in Thy power Thou seest I have,
 For Thou this faith hast wrought ;
 Dead souls Thou callest from their grave,
 And speakest worlds from nought.

6 Things that are not, as though they were,
 Thou callest by their name ;
 Present with Thee the future are,
 With Thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, against all human hope,
 Self-desperate, I believe :
 Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
 Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

- 8 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
 But faithful is my Lord ;
 Through unbelief I stagger not,
 For God hath spoke the word.
- 9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone ;
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And cries, " It shall be done ! "
- 10 To Thee the glory of Thy power,
 And faithfulness I give ;
 I shall in Christ, in that glad hour,
 And Christ in me shall live.
- 11 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove :
 But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.

744

(246)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- M**Y God ! I know, I feel Thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in Thine,
 And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
 But will not let Thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all Thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
 That plants my God in me !
 Spirit of health, and life, and power,
 And perfect liberty !
- 4 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad ;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,
 The strength of sin subdue,
 (Mine own unconquerable sin,)
 And form my soul anew.

- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Softens, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamant heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come !
- 9 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for His glory burn,
And always see His face.
- 11 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

745

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see Thy glorious face,
I seek redemption through Thy blood.
- 2 Now in Thy strength I strive with Thee,
My Friend and Advocate with God ;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Give me the purchase of Thy blood.
- 3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive ;
Surely Thy death shall raise me up,
For Thou hast died that I might live.

- 4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
 Me from the gospel hope shall move ;
 I shall receive the gracious power,
 And find the pearl of perfect love.
- 5 Though nature gives my God the lie,
 I all His truth and grace shall know ;
 I shall, the helpless creature, I
 Shall perfect holiness below.
- 6 My flesh, which cries, " It cannot be,"
 Shall silence keep before the Lord ;
 And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
 At Jesu's everlasting word.

746

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

James iii. 2. Psalm ciii. 3.

- W**HAT! never speak one evil word,
 Or rash, or idle, or unkind !
 O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
 This mark of true perfection find !
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal ;
 Thy Spirit's plenitude impart ;
 And all my spotless life shall tell
 The' abundance of a loving heart.
- 3 Saviour, I long to testify
 The fulness of Thy saving grace ;
 O might Thy Spirit the blood apply,
 Which bought for me the sacred peace.
- 4 Forgive, and make my nature whole ;
 My inbred malady remove ;
 To perfect health restore my soul,
 To perfect holiness and love.

747

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

John iv. 10-14. James i. 27.

JESUS, the Gift Divine I know,
 The Gift Divine I ask of Thee ;
 That living water now bestow—
 Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me ;
 Thou, Lord, of life the Fountain art ;
 Now let me find Thee in my heart.

- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness :
 Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
 In streams of pure, perennial peace,
 In joy, that none can take away,
 In life, which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
 Unblamable before Thy sight,
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow ;
 Mercy, Thy own supreme delight,
 To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
 And plant Thy nature in my heart.
- 4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
 While listening to the wretch's cry,
 The widow's and the orphan's groan,
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
 The poor and helpless to relieve,
 My life, my all, for them to give.
- 5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
 Which purges me from every stain ;
 Unspotted from the world and sin,
 My faith's integrity maintain ;
 The truth of my religion prove,
 By perfect purity and love.

748 (561) L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY, 1712.

- O GOD of my salvation, hear,
 And help a sinner to draw near
 With boldness to the throne of grace :
 Help me Thy benefits to sing,
 And smile to see me feebly bring
 My humble sacrifice of praise.
- 2 I cannot praise Thee as I would ;
 But Thou art merciful and good ;
 I know Thou never wilt despise
 The day of small and feeble things,
 But bear me, till on eagles' wings
 To all the heights of love I rise.

- 3 I thank Thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last,)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven :
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew Him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.
- 4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God ;
Thou didst, Thou didst, Thy peace impart,
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.
- 5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turned again,
And sinned against Thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound ;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thanked my Advocate above.
- 6 Saviour, for this I thank Thee now ;
My Saviour to the utmost, Thou
Hast snatched me from the gates of hell ;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, Thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.
- 7 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free ;
None of Thy mercy need despair ;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, Thy grace declare.
- 8 A vile, backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die ;
Yet still by sovereign grace I live !
Saviour, to Thee, I still look up ;
I see an open door of hope ;
And wait Thy fulness to receive.
- 9 How shall I thank Thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see Thy face,

When sin shall all be purged away !
 The night of doubts and fears is past ;
 The Morning Star appears at last,
 And I shall see the perfect day.

749

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

I SOON shall hear Thy quickening voice,
 Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice ;
 (This is Thy will, and faithful word ;)
 My spirit meek, my will resigned ;
 Lowly as Thine shall be my mind ;
 The servant shall be as his Lord.

- 2 Already, Lord, I feel Thy power ;
 Preserved from evil every hour,
 My great Preserver I proclaim :
 Safety and strength in Thee I have ;
 I find, I find Thee strong to save,
 And know that Jesus is Thy name.
- 3 By faith I every moment stand,
 Strangely upheld by Thy right hand ;
 I my own wickedness eschew ;
 A sinner, I am kept from sin ;
 And Thou shalt make me pure within,
 And Thou shalt form my soul anew.
- 4 Come, then, and loose my stammering tongue,
 Teach me the new, the joyful song,
 And perfect in a babe Thy praise :
 I want a thousand lives to' employ
 In publishing the sounds of joy,
 The gospel of Thy general grace.
- 5 Come, Lord, Thy Spirit bids Thee come ;
 Give me Thyself, and take me home ;
 Be now the glorious earnest given !
 The counsel of Thy grace fulfil ;
 Thy kingdom come, Thy perfect will
 Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

750

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Cor. iii. 17; v. 17. Heb. xi. 5.

O COME, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within!
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.
 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.

- 2 Hasten the joyful day,
 Which shall my sins consume,
 When old things shall be passed away,
 And all things new become.
 The' original offence
 Out of my soul erase;
 Enter Thyself, and drive it hence,
 And take up all the place.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to Thy will and word,
 Well-pleasing in Thy sight.
 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

751

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Gen. ii. 7. Lev. xxvi. 13. Gen. xvii. 1; i. 26.

FATHER, see this living clod,
 This spark of heavenly fire;
 See my soul, the breath of God,
 Doth after God aspire:
 Let it still to heaven ascend,
 Till I my principle rejoin,
 Blended with my glorious end,
 And lost in Love Divine.

- 2 Lord, if Thou from me hast broke
 The power of outward sin,
 Burst this Babylonish yoke,
 And make me free within :
 Bid my inbred sin depart,
 And I Thy utmost word shall prove,
 Upright both in life and heart,
 And perfected in love.
- 3 God of all-sufficient grace,
 My God in Christ Thou art ;
 Bid me walk before Thy face,
 Till I am pure in heart ;
 Till, transformed by faith divine,
 I gain that perfect love unknown,
 Bright in all Thine image shine,
 By putting on Thy Son.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In council join again,
 To restore Thine image lost
 By frail, apostate man :
 Oh might I Thy form express,
 Through faith begotten from above,
 Stamped with real holiness,
 And filled with perfect love !

752

(247)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Ezek. xvi. 62, 63.

- O GOD, most merciful and true !
 Thy nature to my soul impart ;
 'Stablish with me the covenant new,
 And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,
 Oh let me gain my Saviour's mind !
 And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
 That them I may no more forget ;
 But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
 With speechless wonder, at Thy feet.

- 4 O'erwhelmed with Thy stupendous grace,
 I shall not in Thy presence move ;
 But breathe unutterable praise,
 And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
 Expires, in sweet confusion lost ;
 I cannot of my cross complain ;
 I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
 My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
 And glory give to God alone,
 My God for ever pacified !

753

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Deut. xxxii. 39. Ps. cxix. 96.

- D**EEPEN the wound Thy hands have made
 In this weak, helpless soul,
 Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
 Descends to make me whole.
- 2 The sharpness of Thy two-edged sword
 Enable me to' endure ;
 Till bold to say, my hallowing Lord
 Hath wrought a perfect cure.
- 3 I see the' exceeding broad command,
 Which all contains in one :
 Enlarge my heart to understand
 The mystery unknown.
- 4 Oh that with all Thy saints I might
 By sweet experience prove,
 What is the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth, of perfect love !

754

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Psalm xxxix. 8; xlii. 2.

WHAT now is my object and aim ?
 What now is my hope and desire ?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after His image aspire :

- 2 My hope is all centred in Thee ;
 I trust to recover Thy love,
 On earth Thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.
- 3 I thirst for a life-giving God,
 A God that on Calvary died ;
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gushed from Immanuel's side !
- 4 I gasp for the stream of Thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown ;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

755

(248)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Psalm lxxxi. 10.

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
 And open, Lord, my soul,
 Thy own fulness to require,
 And comprehend the whole :
 Stretch my faith's capacity
 Wider, and yet wider still ;
 Then with all that is in Thee
 My soul for ever fill !

756

(249)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1733.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;
 Be Thou alone my constant flame !

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone :
 O may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love !

- 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !
All pain before Thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise :
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 5 My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast showed ;
For me on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood ;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain ;
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain ;
Ah ! soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away !
- 7 O that I, as a little child,
May follow Thee, and never rest
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast !
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with Thee.
- 8 Still let Thy love point out my way !
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought !
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.

- 9 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

757

(121)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening Fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest ;
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come and consecrate my breast !
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix Thy sacred presence there !
- 2 If now Thy influence I feel,
 If now in Thee begin to live,
 Still to my heart Thyself reveal ;
 Give me Thyself, for ever give :
 A point my good, a drop my store,
 Eager I ask, I pant for more.
- 3 Eager for Thee I ask and pant ;
 So strong the principle divine,
 Carries me out with sweet constraint,
 Till all my hallowed soul is Thine ;
 Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
 And lost in Thine immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,
 My treasure, and my all Thou art !
 True witness of my sonship, now
 Engraving pardon on my heart,
 Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 5 Come then, my God, mark out Thine heir
 Of heaven, a larger earnest give !
 With clearer light Thy witness bear ;
 More sensibly within me live ;
 Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp Thyself the seal !

758

(250)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
 That Jesus is Thy healing name ;
 To lose, when perfected in love,
 Whate'er I have, or can, or am :
 I stay me on Thy faithful word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."

- 2 Answer that gracious end in me,
 For which Thy precious life was given ;
 Redeem from all iniquity ;
 Restore, and make me meet for heaven !
 Unless Thou purge my every stain,
 Thy suffering, and my faith are vain.
- 3 Didst Thou not in the flesh appear,
 Sin to condemn, and man to save ?
 That perfect love might cast out fear ?
 That I Thy mind in me might have ?
 In holiness show forth Thy praise,
 And serve Thee all my spotless days ?
- 4 Didst Thou not die, that I might live
 No longer to myself but Thee ?
 Might body, soul, and spirit give
 To Him who gave Himself for me ?
 Come then, my Master, and my God,
 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.
- 5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
 For Thy own truth and mercy's sake ;
 Hallow in me Thy glorious Name ;
 Me for Thine own this moment take,
 And change and thoroughly purify ;
 Thine only may I live and die.

759

(117)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

I WANT the Spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind ;
 Of power, to conquer inbred sin ;
 Of love, to Thee and all mankind ;
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear ?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter ;
Oh come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine !

3 Oh that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again ;
Come and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain :
I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine ?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of Love Divine !
Oh shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

760

(251)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise ?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race !
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me !

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of Love Divine,
The kindness Thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted Thine !
My God for me resigned His breath !
He died to save my soul from death !

- 3 How shall I thank Thee for the grace
 On me and all mankind bestowed ?
 Oh that my every breath were praise !
 Oh that my heart were filled with God !
 My heart would then with love o'erflow,
 And all my life Thy glory show.
- 4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint !
 Me, weary of forbearing, see !
 And let me feel Thy love's constraint,
 And freely give up all for Thee ;
 True in the fiery trial prove,
 And pay Thee back Thy dying love !

761

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O LOVE, I languish at Thy stay !
 I pine for Thee with lingering smart,
 Weary and faint through long delay :
 When wilt Thou come into my heart ?
 From sin and sorrow set me free,
 And swallow up my soul in Thee !
- 2 Come, O Thou universal Good !
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
 The hungry, dying spirit's food,
 The weary, wandering pilgrim's home ;
 Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
 My everlasting rest from sin !
- 3 Be Thou, O Love, whate'er I want ;
 Support my feebleness of mind ;
 Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
 Revive, illuminate the blind ;
 The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
 And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight !
 My strength and health, my shield and sun ;
 My boast, and confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
 My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
 My tree of life, my paradise.

- 5 The secret of the Lord Thou art,
 The mystery so long unknown ;
 Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
 The name inscribed in the white stone ;
 The life divine, the little leaven,
 My precious pearl, my present heaven.

762

(564)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- P**RISONERS of hope, lift up your heads !
 The day of liberty draws near ;
 Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear :
 The Lord will to His temple come ;
 Prepare your hearts to make Him room.
- 2 We all shall find, whom in His word
 Himself hath caused to put our trust,
 The Father of our dying Lord
 Is ever to His promise just ;
 Faithful, if we our sins confess,
 To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe Thee kind,
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove ;
 Surely we shall Thy mercy find ;
 Who ask, shall all receive Thy love ;
 Nor canst Thou it to me deny ;
 I ask, the chief of sinners I !
- 4 O ye of fearful heart, be strong !
 Your downcast eyes and hands lift up !
 Ye shall not be forgotten long !
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !
 Tell Him, ye wait His grace to prove,
 And cannot fail, if God is Love !
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold ;
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
 Dare to believe ; on Christ lay hold !
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer ;
 Tell Him, " We will not let Thee go,
 Till we Thy Name, Thy Nature know."

- 6 Hast Thou not died to purge our sin,
 And risen, Thy death for us to plead !
 To write Thy law of love within
 Our hearts, and make us free indeed ?
 That we our Eden might regain,
 Thou diedst ; and couldst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
 Which all Thy great salvation brings ;
 The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
 Shall come and make us priests and kings ;
 Thou wilt perform Thy faithful word,
 " The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever sure,
 And we shall in Thine image shine,
 Partakers of a nature pure,
 Holy, angelical, divine ;
 In spirit join'd to Thee, the Son,
 As Thou art with Thy Father One.
- 9 Faithful and true, we now receive
 The promise ratified by Thee :
 To Thee the *when* and *how* we leave,
 In time and in eternity ;
 We only hang upon Thy word,
 " The servant shall be as his Lord."

763

(252)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to Thee ?
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in Thy wisdom wise !

- 2 Only Thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below ;
 Only guided by Thy light ;
 Only mighty in Thy might !
- 3 So I may Thy Spirit know,
 Let Him as He listeth blow ;
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with Thee be one.

- 4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

764

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Zech. iv. 7.

- O** GREAT Mountain, who art thou,
 Immense, immovable ?
 High as heaven aspires thy brow,
 Thy foot sinks deep as hell !
 Thee, alas ! I long have known,
 Long have felt thee fixed within ;
 Still beneath thy weight I groan ;
 Thou art Indwelling Sin.
- 2 Thou art darkness in my mind ;
 Perverseness in my will ;
 Love inordinate and blind,
 That always cleaves to ill ;
 Every passion's wild excess ;
 Anger, lust, and pride, thou art ;
 Thou art sin and sinfulness,
 And unbelief of heart.
- 3 Not by human might or power
 Canst thou be moved from hence ;
 But thou shalt flow down before
 Divine Omnipotence :
 My Zerubbabel is near :
 I have not believed in vain :
 Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
 Shalt sink into a plain.
- 4 Christ the Head, the Corner-Stone,
 Shall be brought forth in me ;
 Glory be to Christ alone !
 His grace shall set me free :
 I shall shout my Saviour's name ;
 Him I evermore shall praise :
 All the work of grace proclaim,
 Of sanctifying grace.

- 5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
 And Christ shall build me up ;
 Surely I shall soon be made
 Partaker of my hope :
 Author of my faith He is,
 He its Finisher shall be ;
 Perfect love shall seal me His
 To all eternity.

765

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

PART II.

- W**HO hath slighted or contemned
 The day of feeble things ?
 I shall be by grace redeemed ;
 'Tis grace salvation brings :
 Ready now my Saviour stands ;
 Him I now rejoice to see
 With the plummet in His hands,
 To build and finish me.
- 2 I right early shall awake,
 And see the perfect day ;
 Soon the Lamb of God shall take
 My inbred sin away :
 When to me my Lord shall come,
 Sin for ever shall depart ;
 Jesus takes up all the room
 In a believing heart.
- 3 Son of God, arise, arise,
 And to Thy temple come !
 Look, and with Thy flaming eyes
 The man of sin consume ;
 Slay him with Thy Spirit, Lord ;
 Reign Thou in my heart alone ;
 Speak the sanctifying word,
 And seal me all Thine own.

766

(254)

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- L**OVE Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
 Visit us with Thy salvation ;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh ! breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast :
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest :
 Take away the love of sinning :
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more, Thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee :
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

767

(253)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me ;
 A token of His love He gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near ;

- His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be ;
What can withstand His will ?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet Thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores ;
And sure I taste Thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height ;
To comprehend the' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
- 8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in Thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known ;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one !

768

(516)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Isa. li. 9, &c.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on !
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast Thy foes with fury down !

- 2 As in the ancient days appear ;
 The sacred annals speak Thy fame :
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now ;
 It wants not now the power to save ;
 Still present with Thy people, Thou
 Bear'st them through life's parted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To Thee the ransomed seed shall come,
 Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
 And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care ;
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise ;
 With everlasting gladness crowned,
 And filled with love, and lost in praise.

769

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- P**RISONERS of hope, arise,
 And see your Lord appear :
 Lo ! on the wings of love He flies,
 And brings redemption near.
 Redemption in His blood
 He calls you to receive :
 "Look unto me, the pardoning God ;
 Believe," He cries, "believe !"
- 2 The reconciling word
 We thankfully embrace ;
 Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
 A blood-besprinkled race.
 We yield to be set free ;
 Thy counsel we approve ;
 Salvation, praise, ascribe to Thee,
 And glory in Thy love.

- 3 Jesus, to Thee we look,
 Till saved from sin's remains ;
 Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
 And cast away his chains.
 Our nature shall no more
 O'er us dominion have ;
 By faith we apprehend the power
 Which shall for ever save !

770

(255)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Matt. xi. 28.

- O** THAT my load of sin were gone !
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb ?
 The God of my salvation see ?
 Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am ;
 Yet still I cannot come to Thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
 Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free :
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
- 5 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God :
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labour of Thy dying love.
- 6 I would, but Thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with Thy perfect peace.
- 7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay ;
 Appear, in my poor heart appear !
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

771

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

O JESUS, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

- 2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive,
From all indwelling sin,
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.
- 3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.
- 4 The counsel of Thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word!
- 5 According to our faith in Thee
Let it to us be done;
Oh! that we all Thy face might see,
And know as we are known!
- 6 Oh! that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
Oh! that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

772

(256)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in Thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

- 2 Abba, Father! hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,

All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

- 3 Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the blessing Thou bestow :
Hear my Advocate Divine !
Lo ! to His my suit I join ;
Joined to His, it cannot fail :
Bless me ; for I will prevail !
- 4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine.
Change my nature into Thine !
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole !
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.
- 5 Holy Ghost, no more delay !
Come, and in Thy temple stay !
Now Thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear :
Spring of Life, Thyself impart :
Rise eternal in my heart !

773

(257)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure :

- 2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see,
Hallow Thy great and glorious Name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean :
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
- 4 Purge me from every sinful blot ;
My idols all be cast aside ;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

- 5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
 From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free ;
 The mind which was in Christ impart,
 And let my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 6 O take this heart of stone away !
 Thy sway it doth not, cannot own :
 In me no longer let it stay ;
 O take away this heart of stone !
- 7 O that I now, from sin released,
 Thy word may to the utmost prove,
 Enter into the promised rest,
 The Canaan of Thy perfect love !

774

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

FATHER, supply my every need ;
 Sustain the life Thyself hast given ;
 Call for the never-failing bread,
 The manna that comes down from heaven.

- 2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
 Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
 In me abundantly increase ;
 Nor ever let me hunger more.
- 3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
 " My leanness, O my leanness ! " cry :
 Alone consumed with pining want,
 Of all my Father's children I.
- 4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
 Thy joyous presence shall remove ;
 But my full soul shall still require
 A whole eternity of love.

775

(258)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART III.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove Thy perfect will ;
 Be mindful of Thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with Thy Spirit's seal.

- 2 Open my faith's interior eye ;
 Display Thy glory from above ;
 And all I am shall sink and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love.
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by Thy grace,
 I would be by myself abhorred ;
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory, be to Christ my Lord !
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
 Now let me into nothing fall ;
 Be less than nothing in Thy sight ;
 And feel that Christ is All in all !

776

(83)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** GOD, to whom, in flesh revealed,
 The helpless all for succour came,
 The sick to be relieved and healed,
 And found salvation in Thy name :
- 2 With publicans and harlots, I,
 In these Thy Spirit's gospel days,
 To Thee, the sinner's Friend, draw nigh,
 And humbly sue for saving grace.
 - 3 Thou seest me helpless and distress,
 Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;
 Weary, I come to Thee for rest,
 And sick of sin, implore a cure.
 - 4 My sin's incurable disease
 Thou, Jesus, Thou alone, canst heal ;
 Inspire me with Thy power and peace,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.
 - 5 A touch, a word, a look from Thee,
 Can turn my heart, and make it clean ;
 Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
 And save me from my bosom-sin.
 - 6 Lord, if Thou wilt, I do believe
 Thou canst the saving grace impart ;
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.

- 7 My heart, which now to Thee I raise,
 I know Thou canst this moment cleanse,
 The deepest stains of sin efface,
 And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8 Be it according to Thy word ;
 Accomplish now Thy work in me ;
 And let my soul, to health restored,
 Devote its little all to Thee.

777

(84)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** THOU, whom once they flocked to hear,—
 Thy words to hear, Thy power to feel,—
 Suffer the sinners to draw near,
 And graciously receive us still.
- 2 They that be whole, Thyself hast said,
 No need of a physician have ;
 But I am sick, and want Thine aid,
 And want Thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Thy power, and truth, and love Divine,
 The same from age to age endure ;
 A word, a gracious word of Thine,
 The most inveterate plague can cure.
- 4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
 And long hath languished at the pool,
 A word of Thine shall make me rise,
 And speak me in a moment whole.
- 5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty, years,
 Or thousands, are alike to Thee :
 Soon as Thy saving grace appears,
 My plague is gone, my heart is free.
- 6 Make this the acceptable hour !
 Come, O my soul's Physician, Thou !
 Display Thy sanctifying power,
 And show me Thy salvation now.

778

(85)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, Thy far-extended fame
 My drooping soul exults to hear ;

- Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art Thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same ?
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name ?
- 4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have ;
The good, the kind Physician, Thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last ;
And still Thy healing power is here !
- 6 Wouldst Thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul ?
The sin-sick soul Thou lov'st much more,
And surely Thou shalt make it whole.
- 7 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess :
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.
- 8 That token of Thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
And purge my conscience with Thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

779

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole !
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

- 2 Speak the second time, " Be clean !"
Take away my inbred sin ;

Every stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.

- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be given !
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease !
O that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all !

780

(496)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS comes with all His grace,
Comes to save a fallen race ;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up !
- 2 Let the living stones cry out ;
Let the sons of Abraham shout :
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought ;
He our captive souls hath bought ;
He hath reconciled to God ;
He hath washed us in His blood.
- 4 We are now His lawful right,
Walk as children of the light :
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see His face.
- 5 We shall gain our calling's prize ;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.
- 6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up ;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till He appear within.
- 7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in Thee :

Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

- 8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day !
Let Thy every servant say,
“ I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more.”

781

(565)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Mark xi. 23.

- A**LL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's Name believe :
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can—I do believe in Thee ;
All things are possible to me.
- 2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness !
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.
- 3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail ;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible :
The thing impossible shall be ;
All things are possible to me.
- 4 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in Thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree ;
All things are possible to me.
- 5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve Thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here :

The servant as his Lord shall be ;
All things are possible to me.

- 6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

782

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O MIGHT I this moment cease
From every work of mine ;
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine !
Let me Thy salvation see ;
Let me do Thy perfect will ;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all Thy fulness feel.

- 2 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new ;
For Thy truth and mercy's sake,
The gracious wonder show ;
Call me forth Thy witness, Lord ;
Let my life declare Thy power ;
To Thy perfect love restored,
O let me sin no more !

- 3 Fain I would the truth proclaim,
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's Name,
And all its virtues spread ;
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves,
All those that come to Him.

- 4 Perfect then Thy mighty power
In a weak, sinful worm !
All my sins destroy, devour,
And all my soul transform !

Now apply Thy Spirit's seal ;
 O come quickly from above !
 Empty me of sin, and fill
 With all the life of love.

783

(261)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all Thy people known,
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art loved alone :

- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fix'd on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in !
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove :
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of Thy love.
- 5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
 And have Thee all my own ;
 Thee, O my all-sufficient Good !
 I want, and Thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant ;
 This, only this, be given ;
 Nothing beside my God I want ;
 Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away !
 Into my soul descend ;
 No longer from Thy creature stay,
 My Author and my End !
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 And seal me Thine abode !
 Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
 Let all be lost in God !

784

(262)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;

It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below :

Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess :
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out Thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of Thy death divide !
And O ! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love !

785

(263)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear ;

I, even I shall see His face ;
I shall be holy here.

- 2 This heart shall be His constant home,
 I hear His Spirit cry :
 "Surely," He saith, "I quickly come ;"
 He saith, who cannot lie.
- 3 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reach'd out I view ;
 Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,
 And wear it as my due.
- 4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
 I now exult to see ;
 My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
 Of immortality.
- 5 He visits now the house of clay ;
 He shakes His future home ;
 O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
 Into Thy temple come !
- 6 With me I know, I feel Thou art ;
 But this cannot suffice,
 Unless Thou plantest in my heart
 A constant paradise.
- 7 My earth Thou waterest from on high ;
 But make it all a pool :
 Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
 Spring up within my soul !
- 8 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,
 Fill all this mighty void ;
 Thou only canst my spirit fill :
 Come, O my God, my God !
- 9 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
 Large as infinity ;
 Give, give me all my soul requires,
 All, all that is in Thee !

786

(264)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
 But inward holiness ?
 For this to Jesus I look up,
 I calmly wait for this.

- 2 I wait, till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem ;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to Him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sin shall all depart ;
And, lo ! He saith, " I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart !"
- 6 Be it according to Thy word !
Redeem me from all sin :
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord ;
Come in, my Lord, come in !

787

(566)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high :
Lo ! He spreads His wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky :
Israel is His first-born son :
God, the' Almighty God, is thine ;
See Him to thy help come down,
The Excellence Divine.

- 2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend ;
Thee the' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend :
Israel, what hast thou to dread ?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

- 3 God is thine ; disdain to fear
 The enemy within :
 God shall in thy flesh appear,
 And make an end of sin :
 God the man of sin shall slay,
 Fill thee with triumphant joy ;
 God shall thrust him out, and say,
 " Destroy them all, destroy ! "
- 4 All the struggle then is o'er,
 And wars and fightings cease ;
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace :
 All his enemies are gone ;
 Sin shall have in him no part ;
 Israel now shall dwell alone,
 With Jesus in his heart.
- 5 In a land of corn and wine
 His lot shall be below ;
 Comforts there, and blessings join,
 And milk and honey flow :
 Jacob's well is in his soul ;
 Gracious dew his heavens distil,
 Fill his soul, already full,
 And shall for ever fill.
- 6 Blest, O Israel, art thou ;
 What people is like thee ?
 Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
 Thou art, and still shalt be :
 Jesus is thy seven-fold shield ;
 Jesus is thy flaming sword ;
 Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield
 To God's almighty word.

788

(265)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 Thess. iv. 3. Deut. xxx. 6. Ps. cxliii. 10. Matt. xiv. 36.

HE wills, that I should holy be ;
 That holiness I long to feel ;
 That full divine conformity
 To all my Saviour's righteous will.

- 2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will ;
The promise, by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at Thy power,
Or doubt Thy truth, which cannot move :
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with Thy perfect love.
- 5 Jesus, Thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free ;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.
- 6 Now let Thy Spirit bring me in ;
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 7 Lord, I believe Thy power the same ;
The same Thy truth and grace endure ;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.
- 8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

789

(206)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

- 2 I will, through grace, I will,
 I do, return to Thee;
 Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
 My heart with purity!
 For power, I feebly pray:
 Thy kingdom now restore,
 To-day, while it is called to-day,
 And I shall sin no more.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
 But by believing Thee,
 And waiting for Thy blood to' impart
 The spotless purity:
 While at Thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, Thy grace bestow,
 Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And I am white as snow.

790

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Psalm ci. 2.

WHY not now, my God, my God?
 Ready if Thou always art,
 Make in me Thy mean abode,
 Take possession of my heart:
 If Thou canst so greatly bow,
 Friend of sinners, why not now?

- 2 God of Love, in this my day,
 For Thyself to Thee I cry;
 Dying,—if Thou still delay,
 Must I not for ever die?
 Enter now Thy poorest home;
 Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

791

(267)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 Kings xviii.

THOU God that answerest by Fire,
 On Thee in Jesu's name we call;
 Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
 And let on us Thy Spirit fall.

- 2 Bound on the altar of Thy cross,
 Our old offending nature lies;

Now, for the honour of Thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice !

3 The body, now, of sin destroy !
Thyself The Lord, The God, approve !
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

4 Oh that the Fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind !

5 Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord,—He is the God, confess :
He is the God of saving power !
He is the God of hallowing grace !

792

(268)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 John iii. 5. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

ONCE Thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to' atone ;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone !
Come, and by Thy presence chase
Its nature, with its guilt and power ;
Jesus, show Thine open face,
And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here Thy mean abode take up ;
To me, my Saviour, come !
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all Thy Godhead prove,
Filled with peace, and heavenly joy,
And pure, eternal love.

3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height
Of love unspeakable :
Then shall I the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain,—

God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign !

- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with Thine own abide :
Holy Ghost, to make Thee room,
Our hearts we open wide ;
Thee, and only Thee request,
To every asking sinner given ;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our All in earth and heaven.

793

(269)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Jer. xiii. 27; xxiii. 29,

NOW, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part ;
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart ;
Purge the love of sin away ;
Then I into nothing fall ;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is All in all.

- 2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of Thine ;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine ;
Purify our faith like gold ;
All the dross of sin remove ;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into Thy perfect love.

794

(270)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone ;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

- 2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable !
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all Thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyself ; from every boast,
From every wish set free :
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
But give Thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice ;
Unless Thyself be given ;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven !

795

(271)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mark xi. 24. Isaiah xxvii. 3.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infus'd, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;
Thou seest my heart's desire ;
Made ready in Thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed ;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art Thou not able to convert ?
Art Thou not willing too ?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew ?

6 Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with Thy power,

That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

7 This moment I Thy truth confess,
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by Thy mercy live :

8 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me Thy Spirit pour,
And bless me, who believe Thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

796

(272)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mark xi. 24.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove :
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in ;
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt ;
Remove from hence ! to sin I say ;
Be cast this moment out !

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued ;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou !
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done : Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

For Believers Saved.

797

(285)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1702.

1 Cor. vi. 20. Rev. i. 5.

- G**OD! who didst so dearly buy
 These wretched souls of ours,
 Help us Thee to glorify
 With all our ransomed powers :
 Ours they are not, Lord, but Thine ;
 O let the vessels of Thy grace,
 Body, soul, and spirit, join
 In our Redeemer's praise !
- 2 True and Faithful Witness, Thee,
 O Jesus, we receive ;
 Fulness of the Deity,
 In all Thy people live !
 First-begotten from the dead,
 Call forth Thy living witnesses ;
 King of Saints, Thine empire spread
 O'er all the ransomed race.
- 3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
 Ye happy saints, receive,
 With the streams of peace o'erflowed,
 With all that God can give ;
 He who is, and was, in peace,
 And grace, and plenitude of power,
 Come your favoured souls to bless,
 And never leave you more.
- 4 Let the Spirit before His throne,
 Mysterious One and Seven,
 In His various gifts sent down,
 Be to the churches given ;
 Let the pure seraphic joy
 From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend ;
 Holiness without alloy,
 And bliss that ne'er shall end.

798 (497)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Tim. i. 7.

- Q**UICKEN'D with our immortal Head,
 Who daily, Lord, ascend with Thee,
 Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
 We taste our glorious liberty.
- 2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
 With joy we seek the things above ;
 And all Thy saints the Spirit breathe
 Of power, sobriety, and love.
- 3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
 We through Thy gracious Spirit feel ;
 Full power the victory to win,
 And answer all Thy righteous will.
- 4 Pure love to God Thy members find,
 Pure love to every soul of man ;
 And in Thy sober, spotless mind,
 Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

799 (54)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Resurrection.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with Him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
 By actions show your sins forgiven !
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all His Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
 Contending for your native place ;
 And emulate the angel-choir,
 And only live to love and praise.

- 5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
 Ye nothing seek or want beside ;
 Dead to the world and sin ye live ;
 Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
 Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
 And, glorious as your Head revealed,
 Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.

800

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Tim. iv. 7.

- “**I** THE good fight have fought,”
 O when shall I declare ?
 The victory by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past ;
 And, dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last !
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
 Just as the port is gained,
 “Kept by the power of grace Divine,
 I have the faith maintained.”
- 4 The' Apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

801 (498)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Jer. ix. 23.

- L**ET not the wise his wisdom boast ;
 The mighty glory in his might ;
 The rich in flattering riches trust,
 Which take their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down
 The most gigantic strength of man ;
 And where is all his wisdom gone,
 When dust he turns to dust again !

- 3 One only gift can justify
 The boasting soul that knows his God ;
 When Jesus doth His blood apply,
 I glory in His sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord my Righteousness I praise ;
 I triumph in the love Divine,
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

802

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. i. 5. 6.

- W**HO can worthily commend
 Thy love unsearchable !
 Love that made Thee condescend
 Our curse and death to feel :
 Thou, the great, eternal God,
 Who didst Thyself our ransom pay,
 Hast, with Thy own precious blood
 Wash'd all our sins away.
- 2 By the Spirit of our Head
 Anointed priests and kings,
 Conquerors of the world, we tread
 On all created things ;
 Sit in heavenly places down,
 While yet we in the flesh remain :
 Now, partakers of Thy throne,
 Before Thy Father reign.
- 3 In Thy members here beneath
 The Intercessor prays ;
 Here we in Thy Spirit breathe
 The quintessence of praise ;
 Offer up our all to God,
 And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
 First the purchase of Thy blood,
 And then our sacrifice.
- 4 Jesus, let Thy kingdom come,
 (Inspired by Thee we pray,)
 Previous to the general doom,
 The everlasting day :

Take possession of Thine own,
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on Thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity.

803

(273)

7s & 6s.

Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

US, who climb Thy holy hill,
A general blessing make :
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake :
Grace, to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above ;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless ;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness :
Make us trees of Paradise,
Which more and more Thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

804

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

I Kings xix. 13,

THE Voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice I long to hear,
O may it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame !

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of Love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze !

805

(536)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 Chron. xxix. 5.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days.
I consecrate to Thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to Thee Thy own ;
 And, from this moment, live or die
 To serve my God alone.

806

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Matt. x. 25.

MASTER, I would no longer be
 Loved by a world that hated Thee,
 But patient in Thy footsteps go,
 Entreated like my Lord below ;
 I would—but Thou must give the power—
 With meekness meet the fiery hour,
 The shame despise, the cross abide ;
 For Thou wast scourg'd and crucified !

807

(535)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
 By Thy pardoning love compelled,
 Up to Thee our souls we raise,
 Up to Thee our bodies yield :
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable through Thy Son,
 While to Thee alone we live,
 While we die to Thee alone.
- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
 That we should be wholly Thine,
 In Thy only will delight,
 In Thy blessed service join :
 O that every work and word
 Might proclaim how good Thou art ;
 “Holiness unto the Lord”
 Still be written on our heart.

808

(537)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

LET Him to whom we now belong
 His sovereign right assert,
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for His own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies !
- 3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our hearts' desire,
 And let us to Thy glory live,
 And in Thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render Thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
 To all eternity.

809

(539)

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord !
 I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,
 To hear and keep Thy every word,
 To prove and do Thy perfect will ;
 Joyful from my own works to cease,
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all Thy creatures, me,
 The deed, the time, the manner choose ;
 Let all my fruit be found of Thee ;
 Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
 By Thee to full perfection brought,
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
 O'er-rule, or change, as seems Thee meet ;
 Jesus, let all my work be Thine !
 Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
 And pleasing in Thy Father's sight ;
 Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to Thee Thy own I leave ;
 Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay ;
 But let me all Thy stamp receive,
 But let me all Thy words obey ;
 Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to Thy glory live and die.

810

(540)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !
- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo ! I answer to Thy call :
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo ! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive ;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers ;
Take my memory, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do :
Take my heart ;—but make it new !
- 5 Now, O God, Thine own I am ;
Now I give Thee back Thine own ;
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone ;
Thine I live, thrice happy I !
Happier still if Thine I die.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

811

(541)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of J. E. LANGE. 1650—1727.

- O GOD, what offering shall I give
 To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice ;
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
 More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.
- 2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul ;
 No longer mine, but Thine I am ;
 Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole ;
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame :
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display
 Thy glory to the perfect day.
- 3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
 Devoted solely to Thy will ;
 Here let Thy light for ever shine ;
 This house still let Thy presence fill ;
 O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
 In me, till all my life be love !
- 4 O never in these veils of shame,
 Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be !
 Clothe with salvation, through Thy name,
 My soul, and let me put on Thee !
 Be living faith my costly dress,
 And my best robe Thy righteousness.
- 5 Send down Thy likeness from above,
 And let this my adorning be ;
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
 With lowliness and purity,
 Than gold and pearls more precious far,
 And brighter than the morning star.
- 6 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,
 Since I am called by Thy great name ;
 In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
 Of all my works be Thou the aim ;
 Thy love attend me all my days,
 And my sole business be Thy praise !

812

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- F**ATHER, into Thy hands alone,
 I have my all restored ;
 My all, Thy property I own,
 The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Hereafter none can take away
 My life, or goods, or fame ;
 Ready at Thy demand to lay
 Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in Thy only love,
 Through Jesus strengthening me,
 I wait Thy faithfulness to prove,
 And give back all to Thee.
- 4 Take when Thou wilt into Thy hands,
 And as Thou wilt require ;
 Resume by the Chaldean bands,
 Or the devouring fire.
- 5 Determined all Thy will to' obey,
 Thy blessings I restore ;
 Give, Lord, or take Thy gifts away,
 I praise Thee evermore !

813

(543)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
 Take my body, spirit, soul ;
 Only Thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;
 Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
 Let me choose the better part ;
 Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Do not let me turn again,
 Leave the Fountain-head of bliss,
 Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below ?
 Thee, and only Thee I know :

Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Thou art All in all to me.

- 5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is Thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !
- 6 Thou, O Love, my portion art :
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart,
Other comforts I despise ;
Love be all my Paradise.
- 7 Nothing else can I require ;
Love fills up my whole desire ;
All Thy other gifts remove,
Still Thou giv'st me all in love !

814 (336)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Phil. ii. 13.

FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace ;
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is Thine.

- 6 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on Thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live ;
 Our God is All in all !

815

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1860.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA.

- O** ABIDE, abide in Jesus,
 Who for us bare griefs untold,
 And Himself, from pain to ease us,
 Suffered pangs a thousandfold ;
 Bide with Him, who still abideth
 When all else shall pass away,
 And as Judge supreme presideth
 In that dread and awful day.
- 2 Everything we love and cherish,
 Hastens onward to the grave,
 Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
 And whate'er the world e'er gave ;
 All is fading, all is fleeting,
 Earthly flames must cease to glow,
 Earthly beings cease from being,
 Earthly blossoms cease to blow.
- 3 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
 Jesus stands upon the dust ;
 "Lean on Me alone," He sayeth,
 "Hope and love and firmly trust !"
 O abide, abide with Jesus,
 Who Himself for ever lives,
 Who from death eternal frees us,
 Yea, who life eternal gives.

816

C.M.

R. BAXTER. 1681.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey :
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He who into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

817

(274)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- J**ESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which Thou wilt lead aright.
- 2 My Wisdom, and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art ;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart !
 - 3 I lift mine eye to Thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.
 - 4 Never will I remove
Out of Thy hands my cause ;
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

- 5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee ; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end !
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With Thee in strength divine ;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all Thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace !
- 9 O make me all like Thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me Thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed :
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

818

(544)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1762.
Heb. xiii. 20. 21.

- O GOD of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man !
Jesus, our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with His blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
- 2 His blood to all our souls apply ;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone ;)
The covenant of redemption seal ;
The depth of love, of God, reveal ;
And speak us perfected in one.

- 3 O might our every work and word
Express the temper of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above !
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
- 4 Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in Thy sight,
As vessels of Thy richest grace ;
And, having Thy whole counsel done,
To Thee and Thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

819

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- THY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at Thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and Thy great might ;
Gladly take up the hallowed cross ;
And, suffering all things for Thy cause,
Beneath Thy sacred banner fight.
- 2 A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit :
Determined nought to know, beside
My Jesus, and Him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.
- 3 Superior to their smile, or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state :
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian,—he alone is wise ;
The Christian,—he alone is great.
- 4 O God, let all my life declare
How happy all Thy servants are ;
How far above these earthly things ;
How pure, when washed in Jesu's blood :
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of Priests and Kings.

- 5 For this alone I live below,
 The power of godliness to show,
 The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name :
 O that I might but faithful prove ;
 Witness to all Thy pardoning love,
 And point them to the' atoning Lamb !
- 6 Let me to every creature cry,
 The poor and rich, the low and high,
 " Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven !
 Lost, till by Jesus saved, thou art !
 Till Jesu's blood hath washed thy heart,
 Thou canst not find the gate of heaven !"

820

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- T**HOU, Jesus, Thou my breast inspire,
 And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
 And loose a stammering infant's tongue :
 Prepare the vessel of Thy grace,
 Adorn me with the robes of praise,
 And mercy shall be all my song ;
- 2 Mercy for all who know not God ;
 Mercy for all, in Jesu's blood ;
 Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends ;
 Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light ;
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
 Of Love Divine, which never ends !
- 3 A faithful witness of Thy grace,
 Well may I fill the' allotted space,
 And answer all Thy great design ;
 Walk in the works by Thee prepared ;
 And find annexed the vast reward,
 The crown of righteousness divine.
- 4 When I have lived to Thee alone,
 Pronounce the welcome word, " Well done !"
 And let me take my place above :
 Enter into my Master's joy ;
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

821

555.11.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- COME, let us arise, and press to the skies,
 The summons obey,
 My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
- 2 The Master of all for our service doth call,
 And deigns to approve,
 With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.
- 3 His burden who bear, we alone can declare
 How easy His yoke, [provoke ;—
 While to love and good works we each other
- 4 By word and by deed, the bodies in need,
 The souls to relieve,
 And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
- 5 Then let us attend our heavenly Friend,
 In His members distrest,
 By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest :
- 6 The prisoner relieve, the stranger receive ;
 Supply all their wants,
 And spend and be spent in assisting His saints.
- 7 Thus while we bestow our moments below,
 Ourselves we forsake,
 And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take :
- 8 His passion alone the foundation we own ;
 And pardon we claim,
 And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

822

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1860.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA.

JESUS, like the magnet, raises
 Our dull spirits to the skies,
 And we seem in prayer and praises,
 As on eagles' wings to rise ;
 Should our enemies asperse us,
 Our dear Lord who loves us so,
 Bids us bless e'en them who curse us,
 And to love our greatest foe.

- 2 Can we have our hearts in heaven,
 And yet earthly-minded live ?
 Can we who have been forgiven,
 Not forget and not forgive ?
 Can we hate an erring brother,
 Only love when we are loved,
 And not bear with one another,
 By Christ's Holy Spirit moved ?
- 3 Ah ! no hater, or blasphemer,
 None who slander and defame,
 Can be one with the Redeemer,
 Who was gentle as a lamb ;
 None, O Lord, who are unholy,
 Shall Thy perfect beauty see ;
 Teach me to be meek and lowly,
 Teach me to resemble Thee.

823

(553)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast :
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move :
 The devils know, and tremble too ;
 But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To see our gracious God.

824

C.M.

R. C. TRENCH. 1851.

And the oil stayed.—2 Kings iv. 6.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
 It will not fail until
 Thou failest vessels to provide,
 Which it may largely fill.

- 2 Dig channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams
 To fill them every one.
- 3 But if, at any time, thou cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for thee
 Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share, if we would keep,
 That good thing from above,
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have :
 Such is the law of love.

825

(611)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
 All powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of Thy love.

- 2 Oh, may our sympathising breasts
 The generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
 When throned above the skies,
 And 'midst the embraces of His God,
 He felt compassion rise.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground :
 And shed the richest of His blood,
 A balm for every wound.
-

For Believers Interceding.

826

(286)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

- L**ET God, who comforts the distress,
 Let Israel's Consolation hear !
 Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
 And show Thyself the Comforter ;
 And swell the' unutterable groan,
 And breathe our wishes to the Throne !
- 2 We weep for those that weep below,
 And, burdened for the' afflicted, sigh ;
 The various forms of human woe
 Excite our softest sympathy,
 Fill every heart with mournful care,
 And draw out all our souls in prayer.
- 3 We wrestle for the ruined race,
 By sin eternally undone,—
 Unless Thou magnify Thy grace,
 And make Thy richest mercy known,
 And make Thy vanquished rebels find
 Pardon in Christ for all mankind.
- 4 Father of everlasting Love,
 To every soul Thy Son reveal,
 Our guilt and suffering to remove,
 Our deep, original wound to heal ;
 And bid the fallen race arise,
 And turn our earth to Paradise.

827

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

For Peace.

OUR earth we now lament to see
 With floods of wickedness o'erflowed,
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty,—

- One wide-extended field of blood,
 Where men like fiends each other tear,
 In all the hellish rage of war.
- 2 As 'listed on Abaddon's side,
 They mangle their own flesh, and slay ;
 Tophet is moved, and opens wide
 Its mouth for its enormous prey ;
 And myriads sink *beneath* the grave,
 And plunge into the flaming wave
- 3 O might the universal Friend
 This havoc of His creatures see !
 Bid our unnatural discord end ;
 Declare us reconciled in Thee ;
 Write kindness on our inward parts,
 And chase the murderer from our hearts !
- 4 Who now against each other rise,
 The nations of the earth, constrain
 To follow after peace, and prize
 The blessings of Thy righteous reign,
 The joys of unity to prove,
 The Paradise of perfect love !

828

(287)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

For the Mahometans.

- SUN of unclouded Righteousness,
 With healing in Thy wings arise,
 A sad benighted world to bless,
 Which now in sin and error lies,
 Wrapt in Egyptian night profound ;
 With chains of hellish darkness bound.
- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
 Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
 Disperse, Thou heavenly Light, and save
 The souls by that Impostor led,
 That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,
 Who quite destroyed Thy Asian fold.
- 3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
 For those who spurn the sprinkled blood !

Assert Thy glorious Deity,
 Stretch out Thine arm, Thou Tri-une God !
 Root out Thy Unitarian foe,
 The crescent by the cross o'erthrow.

- 4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thou Three in One, and One in Three !
 Resume Thy own, for ages lost,
 Finish the dire apostasy ;
 Thy universal claim maintain,
 And Lord of the creation reign !

829

(288)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

For the Heathen.

LORD over all, if Thou hast made,
 Hast ransomed, every soul of man,—
 Why is the grace so long delayed ?
 Why unfulfilled the saving plan ?
 The bliss, for Adam's race designed,
 When will it reach to all mankind ?

- 2 Art Thou the God of Jews alone,
 And not the God of Gentiles too ?
 To Gentiles make Thy goodness known :
 Thy judgments to the nations show ;
 Awake them by the gospel call :
 Light of the world, illumine all !

- 3 The servile progeny of Ham
 Seize, as the purchase of Thy blood ;
 Let all the Heathen know Thy Name ;
 From idols to the living God
 The dark Idolaters convert ;
 And shine in every Pagan heart !

- 4 As lightning launched from east to west,
 The coming of Thy kingdom be ;
 To Thee, by angel-hosts confest,
 Bow every soul and every knee ;
 Thy glory let all flesh behold !
 And then fill up Thy heavenly fold.

830

(279)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

For the Jews.

- M**ESSIAH, full of grace,
 Redeem'd by Thee, we plead
 The promise made to Abraham's race,
 To souls for ages dead.
- 2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
 Throughout the vale appear :
 Cut off and lost their last faint hope
 To see Thy kingdom here.
- 3 Open their graves, and bring
 The outcasts forth, to own
 Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,
 Their true Anointed One.
- 4 To save the race forlorn,
 Thy glorious arm display !
 And show the world a nation born,
 A nation in a day !

831

(280)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

- F**ATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
 Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed !
 Justly they claim the softest prayer
 From us, adopted in their stead,
 Who mercy through their fall obtain,
 And Christ by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcasts from Thee, and scattered wide
 Through every nation under heaven,
 Blaspheming whom they crucified,
 Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven,
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhorred of men, and cursed of God.
- 3 But hast Thou finally forsook,
 For ever cast Thy own away ?
 Wilt Thou not bid the murderers look
 On Him they pierced, and weep, and pray ?
 Yes, gracious Lord, Thy word is past ;
 All Israel shall be saved at last.

- 4 Come, then, Thou great Deliverer, come!
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
 Receive Thy ancient people home!
 That, quickened by Thy dying love,
 The world may their reception find
 Life from the dead for all mankind.

832 (395)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

For New Converts.

- A**UTHOR of faith, we seek Thy face,
 For all who feel Thy work begun;
 Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
 And bring Thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, Thou know'st their names,
 Be mindful of Thy youngest care;
 Be tender of Thy new-born lambs,
 And gently in Thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
 With ravening wolves on every side,
 Watch over them to tear and slay,
 If found one moment from their Guide.
- 4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
 His agents all their powers employ,
 To blast the blooming work of grace,
 The heavenly offspring to destroy.
- 5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
 And turn his sharpest dart aside;
 Hide from their eyes the demons' ill,
 O save them from the plague of Pride!
- 6 In safety lead Thy little flock,
 From hell, the world, and sin secure;
 And set their feet upon the Rock,
 And make in Thee their goings sure.

833 (396)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

For the Fallen.

SAVIOUR, to Thee, we humbly cry!
 The brethren we have lost restore;
 Recall them by Thy pitying eye;

- Retrieve them from the Tempter's power ;
 By Thy victorious blood cast down,
 Nor suffer him to take their crown.
- 2 Beguiled, alas ! by Satan's art,
 We see them now far off removed,
 The burden of our bleeding heart,
 The souls whom once in Thee we loved ;
 Whom still we love with grief and pain,
 And weep for their return in vain.
- 3 O wouldst Thou break the fatal snare
 Of carnal self-security ;
 And let them feel the wrath they bear,
 And let them groan their want of Thee ;
 Robb'd of their false, pernicious peace,
 Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness.
- 4 The men of careless lives, who deem
 Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
 Awake out of the soothing dream ;
 Alarm their souls with humble fears :
 Thou jealous God, stir up Thy power,
 And let them sleep in sin no more !
- 5 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
 Them in its misery detain ;
 Hold their licentious spirits fast,
 Bind them with their own nature's chain,
 Nor ever let the wanderers rest,—
 Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

834

(397)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

For Penitents.

- O** LET the prisoners' mournful cries
 As incense in Thy sight appear !
 Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
 If haply they may feel Thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free :
 Call home, call home Thy banish'd ones !
 Lead captive their captivity !

- 3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope ;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.
- 4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer ;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear !
- 5 Pity the day of feeble things ;
O gather every halting soul !
And drop salvation from Thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.
- 6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend ;
And in their weakness show Thy power,
And make them patient to the end.
- 7 O satisfy their soul in drought !
Give them Thy saving health to see ;
And let Thy mercy find them out ;
And let Thy mercy reach to me.
- 8 Hast Thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth, in vain ?
O let Thy children see the sun !
Let all their souls be born again !
- 9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom Thy suffering members mourn .
Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;
Bid every struggling child be born !

For our Country. See also NATIONAL SOLEMNITIES.

835

(276)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

JESUS, from Thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill Thy Church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply :

Faith our strong protection be :
 And godliness, with all its power,
 'Stablish our posterity,
 Till time shall be no more.

- 2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
 Our re-converted land ;
 Let the least and greatest know
 And bow to Thy command :
 Wisdom pure, religious fear,
 Our *Queen's* peculiar treasure prove,
 Blest with piety sincere,
 Inspired with humble love.

836 (480)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Against Lukewarmness.

Rev. iii. 14-19.

- GOD of unspotted purity,
 Us and our works canst Thou behold !
 Justly we are abhorred by Thee,
 For we are neither hot nor cold.
- 2 We call Thee Lord, Thy faith profess,
 But do not from our hearts obey ;
 In soft Laodicean ease
 We sleep our useless lives away.
- 3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
 In search of fame and wealth we live :
 Commanded in Thy steps to tread,
 We seek sometimes, but never strive.
- 4 A lifeless form we still retain ;
 Of this we make our empty boast,
 Nor know the Name we take in vain ;
 The power of godliness is lost.
- 5 How long, great God, have we appeared
 Abominable in Thy sight !
 Better that we had never heard
 Thy word, or seen the gospel light.
- 6 Better that we had never known
 The way to heaven through saving grace,

- Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock Thee to Thy face.
- 7 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
Than seem to serve Thee without zeal ;
Less guilty if, with those of old,
We worshipped *Thor* and *Woden* still.
- 8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on Thy richer love.

837

(647)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

- O** LET us our own works forsake,
Ourselves and all we have deny ;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to Thee, pure gold to buy.
- 2 **O** might we, through Thy grace, attain
The faith Thou never wilt reprove ;
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love !
- 3 **O** might we see, in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet Thee in Thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess !
- 4 Thy fatherly chastisements own ;
With filial awe revere Thy rod ;
And turn, with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretched arms of God.

838

(275)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

For the Queen (or King.)

SOVEREIGN of all ! whose Will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
Subject to none but Thee ;

- 2 Stir up Thy power, appear, appear,
And for Thy servant fight ;
Support Thy great vicegerent here,
And vindicate *her* right.
- 3 Lo ! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear *her* to Thy throne ;
Receive Thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.
- 4 With favour look upon *her* face ;
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around *her* sacred head
- 5 Guard *her* from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and Thee ;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy !
- 6 Confound *whoe'er her* ruin seek,
Or into friends convert :
Give *her her* adversaries' neck ;
Give *her her* people's heart.
- 7 Let us, for conscience sake, revere
The sovereign of our land ;
Honour and love Thine image here,
And bless *her* mild command.
- 8 Thou only didst the blessing give ;
The glory, Lord, be Thine :
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.
- 9 To those, who Thee in *her* obey,
The Spirit of grace impart :
Her dear, *her* sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.
- 10 Still let us pray, and never cease,
"Defend *her*, Lord, defend ;
'Stablish *her* throne in glorious peace,
And save *her* to the end !"

839

(601)

C.M.

WOOD. 1835.

- A**S streams that from the fountain flow,
 Roll onward to the sea ;
 So Lord, my spirit here below
 Would hasten on to Thee.
- 2 While others tempt the dangerous height,
 My course may I pursue ;
 And, through the deepest shades of night,
 Keep heaven, my home, in view.
- 3 Pure as the rivers wont to stray
 By Adam's blessed abode,
 Would I reflect, from day to day,
 The image of my God.
- 4 Till every shifting scene is o'er,
 And ocean's wave I see ;
 Then would I quit earth's empty shore,
 And lose myself in Thee.

840

(501)

4-7s.

CENNICK. 1743.

- C**HILDREN of the Heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise ;
 Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God ;
 In the way the fathers trod :
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad !
 Christ our Advocate is made ;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes :
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepared ;
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land :

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

- 6 Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !

841

668,688. MONTGOMERY. 1824.

FRRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

842

C.M.

WATTS, 1709.

O FOR the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And pour'd out cries and tears :
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came ?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And following their Incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given ;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

843

(179)

7s & 6s.

SEAGRAVE. 1748.

- R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
 Thy better portion trace :
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So, a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :

Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

844

S.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1835.

FOR ever with the Lord !
 Amen ! so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul ! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !

4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above !

845

(173)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The place of Thine abode :
 I'd leave Thine earthly courts and flee
 Up to Thy seat, my God !

2 Here I behold Thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
 But to abide in Thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon Thy throne ;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen—
 In shining ranks they move,

And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at Thy feet, with awful fear,
The' adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the' Eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.

846

7s D.

MONTGOMERY. 1819.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
" Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal-fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fear ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

847

(487)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone :
 Walking in all His ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.

- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And *we* in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne ;
 We in the kingdom of Thy grace ;
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in Thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.

848

S.M.

DWIGHT. 1800.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The Church, O blest Redeemer, saved
 With Thine own precious blood.

- 2 I love Thy church, O God,
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

849

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxii.

GOD hath built His Church below,
Laboured all His art to show ;
Each with each the parts agree,
Framed in perfect symmetry.

- 2 There the chosen tribes go up,
Testify their gospel hope,
Praise and bless the' Incarnate Word,
Shout the name of Christ their Lord !
- 3 Pray, my friends, and never cease,
Wrestle on for Zion's peace:
Make her still your pious care,
On your hearts for ever bear.
- 4 Hail the venerable name,
Lovely, dear Jerusalem !
Thee who bless shall blessed be,
Prosper for their love to thee.
- 5 Dwell within thy ramparts peace,
Plenty deck thy palaces ;
Jesus send thee from above
All the treasures of His love !
- 6 O thou temple of my God,
For thy sake I spend my blood,
Longing here thy rise to see,
Glad to live and die for thee.

850

8s & 7s.

NEWTON. 1779.

Psalm lxxxvii.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See ! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

851

(381)

7s D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

GLORY be to God above,
 God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Make we mention of His love,
 Publish we His praise below :
 Call'd together by His grace
 We are met in Jesu's Name ;
 See with joy each other's face ;
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
 How to make our calling sure ;

- Our election how to make
 Past the reach of hell secure.
 Build we each the other up ;
 Pray we for our faith's increase,
 Solid comfort, settled hope,
 Constant joy, and lasting peace.
- 3 More and more let love abound :
 Let us never, never rest,
 Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our Paradise possess :
 He removes the flaming sword,
 Calls us back, from Eden driven ;
 To His image here restored,
 Soon He takes us up to heaven.

852

(382)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**LL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet :
 His love we proclaim, His praises repeat :
 We own Him our Jesus, continually near
 To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.
- 2 In Him we have peace, in Him we have power,
 Preserved by His grace throughout the dark hour ;
 In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
- 3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone ;
 Through water and fire in Him we went on ;
 The world and the devil through Him we o'ercame,
 Our Jesus from evil, for ever the same.
- 4 When we would have spurned His mercy and grace,
 To Egypt returned, and fled from His face,
 He hindered our flying (His goodness to show,)
 And stopped us by crying, " Will ye also go ?"
- 5 Oh ! what shall we do, our Saviour to love ?
 To make us anew, come, Lord, from above !
 The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness, give ;
 Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,
 And teach even us the spiritual song :

Let us without ceasing give thanks for Thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.

- 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free ;
Ah ! hast Thou not, Lord, a blessing for me ?
The peace Thou hast given this moment impart,
And open Thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

853

(383)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, to Thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow !)
With thanks for Thy continued gift,—
That still Thy precious Name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.
- 2 What mighty troubles hast Thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here !
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw Thee on the floods appear,
But felt Thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.
- 3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, lulled in worldly, hellish peace,
Leaped desperate from their Guardian-Rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss ;
Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
And still it guards and keeps Thine own.
- 4 All are not lost, or wandered back ;
All have not left Thy Church and Thee .
There are who suffer for Thy sake,
Enjoy Thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek Divine applause.
- 5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end !
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on His glorious throne.

854 (384)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**PPOINTED by Thee, we meet in Thy name,
 And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
 To trace Thy example, the world to disdain,
 And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
 And daily take up the pledge of our crown;
 In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
 We still are preparing to meet our reward.
- 3 O Jesus, appear! no longer delay
 To sanctify here, and bear us away:
 The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
 Triumphant sitting in glory with Thee!

855 (385)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, we look to Thee,
 Thy promised presence claim!
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in Thy name:
 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.
- 2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget:
 We meet, the grace to take
 Which Thou hast freely given;
 We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.
- 3 Present we know Thou art;
 But oh! Thyself reveal!
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel!

Oh ! may Thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

856

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1743.

TWO are better far than one
For counsel, or for fight :
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright ?
Join we then our hearts and hands ;
Each to love provoke his friend ;
Run the way of His commands,
And keep it to the end.

- 2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls, alone !
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on :
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burdens bear,
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.
- 3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity ;
Jesus is the Corner-stone,
In whom we all agree ;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath joined ?
- 4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints !
Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
What every member wants ;
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in His whole image rise,
And meet our Head in Heaven !

857

(387)

5, 6, 9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOW happy are we, who in Jesus agree
To expect His return from above !

We sit under our vine, and delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

- 2 How pleasant and sweet, in His name when we meet,
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste !
We are banqueting here on angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.
- 3 Invited by Him, we drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne :
Who in Jesus believe, we the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
- 4 The unspeakable grace He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith He imparts :
Then, then we conceive how in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
- 5 True believers have seen the Saviour of men,
As His head He on Calvary bowed :
We shall see Him again, when, with all His
bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.
- 6 We remember the word of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place ;
“ I will come in that day, and transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face.”
- 7 With earnest desire after Thee we aspire,
And long Thy appearing to see :
Till our souls Thou receive in Thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.
- 8 Come, Lord, from the skies, and command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above ;
With our Head to ascend, and eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

858

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

IN Christ, when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless,
 His choicest graces to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.

2 Where unity takes place,
 The joys of heaven we prove ;
 This is the gospel grace,
 The unction from above,
 The Spirit on all believers shed,
 Descending swift from Christ our Head.

3 Grace every morning new,
 And every night, we feel
 The soft, refreshing dew
 That falls on Hermon's hill !
 On Zion it doth sweetly fall :
 The grace of one descends on all.

4 The riches of His grace
 In fellowship are given
 To Zion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven :
 He fills them with the choicest store,
 He gives them life for evermore.

859

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by His grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And, gathered into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope
 We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove :

The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree ;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel ;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet !

860

(390)

4s-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

COME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord ;

In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before His throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting Love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn ;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return :
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel :
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,

We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head.
Our All in all, is He :
And in His steps who tread,
We soon His face shall see ;
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

861

(389)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isaiah ix. 2-5.

THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen the gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light ;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And show'd the Father in the Son.

- 2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us Thy arm revealed,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon sealed,
Of joy unspeakable possess,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.
- 3 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
And praise Thy goodness all day long ;
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And doth His spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.
- 4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away ;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
Redeemed us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and His Spirit's sword.
- 5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments roll'd in blood,

Our Captain doth the fight maintain ;
 But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
 Kindles within a secret fire ;
 And all our sins as smoke expire !

862

(392)

5,6,9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- COME, let us ascend, my companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above ;
 If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.
- 2 Who in Jesus confide, we are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath ;
 With the prophet we soar to the heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.
- 3 By Faith we are come to our permanent home :
 By Hope we the rapture improve :
 By Love we still rise, and look down on the skies,
 For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 4 Who on earth can conceive how happy we live,
 In the city of God, the great King ?
 What a concert of praise, when our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing !
- 5 What a rapturous song, when the glorified throng
 In the spirit of harmony join !
 Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is, ' Mercy Divine' !
- 6 Hallelujah, they cry, to the King of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM ;
 To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !
- 7 The Lamb on the throne, lo ! He dwells with His
 And to rivers of pleasure He leads ; [own,
 With His mercy's full blaze, with the sight of
 Our beatified spirits He feeds. [His face,
- 8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable Name ;
 Our bodies His glory display :
 A day without night we feast in His sight,
 And eternity seems as a day !

863

(388)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

From the German of AUGUSTUS G. SPANGENBERG.

WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,
 Poor nothings ! for His boundless grace ?
 Fain would we His great Name record,
 And worthily set forth His praise.

- 2 Great Object of our growing love,
 To whom our more than all we owe,
 Open the Fountain from above,
 And let it our full souls overflow.
- 3 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,
 Thy grace for every sinner free ;
 Till all mankind shall learn Thy Name,
 Shall all stretch out their hands to Thee.
- 4 Open a door which earth and hell
 May strive to shut, but strive in vain ;
 Let Thy word richly in us dwell,
 And let our gracious fruit remain.
- 5 O multiply the sower's seed !
 And fruit we every hour shall bear,
 Throughout the world Thy gospel spread,
 Thy everlasting truth declare :
- 6 We all, in perfect love renewed,
 Shall know the greatness of Thy power ;
 Stand in the temple of our God
 As pillars, and go out no more.

864

(376)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Behold a cloud of incense rise !
 The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
 Grateful, accepted sacrifice !

- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace ;
 Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad ;
 Thy gifts abundantly increase ;
 Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

- 3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into Thy perfect will ;
Cause us Thy hallowed Name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure ;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as Thou Thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood :
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.
- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply ;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and thoroughly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem ;
Cleanse by the water and the word ;
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord !

865

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm lxxx.

- S**HEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
Who ledest Israel like a sheep,
Present to guard, and give them food,
And kindly in Thy bosom keep ;
- 2 Hear Thy afflicted people's prayer,
Arise out of Thy holy place,
'Stir up Thy strength, Thine arm make bare,
And vindicate Thy chosen race.
 - 3 Haste to our help, Thou God of Love !
Supreme, Almighty King of kings,
Descend all-glorious from above,
Come flying on the cherubs' wings !
 - 4 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show
The brightness of Thy lovely face ;
So shall we all be saints below,
And saved, and perfected in grace.

- 5 Revive, O God of power, revive
 Thy work in our degenerate days !
 O let us by Thy mercy live,
 And all our lives shall speak Thy praise.
- 6 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show
 The brightness of Thy lovely face ;
 So shall we all be saints below,
 And saved, and perfected in grace.

866

(393)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

For the Society Praying.

- JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To Thee for help we fly ;
 Thy little flock in safety keep ;
 For O ! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay ;
 He seizes every straggling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into Thy protection take,
 And gather with Thy arm ;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side :
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree ;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in Thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die,
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

867

(398)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

COME, Thou omniscient Son of Man,
 Display Thy sifting power ;

- Come with Thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And thoroughly purge Thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven !
The wheat into Thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Look through us with Thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase ;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.
- 4 Whate'er offends Thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove ;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by Thy Love.
- 5 Then let us all Thy fulness know,
From every sin set free ;
Saved to the utmost—saved below,
And perfectly like Thee.

868

(399)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless !
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve :
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,

Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready Bride :
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

869

(400)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear Thy easy yoke ;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one Spirit drink ;
Baptise into Thy Name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards Thee.
- 5 To Thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in Thee receive !
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity ;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in Thee !
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !

- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their Paradise ;
 And thence, on wings of angels, ride
 Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our All in all is Love.

870

(401)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- UNCHANGABLE, Almighty Lord,
 Our souls upon Thy truth we stay ;
 Accomplish now Thy faithful word,
 And give, O give us all one way !
- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,
 Who seek redemption in Thy blood :
 Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
 And build the temple of our God !
- 3 Thou only canst our wills control,
 Our wild unruly passions bind ;
 Tame the old Adam in our soul,
 And make us of one heart and mind.
- 4 Speak but the reconciling word,
 The winds shall cease, the waves subside :
 We all shall praise our common Lord,
 Our Jesus, and Him crucified.
- 5 Giver of peace and unity,
 Send down Thy mild, pacific Dove :
 We all shall then in one agree,
 And breathe the Spirit of Thy love.
- 6 We all shall think and speak the same
 Delightful lesson of Thy grace ;
 One undivided Christ proclaim,
 And jointly glory in Thy praise.
- 7 O let us take a softer mould,
 Blended and gathered into Thee ;
 Under one Shepherd make one fold,
 Where all is love and harmony !

- 8 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,
 And send a peaceful answer down :
 To us Thy Father's name declare ;
 Unite and perfect us in one !
- 9 So shall the world believe and know,
 That God hath sent Thee from above,
 When Thou art seen in us below,
 And every soul displays Thy love.

871

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- G**OD of Love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for Thy people care,
 Who on Thee alone depend :
 Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering Tempter's power,
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependance vain
 On the help of feeble man ;
 Every arm of flesh remove ;
 Stay us on Thy only love !
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
 Let not these Thy people join,
 Poison our simplicity,
 Drag us from our trust in Thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
 Till they sink in their own eyes,
 Till they to Thy yoke submit,
 Lay their honour at Thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in ;
 Fix a mighty gulf between :
 Keep us humble and unknown,
 Prized and loved by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to Thee look up,
 Thee, Thy Israel's Strength and Hope ;
 Nothing know, or seek beside
 Jesus, and Him crucified.

- 8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings ;
Taste our glorious liberty ;
Find our happy All in Thee !

872

(402)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree :
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By Thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread Thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness !
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

873

(403)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THOU God of truth and love,
We seek Thy perfect way,
Ready Thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey ;
Enter into Thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.

- 2 Why hast Thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place ?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face ?
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in Thee ?
- 3 Didst Thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain ;
 Till all Thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love ?
- 4 Surely Thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before Thy throne appear :
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all Thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join, with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through ;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may Thy Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day,
 With all Thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away !
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast !

874

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

CENTRE of our hopes Thou art,
 End of our enlarged desires ;
 Stamp Thine image on our heart ;
 Fill us now with heavenly fires ;
 Cemented by love divine,
 Seal our souls for ever Thine.

- 2 All our works in Thee be wrought,
 Levell'd at one common aim ;
 Every word, and every thought,
 Purge in the refining flame :
 Lead us, through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,
 To Thy glorious life restored ;
 Here regain our Paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord ;
 Here enjoy the earnest given,
 Travel hand in hand to heaven !

875

(404)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, with kindest pity see
 The souls that would be one in Thee :
 If now accepted in Thy sight,
 Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
 Allow us e'en on earth to prove
 The noblest joys of heavenly love,
- 2 Before Thy glorious eyes we spread
 The wish which doth from Thee proceed ;
 Our love from earthly dross refine ;
 Holy, angelical, divine,
 Thee, its great Author, let it show,
 And back to the pure Fountain flow.
- 3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
 O Lord, resorb it into Thee !
 While all our souls, with restless strife,
 Spring up into eternal life,
 And, lost in endless raptures, prove
 Thy whole immensity of love.
- 4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
 Still let it to its Source aspire,
 To Thee in every wish return,
 Intensely for Thy glory burn ;
 While all our souls fly up to Thee,
 And blaze through all eternity.

876

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- F**ATHER, at Thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in Thee :
 Draw us by Thy grace alone ;
 Give, O give us to Thy Son !
- 2 Jesus, Friend of human kind,
 Let us in Thy name be joined ;
 Each to each unite and bless ;
 Keep us still in perfect peace.
- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
 Shed Thy over-shadowing love ;
 Love, the sealing grace, impart ;
 Dwell within our single heart.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost :
 Let us in Thine image rise ;
 Give us back our Paradise.

877

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

The Communion of Saints.

- F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent prayer ;
 Hear, and our petitions seal,
 Let us now the answer feel.
 Still our fellowship increase ;
 Knit us in the bond of peace ;
 Join our new-born spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to Thine.
- 2 Build us in one body up,
 Called in one high calling's hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim ;
 One the pure baptismal flame ;
 One the faith, and common Lord ;
 One the Father lives adored,
 Over, through, and in us all
 God Incomprehensible.
- 3 One with God, the source of bliss,
 Ground of our communion this :

Life of all that live below,
 Let Thine emanations flow ;
 Rise eternal in our heart :
 Thou our long-sought Eden art ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

878

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

OTHER ground can no man lay,
 JESUS TAKES OUR SINS AWAY !
 Jesus the Foundation is :
 This shall stand, and only this.
 Fitly framed in Him we are,
 All the building rises fair ;
 Let it to a temple rise,
 Worthy Him who fills the skies.

- 2 Husband of the church below,
 Christ, if Thee our Lord we know,
 Unto Thee, betrothed in love,
 Let us always faithful prove ;
 Never rob Thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part,
 Only Thou possess the whole :
 Take our body, spirit, soul.
- 3 Steadfast let us cleave to Thee ;
 Love, the mystic union be ;
 Union to the world unknown,
 Joined to God, in spirit one :
 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
 Till the Lamb shall take us home,
 For His heaven the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there.

879

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART III.

CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
 Be Thou in Thy Spirit nigh :
 Advocate with God, give ear
 To Thine own effectual prayer !

- 2 One the Father is with Thee :
Knit us in like unity ;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One,—as Thou and He are One.
- 3 Still, O Lord, (for Thine we are,)
Still to us His Name declare :
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.
- 4 Fill us with the Father's love ;
Never from our souls remove :
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

880

(405)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART IV.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are.

- 2 Join us, in one Spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine :
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all !
- 3 Closer knit to Thee, our Head ;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed :
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
- 4 Jesus ! we Thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care,
Of Thy flesh, and of Thy bone,
Love, for ever love Thine own !
- 5 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;
- 6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;

- Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel its share.
- 8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan ;
Honoured if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.
- 9 Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in Thee !
- 10 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void ;
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
Thou, O Christ, art All in all !

881

(373)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

The Love-feast.

- COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above ;
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive ;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God :
We, like them, may live and love ;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now as yesterday the same ;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace :
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land :
 We our dying Lord confess ;
 We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
 We with Him are crucified ;
 Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
 We His quickening Spirit breathe :
 Christ is now gone up on high ;
 Thither all our wishes fly :
 Sits at God's right hand above ;
 There with Him we reign in love !

882

(374)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

- COME, Thou high and lofty Lord !
 Lowly, meek, Incarnate Word !
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come and visit abject man !
 Jesus, dear expected Guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast ;
 For Thyself our hearts prepare,
 Come, and sit, and banquet there !
- 2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim,
 We are met in Thy great Name ;
 In the midst do Thou appear,
 Manifest Thy presence here !
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
 Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace ;
 Thou Thyself within us move ;
 Make our feast a Feast of Love.
- 3 Let the fruits of grace abound,
 Let in us Thy bowels sound ;
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness ;

Plant in us Thine humble mind ;
 Patient, pitiful, and kind,
 Meek, and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of Thee.

- 4 Make us all in Thee complete,
 Make us all for glory meet,
 Meet to' appear before Thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O call us each, by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb,
 Let us lean upon Thy breast ;
 Love be there our endless feast !

883

(375)

8-7s.

PART III.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
 Let us join our hearts and hands ;
 Help to gain our calling's hope ;
 Build we each the other up :
 God His blessing shall dispense ;
 God shall crown His ordinance ;
 Meet in His appointed ways,
 Nourish us with social grace.

- 2 Let us then as brethren love,
 Faithfully His gifts improve,
 Carry on the earnest strife,
 Walk in holiness of life ;
 Still forget the things behind,
 Follow Christ in heart and mind,
 Toward the mark unwearied press,
 Seize the crown of righteousness.

- 3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
 Faith which by our works is shown :
 God it is who justifies ;
 Only faith the grace applies ;—
 Active faith that lives within,
 Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
 Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
 Forms the Saviour in the soul.

- 4 Let us for this faith contend ;
 Sure salvation is its end :
 Heaven already is begun,
 Everlasting life is won.
 Only let us persevere,
 Till we see our Lord appear :
 Never from the Rock remove,
 Saved by faith, which works by love.

884

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART IV.

- P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
 Lift your hearts and voices up :
 Jointly let us rise, and sing
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King :
 Monuments of Jesu's grace,
 Speak we by our lives His praise ;
 Walk in Him we have received ;
 Show, we not in vain believed.
- 2 While we walk with God in light
 God our hearts doth still unite ;
 Dearest fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship in Jesu's love :
 Sweetly each, with each combined,
 In the bonds of duty joined,
 Feels the cleansing blood applied,
 Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase !
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
 Thee the' unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for Thee !
 Every vile affection kill ;
 Root out every seed of ill ;
 Utterly abolish sin ;
 Write Thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow ;
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to Thee :

Love, Thine image, love impart !
 Stamp it on our face and heart !
 Only Love to us be given !
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

885

(377)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace Divine,
 Come, Jesus, in Thy name to join
 A happy chosen band ;
 Who fain would prove Thine utmost will,
 And all Thy righteous laws fulfil,
 In love's benign command.

- 2 If pure essential Love Thou art,
 Thy nature into every heart,
 Thy loving self, inspire :
 Bid all our simple souls be one,
 United in a bond unknown,
 Baptized with heavenly fire.
- 3 Still may we to our Centre tend,—
 To spread Thy praise our common end,
 To help each other on ;
 Companions through the wilderness,
 To share a moment's pain, and seize
 An everlasting crown.
- 4 Jesus, our tendered souls prepare !
 Infuse the softest, social care,
 And warmest charity,
 The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
 The virtues of Thy wondrous name,
 The heart that was in Thee.
- 5 Supply what every member wants :
 To found the fellowship of saints,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;
 So shall we all Thy love receive,
 Together to Thy glory live,
 And to Thy glory die.

886

(378)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile !
 Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
 And shy distrust remove ;
 The true simplicity impart,
 To fashion every passive heart,
 And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to Thee we raise ;
 Whate'er obstructs Thy work of grace,
 For ever drive it hence :
 Exert Thine all-subduing power,
 And each regenerate soul restore,
 To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in Thee we gain a part,
 Our spirit purg'd from nature's art
 Appears, by grace forgiven ;
 We then pursue our sole design,
 To lose our melting will in Thine,
 And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
 To do on earth Thy blessed will,
 As angels do above !
 In Thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 To walk, and perfectly to' obey
 Thy sweet constraining love !

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
 And spread the spark of living fire
 Through every hallowed breast ;
 Bless with divine conformity,
 And give us now to find in Thee
 Our everlasting rest.

887

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOLY Lamb, who Thee confess,
 Followers of Thy holiness,
 Thee they ever keep in view,
 Ever ask, " What shall we do ?"

- 2 Governed only by Thy will,
All Thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all Thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.
- 3 While Thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to Thy servants here,
Mindful of Thy place above,
All Thy life was prayer and love.
- 4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity ;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.
- 5 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Saviour greet ;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
- 6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again ;
Power His image to retrieve,
Power, like Thee, our Lord, to live.
- 7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good ;
- 8 Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like Thee.

888

(379)

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart !
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now Thy blissful Self impart :
Sign our uncontested pardon ;
Wash us in the' atoning blood !
Make our hearts a watered garden ;
Fill our spotless souls with God.

- 2 If Thou gav'st the' enlarged desire,
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal :
Claim us for Thy habitation ;
Dwell within our hallowed breast ;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.
- 3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet ;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for Thee.
- 4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow ;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art !

889

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. Rev. xxii. 21.

- J**ESUS ! Thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of Thy peace restored
Let all Thy followers perceive,
And happy in Thy Spirit live ;
Retain the grace through Thee bestowed,
The favour, and the power of God.
- 2 Give all Thy saints to find in Thee
The fulness of the Deity ;
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love :
Fountain of grace, Thyself make known
With God and man for ever one.

- 3 Still with and in Thy people dwell ;
 Thy gracious plenitude reveal ;
 Till coming with 'Thy heavenly train,
 We eye to eye " Behold the Man,"
 And share Thy majesty divine,
 And mount our thrones encircling Thine.

At the Baptism of a Child.

890

(360)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- G**OD of eternal truth and love,
 Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
 Thine own great ordinance approve,
 The child baptized into Thy name,
 Partaker of Thy nature make,
 And give him all Thine image back.
- 2 Father, if such Thy sovereign will,
 If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
 Annex Thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
 And let the grace attend the sign ;
 The seed of endless life impart,
 Take for Thine own this infant's heart.
- 3 Answer on him Thy wisdom's end,
 In present and eternal good ;
 Whate'er Thou didst for man intend,
 Whate'er Thou hast on man bestowed,
 Now to this favour'd child be given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 In presence of Thy heavenly host,
 Thyself we faithfully require :
 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 By blood, by water, and by fire,
 And fill up all Thy human shrine,
 And seal our souls for ever Thine.

891

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Gen. xlviii. 16.

THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
 O Jesus, we confess ;

- Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early disciplined to the Lord,
May they be taught of Thee :
And, made to know and trust Thy word,
Wise to salvation be.
- 3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove ;
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing Thy praise above.
- 4 Partakers of Thy nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace ;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

892

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms :
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name :
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

893

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed !
" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great father given ;
 He takes our children to His arms,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 O God, how faithful are Thy ways !
 Thy love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of Thy grace
 Blots out our children's name.

894

(358)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

At the Baptism of Adults.

- COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honour the means ordained by Thee !
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own Thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now Thy promised presence claim,
 Sent to disciple all mankind,
 Sent to baptize into Thy name,
 We now Thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father ! in these reveal Thy Son ;
 In these, for whom we seek Thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus ! with us Thou always art :
 Effectuate now the sacred sign ;
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits Thou !
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now !
- 6 Oh ! that the souls baptized herein
 May now Thy truth and mercy feel ;
 May rise and wash away their sin :
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

895

(359)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In solemn power come down !

Present with Thy heavenly host,
 Thine ordinance to crown :
 See a sinful worm of earth !
 Bless to him the cleansing flood !
 Plunge him, by a second birth,
 Into the depths of God.

- 2 Let the promised inward grace
 Accompany the sign ;
 On his new-born soul impress
 The character divine !
 Father, all Thy love reveal !
 Jesus, all Thy name impart !
 Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
 For ever in his heart !

The Lord's Supper.

896

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

COME, all who truly bear
 The name of Christ your Lord,
 His last mysterious supper share,
 And keep His kindest word.
 Hereby your faith approve
 In Jesus crucified :

“ In memory of my dying love,
 Do this,”—He said,—and died.

- 2 The badge and token this,
 The sure confirming seal,
 That He is ours, and we are His,
 The servants of His will ;
 His dear peculiar ones,
 The purchase of His blood ;
 His blood which once for all atones,
 And brings us now to God.

- 3 Then let us still profess
 Our Master's honoured Name ;
 Stand forth His faithful witnesses,
 True followers of the Lamb.

In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

- 4 Part of His church below,
We thus our right maintain ;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed ;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

897

(372)

C.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

Luke xxii. 19.

- ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane, can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see—
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee ;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

898

(366)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us, who think on Thee ;
 And every struggling soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

2 By Thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and set us free ;
 From all iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,
 Till Thou our wants relieve,
 Write forgiveness on our heart,
 And all Thine image give !
 Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
 Till perfected in holiness,
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

899

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind

All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All His sufferings for mankind !
 True Recorder of His passion,
 Now the living faith impart ;
 Now reveal His great salvation ;
 Preach His gospel to our heart.

- 2 Come, Thou Witness of His dying ;
 Come, Remembrancer Divine !
 Let us feel Thy power, applying
 Christ to every soul,—and mine !
 Let us groan Thine inward groaning ;
 Look on Him we pierc'd, and grieve ;
 All receive the grace atoning,
 All the sprinkled blood receive.

900

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

LET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Saviour's name,
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the Paschal Lamb.

- 2 This eucharistic feast,
 Our every want supplies ;
 And still we by His death are blest,
 And share His sacrifice.
3. Who thus our faith employ,
 His sufferings to record,
 E'en now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord.
- 4 We, too, with Him are dead,
 And shall with Him arise ;
 The cross on which He bows His head,
 Shall lift us to the skies.

901

(361)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

MY God, and is Thy table spread ?
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.

- 2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;
And having felt Thy presence here,
Let not the joy or profit end.
- 5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

902

(268)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESU, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in Thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood !
- 2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on Thee to feed.
 - 3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
And make Thy nature known ;
Affix Thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for Thine own.
 - 4 The tokens of Thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe !
 - 5 The cup of blessing, blest by Thee,
Let it Thy blood impart ;
The bread Thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Sate the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.
- 7 The living Bread, sent down from heaven,
 In us vouchsafe to be :
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,
 And all may live by Thee.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us Thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink Thy blood,
 Till all our souls are filled below
 With all the life of God.

903

(367)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- T**HIS done ! the' atoning work is done !
 Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies ;
 All nature feels the' important groan,
 Loud echoing through the earth and skies :
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black !
- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows His head ;
 The rocks resent His mortal pain ;
 The yawning graves give up their dead ;
 The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall not we His death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan ?
 O Saviour, let Thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone !
 To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

904

(108)

8s & 7s.

W. SHIRLEY. 1770.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend :

Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before His cross to lie ;
 While I see Divine compassion
 Flowing from His languid eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe :
 Constantly in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death :
 May I still enjoy this feeling ;
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove His wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know.

905

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim,
 While thus Thy precious death we show :
 Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
 In Thy great temple here below,
 Thou didst for all mankind atone,
 And standest now before the Throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
 As now for guilty sinners slain :
 Thy blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
 All-prevalent for helpless man ;
 Thy blood is still our ransom found,
 And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of Thy atonement here
 Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
 Made the new way to heaven appear,
 And showed the great Invisible :

Thy sacrifice doth always please,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace.

- 4 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here !

906

(462)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

GRACIOUS God ! Thou seest in me
Only sin and misery ;
Look on Thy beloved Son,
See what He for me has done.

- 2 Turn from me Thy glorious eyes,
To that spotless sacrifice ;
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid.
- 3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for Thy forgiving love :
To the tokens of His death,
Here exhibited beneath.
- 4 Hear His blood's prevailing cry ;
Let Thy bowels then reply ;
Then through Him the sinner see ;
Then in Jesus look on me.

907

(63)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

- 2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God ;
And we shall reign with Thee.

908

(369)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- G**LORY to Him, who freely spent
 His blood that we might live ;
 And through this choicest instrument
 Does all His blessings give.
- 2 Here all Thy blessings we receive ;
 Here all Thy gifts are given ;
 To those who would in Thee believe—
 Pardon, and grace, and heaven.
- 3 Thus may we still in Thee be blest,
 Till all from earth remove,
 And share with Thee the marriage feast,
 And drink the wine above.

909

5,5,12, or 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY. 1745.

- A**LL glory and praise to the Ancient of Days,
 Who was born, and was slain to redeem us
 Salvation to God, who carried our load, [lost race.
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of His
 blood.
- 2 And shall He not have the lives, which He gave
 Such an infinite ransom for ever to save ?
 Yes, Lord, we are Thine, and gladly resign
 Our souls to be filled with the fulness Divine.
- 3 We yield Thee Thine own ; we serve Thee alone ;
 Thy will upon earth, as in heaven be done.
 How, when it shall be, we cannot foresee :
 But O ! let us live, let us die unto Thee !

THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTERS AND OFFICERS.

910

(290)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Chron. vi. 41. Judges v. 31.

- J**ESUS, the word of mercy give,
 And let it swiftly run ;
 And let the priests themselves believe,
 And put salvation on.

- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all Thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun ;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run :
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go ;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might ;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night :
- 6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display ;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

911

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1836.

- P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.
 - 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :
 - 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign;
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God! may they and we be Thine.

912

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Ordination of Ministers.

- J**ESUS, the Truth, and Power Divine,
 Send forth these messengers of Thine,
 Their hands confirm, their hearts inspire,
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire.
- 2 Be Thou their mouth and wisdom, Lord,
 Thou, by the hammer of Thy word,
 The rocky hearts in pieces break,
 And bid the sons of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
 Give them to preach the word of grace,
 Sweetly their yielding bosom move,
 And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
 Thy welcome messengers of peace;
 Thy power in their report be found,
 And let Thy feet behind them sound.

913

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego:—
 For souls, which must for ever live
 In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 The account to render there;

- And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for Thee.

914

(542)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- G**IVE me the faith which can remove,
 And sink the mountain to a plain ;
 Give me the child-like, praying love,
 Which longs to build Thy house again ;
 Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
 And all my simple soul devour.
- 2 I want an even, strong desire,
 I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
 To save poor souls out of the fire,
 To snatch them from the verge of hell,
 And turn them to a pardoning God,
 And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.
- 3 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone,
 To spend, and to be spent, for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.
- 4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into Thy blessed hands receive ;
 And let me live to preach Thy word ;
 And let me to Thy glory live ;
 My every sacred moment spend,
 In publishing the Sinners' Friend.
- 5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
 With boundless charity divine !
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like Thine ;
 And lead them to Thy open side,
 The sheep, for whom their Shepherd died.

915

L.M.

J. WESLEY, 1789.

From the German of JOHN J. WINKLER.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
 Or, undismayed in deed and word,
 Be a true witness for my Lord?

- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most High?
 How then before Thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how Thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
 Soften Thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross endured, my God, by Thee?
- 4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
 A man! an heir of death! a slave
 To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage! since Thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head;
 Since in all pain Thy tender love
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of men! Thy searching eye
 Doth all mine inmost thoughts desery:
 Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
 Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?
- 7 The love of Christ, doth me constrain
 To seek the wandering souls of men;
 With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
 To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
 All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
 Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood, I here present,
 If for Thy truth they may be spent;

- Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
 Thy will be done ! Thy name adored !
 10 Give me Thy strength, O God of power ;
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be :
 'Tis fix'd ; I can do all through Thee !

916

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- L**ORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants cry ;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.
 2 On Thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in Thy view ;
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great ;
 The labourers are few.
 3 Convert, and send forth more
 Into Thy church abroad ;
 And let them speak Thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.
 4 Give the pure gospel word,
 The word of general grace ;
 Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
 The Saviour of our race.
 5 O let them spread Thy Name,
 Their mission fully prove ;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thy all-redeeming love !
 6 On all mankind, forgiven,
 Empower them still to call ;
 And tell each creature under heaven,
 That Thou hast died for All.

917

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, Thy wandering sheep behold !
 See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
 The souls that cannot find the fold,
 Till sought and gathered in by Thee.

- 2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want ;
With no kind Shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only Thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art :
Collect Thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after Thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd ;
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth, and utterance give ;
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.
- 6 Thy only glory let them seek ;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow !
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread Thy mercy's praise below.

918

(380)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1743.

Meeting, after Absence.

- AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace !
- 2 Preserved by power Divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in His sight appear.
 - 3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last !
 - 4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by His love ;

And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

919

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1749.

OUR friendship sanctify and guide :
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim !
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in Thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in Thy name.

2 Fix on Thyself our single eye ;
Still let us on Thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from Thy hand receive,
And still to Thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

3 Whate'er Thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know :
Let each the common burden bear ;
In comforts and in griefs agree ;
And wrestle for his friends with Thee,
In all the' omnipotence of prayer.

4 Our mutual prayer accept and seal ;
In all Thy glorious Self reveal ;
All with the fire of love baptize :
Thy kingdom in our souls restore ;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in Thy whole image rise.

5 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,

And do Thy will like those above :
 Together spread the gospel sound,
 And scatter peace on all around,
 And joy, and happiness, and love.

- 6 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
 To labour in the gospel field,
 Our all let us delight to spend,
 In gathering in Thy lambs and sheep ;
 Assured that Thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

920

(545)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
 The best concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed ;
 We spend our wretched strength for nought,
 But if our works in Thee be wrought,
 They shall be blest indeed.

- 2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire
 Our souls, with this intense desire
 Thy goodness to proclaim,—
 Thy glory if we now intend,—
 O let our deed begin and end
 Complete in Jesu's name!

- 3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
 Far from an evil world retreat,
 And all its frantic ways ;
 One only thing resolved to know,
 And square our useful lives below,
 By reason and by grace.

- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
 Not in the dark monastic cell,
 By vows and grates confined ;
 Freely to all ourselves we give,
 Constrained by Jesu's love to live
 The servants of mankind.

- 5 Now, Jesus, now Thy love impart,
 To govern each devoted heart,

And fit us for Thy will :
 Deep founded in the truth of grace,
 Build up Thy rising church, and place
 The city on the hill.

- 6 O let our faith and love abound !
 O let our lives to all around
 With purest lustre shine ;
 That all around our works may see,
 And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,
 The heavenly Light Divine.

921

(408)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

Separation of Fellow-Labourers.

JESUS, accept the praise
 That to Thy name belongs ;
 Matter of all our lays,

Subject of all our songs :
 Through Thee we now together came,
 And part exulting in Thy name.

- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
 But still in spirit joined,
 To' embrace the happy toil,
 Thou hast to each assigned ;
 And while we do Thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still.

- 3 O let us thus go on
 In all Thy pleasant ways,
 And, armed with patience, run
 With joy the' appointed race :
 Keep us, and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.

- 4 There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more :
 We shall with all our brethren rise,
 And grasp Thee in the flaming skies.

- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls Thy exiles home !
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom ;
Earth we shall view and heaven destroyed,
And shout above the fiery void.
- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies !
These eyes shall see them all,
Out of their ashes rise !
These lips His praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.
- 7 According to His word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven ;
In a new world His truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love,
- 8 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release ;
And labour to be found
Of Him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

922

(406)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do His work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside :
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To His beloved embrace ;
 Expect His fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more !

923

(407)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**ND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair,—
 Inseparably joined in heart
 The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,
 Did first our hearts unite,
 And still He keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with Him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesu's work below ;
 And, following our triumphant Head,
 To farther conquests go !
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before His labourers lies ;
 And, lo ! we see the vast reward,
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 5 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find
 Where all our labours end ;
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain ;—
 Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.

- 7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 8 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
- 9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
- 10 Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.
- 11 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
- 12 To gather home His own
God shall His angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

924

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

Admission of Members.

See also Hymn 603.

- B**RETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved ;
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth : lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give !
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesu's name receive.
- 3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours ?
Then let them burn with sacred love ;

- Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.
- 4 Jesus, attend, Thyself reveal !
Are we not met in Thy great Name ?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 5 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart ;
And let the flames of pure desire,
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 6 Truly our fellowship below
With Thee, and with the Father is :
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 7 In part we only know Thee here,
But wait Thy coming from above ;
And we shall then behold Thee near,
And we shall all be lost in love.

925 (546)

C.M,

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Renewal of the Covenant.

Jer. 1. 5.

- COME, let us use the grace Divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD :
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind :—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow :—
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !

- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive ;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give !
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away ;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day !

926

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O HOW shall a sinner perform
 The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord ?
 A sinful and impotent worm,
 How can I be true to my word ?
 I tremble at what I have done :
 But look for my help from above ;
 The power of Thy Spirit make known,
 The virtue of Jesus's love !
- 2 My solemn engagements are vain,
 My promises empty as air ;
 My vows, I shall break them again,
 And plunge in eternal despair ;—
 Unless my omnipotent God
 The sense of His goodness impart,
 And shed by His Spirit abroad
 The love of Himself in my heart.
- 3 O Lover of sinners, extend
 To me Thy compassionate grace !
 Appear my affliction to end,
 Afford me a glimpse of Thy face !
 That light shall enkindle in me
 A flame of reciprocal love ;
 And then I shall cleave unto Thee,
 And then I shall never remove.
- 4 O come to a mourner in pain,
 Thy peace in my conscience reveal !
 And then I shall love Thee again,
 And sing of the goodness I feel :

Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
 My soul shall in all things obey,
 And wait to be fully restored,
 And long to be summon'd away.

Erection and Dedication of Sanctuaries.

927

(306)

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

- T**HIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee ;
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear, Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
 And when Thou hearest, O forgive !
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
 Still by the power of His great Name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
 When children's voices raise that song ;
 Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest ?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.

928

(307)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish His abode ?
 And will He from His radiant throne
 Avow our temples for His own ?

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to Thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with Thy praise !
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power Divine His word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends !
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here !

929

(309)

C.M.

NEWTON. 1779.

- COME, Saviour, and our souls inspire
To feel how good Thou art ;
Send down a flame of sacred fire
To cheer each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
 - 3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
 - 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease ;
The wounded spirit heal.
 - 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares !

- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforced by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

930

(308)

4-6s & 2-8s.

FRANCIS. 1774.

Variations, H. B. Methodist Episcopal Church.

- G**REAT King of Glory, come,
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy home,
 This people as Thine own :
 Beneath this roof, oh ! deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below !
- 2 Here may Thine ear attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies :
 Here may Thy soul-converting word
 With faith be preached, in faith be heard.
- 3 Here may the attentive throng
 Receive Thy truth in love ;
 And converts join the song
 Of the redeemed above ;
 And willing crowds surround Thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound Thy praise,
 And shine, like polished stones,
 Through long succeeding days ;
 Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore !

931

C.M.

BRYANT, ANON.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
 Built over earth and sea !
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised to worship Thee.

- 2 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 Gracious Redeemer, mighty King,
Enter with all Thy train ;
Thy choicest blessings with Thee bring,
And long may they remain.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Thou Author of all grace,
Often reveal a Saviour's love
To sinners in this place.
- 5 May thousands in the realms of day,
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
There, I was born again.

932

L.M.

CHANDLER. 1837.

- O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see,
The brethren join in love to Thee ;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.
- 2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.
 - 3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode ;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.
 - 4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More wean'd from earth, more fixed on heaven.
 - 5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

See also, THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

933

7.6 D.

HEBER. 1827.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh ! salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name !
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

934

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

ETERNAL Lord of earth and skies,
 We wait Thy Spirit's latest call :
 Bid all our fallen race arise,
 Thou who hast purchased life for all ;
 Whose only name to sinners given,
 Snatches from hell, and lifts to heaven.

- 2 The word Thy sacred lips has past,
 The sure irrevocable word,
 That every soul shall bow at last,
 And yield allegiance to its Lord ;
 The kingdoms of the earth shall be
 For ever subjected to Thee.
- 3 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
 The terrors of the Lord display ;
 Out of their sins the nations shake,
 Tear their vain confidence away ;
 Conclude them all in unbelief,
 And fill their hearts with sacred grief.
- 4 Of judgment now the world convince,
 The end of Jesu's coming show ;
 To sentence their usurping prince,
 Him and His works destroy below ;
 To finish and abolish sin,
 And bring the heavenly nature in.
- 5 O wouldst Thou bring the final scene,
 Accomplish the redeeming plan,
 Thy great millennial reign begin ;
 That every ransomed child of man,
 That every soul, may bow the knee,
 And rise to reign with God in Thee !

935

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, Light,
 Confusion, order in Thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet ;
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
 The triumphs of the Cross record ;
 The Name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him LORD.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed,
 All flesh shall His salvation see ;
 So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee.
 The Saviour's sufferings crown'd, through

936

8.7.4.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

- COME, Thou Conqueror of the nations,
 Now on Thy white horse appear ;
 Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations,
 Signify Thy kindom near :
 True and faithful !
 'Stablish Thy dominion here.
- 2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory ;
 Thine the ransomed nations are ;
 Let the heathen fall before Thee,
 Let the isles Thy power declare ;
 Judge and conquer !
 All mankind in righteous war.
- 3 Thee let all mankind admire,
 Object of our joy and dread !
 Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
 Many crowns upon Thy head ;

But Thine essence
None, except Thyself, can read.

- 4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestowed,
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God ;
Flesh Thy vesture,
Dipp'd in Thy own sacred blood.
- 5 Captain, God of our salvation !
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the' Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom !
Claim the purchase of Thy blood.
- 6 On Thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world Thy heavenly Name,
That, with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb ;
All adore Thee,
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.
- 7 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord our God we give ;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Reign triumphant !
King of kings, for ever live !

937

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

HHEAD of Thy Church, whose Spirit fills,
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole :

- 2 "Come, Lord," Thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan ;
"Come, Lord," the Bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

- 3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
 Answer the universal, "Come!"
 The fulness of the Gentiles call,
 And take Thine ancient people home.
- 4 To Thee let all the nations flow,
 Let all obey the gospel word;
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
 Filled with the glory of the Lord.
- 5 O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 The purchase of Thy passion claim;
 Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
 And cause the world to know Thy Name.

938

(281)

L.M.

(WILKS. 1799.)

- B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
 And permanent as his control :—
- 2 So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come :
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
 Shall, at its brightness, flee away ;
 The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
 Learn the blest knowledge of Thy law ;
 And Antichrists on every shore
 Fall from their thrones to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall Thy lofty praise resound,
 On Afric's shore, through India's ground :
 And islands of the southern sea
 Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
 In pure devotion at Thy feet ;
 And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due,
 Her fulness and her glory too.
- 6 Oh, that from Britain now might shine
 This heavenly light, this truth divine !
 Till the whole universe shall be
 But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

939

(282)

8.7.4.

WILLIAMS. 1759.

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed jub'lee !
 Let Thy glorious morning dawn !
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light :
 May the everlasting gospel
 Pierce the gloom of heathen night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease,
 May Thy lasting, wide dominion,
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour ! all the world around.

940

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm lxxii.

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

941

(283)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue !

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 " Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"

942

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1782.

SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume Thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign :
Christ, the world's Desire and Hope,
Power complete to Thee is given ;
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

- 2 Where they all Thy laws have spurned,
 Thy holiest name profaned,
 Where the ruined world hath mourned
 With blood of millions slain ;
 Open there the' ethereal scene,
 Claim the heathen tribes for Thine ;
 There the endless reign begin
 With majesty Divine.
- 3 Universal Saviour, Thou
 Wilt all Thy creatures bless ;
 Every knee to Thee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess :
 None shall in Thy mount destroy ;
 War shall then be learnt no more ;
 Saints shall their great King enjoy,
 And all mankind adore.
- 4 Then, according to Thy word,
 Salvation is revealed ;
 With Thy glorious knowledge, Lord,
 The new-made earth is filled :
 Then we sound the mystery,
 Depths and heights of Godhead prove,
 Swallowed up in mercy's sea,
 For ever lost in love.

943

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

The Jews.

Isa. lxvi. 19, 20.

- ALMIGHTY God of Love,
 Set up the' attracting sign,
 And summon whom Thou dost approve
 For messengers divine :
- 2 From favoured Abraham's Seed
 The new Apostles choose,
 In isles and continents to spread
 The dead-reviving news.
- 3 We know it must be done,
 For God hath spoke the word :

All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored :

4 Send, then, Thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home ;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

5 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
The family complete !

944

(628)

555.11.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

ALL thanks be to God, who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants, His savour of grace.
Who the victory gave, the praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done :
All honour and glory to Jesus alone !

2 Our conquering Lord hath prospered His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm He hath bared, and a people prepared,
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.

3 He hath opened a door to the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad sound ; they have
liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing our Saviour and King ?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee !
Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd, and believers increased,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

- 5 Thy Spirit revives His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
 So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
 O that all men might know Thy tokens below,
 Our Saviour confess,
 And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!
- 6 Thou Saviour of all, effectually call
 The sinners that stray ;
 And oh ! let a nation be born in a day !
 Then, then let it spread, Thy knowledge and dread,
 Till the earth is o'erflowed,
 And the universe filled with the glory of God.

945

(627)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace !
 Jesu's love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze :
 To bring fire on earth He came ;
 Kindled in some hearts it is :
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss !
- 2 When He first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was His day :
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way :
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !
 He the door hath opened wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace,
 Jesu's word is glorified :
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought ;
 Worthy is the work of Him,
 Him who spake a world from nought.

- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
 Lo ! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the Spirit of His Love !

946

C.M.

BRUCE. 1768.

- B**EHOLD ! the Mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise
 On mountain tops, above the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to His house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
 Their millions slain deplore ;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then ! O come, from every land,
 To worship at His shrine ;
 And, walking in the Light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

947

4-7s.

MARSDEN. (1824.)

GO, ye messengers of God ;
 Like the beams of morning fly !

- Take the wonder-working rod ;
 Lift the Saviour's cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
 In the bosom of the deep,
 Where the skies for ever smile,
 And the opprest for ever weep.
- 3 O'er the negro's night of care,
 Pour the living light of heaven :
 Chase away his wild despair ;
 Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day,
 Open on the gorgeous East,
 Wide the wondrous cross display,
 Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call ;
 Visit every soil and sea ;
 Preach the cross of Christ to all—
 Christ whose love is full and free.

948

L.M.

BALFOUR. 1828.

GO, Messenger of peace and love,
 To nations plunged in shades of night ;
 Like angels sent from fields above,
 Be thine to shed celestial light.

- 2 Go, to the hungry food impart,
 To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
 And lead the thirsty, panting heart
 Where streams of living water glide.
- 3 On barren rock and desert isle,
 Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom ;
 Till arid wastes around thee smile,
 Bright with the dews of morning's womb.
- 4 From north to south, from east to west,
 Messiah yet shall reign supreme ;
 His Name, by every tongue confest ;
 His praise, the universal theme.
- 5 Then faint not in the day of toil,
 When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;

Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.

- 6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high ;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

949

S.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1835.

- S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here, nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry " Harvest home !"

950

7s D.

MONTGOMERY. 1819.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee ;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :

- Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent, shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheath'd His sword : He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end ;—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

Parting Hymns.

951

(409)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- G**OD of all consolation, take
 The glory of Thy grace !
 Thy gifts to Thee we render back
 In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through Thee we now together came,
 In singleness of heart ;
 We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,
 And in Thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind ;
 Our minds continue one ;
 And, each to each, in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
 No power can make us twain ;

- And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit ;
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed His glory all abroad
In all His members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a mean house of clay ;
But He shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Sion's hill !
- 10 Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
Our face like His shall shine :
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.
- 12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through ;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.
- 13 Then let us hasten to the Day,
When all shall be brought home ;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come !

952

(411)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- L**IFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name :
- 2 To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King ;
The King is now our Friend !
- 3 We, for His sake, count all things loss ;
On earthly good look down ;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
- 4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love !
- 5 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb ;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same :
- 6 You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow ;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo ! we reach you now.
- 7 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God, in Christ, imparts ;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.
- 8 Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 9 Let all who for the Promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live !

- 10 Live till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait His heaven to share :
 He now is fitting up our home :—
 Go on :—we'll meet you there.

THE FAMILY.

953

(351)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

Family Religion.

- F**ATHER of men ! Thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace :
 From Thee they spring ; and by Thy hand
 They are, and shall be still, sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised ;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To Thee, may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows :
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught Thy precepts, and Thy grace.
- 4 Oh ! may each future age proclaim
 The honours of Thy glorious name ;
 While pleased, and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

954

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- P**EACE be to this habitation !
 Peace to every soul herein !
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin ;
 Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver ;
 Peace to earthly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,—
 Here erect its glorious throne.
- 2 Now, Thy love-infusing Spirit
 Shed in every heart abroad ;

And, Redeemer, through Thy merit,
 Make each child a child of God !
 Claim for Thine each faithful servant
 By the reconciling word ;
 Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,
 Let them serve their heavenly Lord.

- 3 Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts Thy home,
 By Thy last appearing cheer us,
 Quickly let Thy kingdom come ;
 Answer all our expectation,
 Give our raptured souls to prove,
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heavenly, everlasting love !

955

(352)

L.M. 6 lines triplets. C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
 When brethren cordially agree,
 And kindly think and speak the same ;
 A family of faith and love,
 Combined to seek the things above,
 And spread the common Saviour's fame !

- 2 The God of grace, who all invites,
 Who in our unity delights,
 Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless ;
 Revives us with refreshing showers,
 The fulness of His blessing pours,
 And keeps our minds in perfect peace.
- 3 Jesus, Thou precious Corner-stone,
 Preserve inseparably one,
 Whom Thou didst by Thy Spirit join :
 Still let us in Thy Spirit live,
 And to Thy Church the pattern give
 Of unanimity divine !
- 4 Still let us to each other cleave,
 And from Thy plenitude receive
 Constant supplies of hallowing grace ;

Till to a perfect man we rise,
 O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
 And find prepared our heavenly place.

956

(556)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

THRIICE happy souls, who born from heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Humbly begin their days with God ;
 And spend them in His fear.

- 2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
 Prevent the dawning day ;
 And turn the sacred pages o'er,
 And praise Thy Name, and pray.
- 3 Midst hourly cares, may love present
 Its incense to Thy throne ;
 And while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be Thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
 And by each various providence,
 Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties called,
 Or by temptation tried,
 We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
 And in Thy strength confide.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
 Let all our days be passed :
 Nor shall we then impatient wish,
 Nor shall we fear the last.

957

L.M.

KEN. 1675.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run :
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
 Each present day, thy last esteem ;

- Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear ;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

958

L.M.

CHANDLER. 1837.

From the Latin of AMBROSE.

- O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face ;
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night :
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

- 4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace !
- 5 O, hallowed be the approaching day !
 Let meekness be our morning ray ;
 And faithful love our noon-day light,
 And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 6 O Christ ! with each returning morn,
 Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
 O may we ever clearly see,
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee !

959

(640)

L.M.

KEN. 1675.

- G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light.
 Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed !
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day !
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O ! when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns, with the supernal choir,
 Incessant sing, and never tire ?

- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
 Praise Him, all creatures here below :
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

960

8s & 7s.

EDMESTON. (1836.)

- S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our eyelids seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe for Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

961

(637)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- H**OW do Thy mercies close me round !
 For ever be Thy name adored ;
 I blush in all things to abound ;
 The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
 A suffering life my Master led :
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay His head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared
 For me, whom watchful angels keep :
 Yea, He Himself becomes my guard :
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears, be gone !
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?

Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

- 5 While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade ;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.

962

L.M.

KEBLE. 1827.

- SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !
 - 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
 - 4 Thou Framers of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark !
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.
 - 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
 - 6 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

- 7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till, in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above !

963

(639)

8s.

TOPLADY. 1774.

BENEFICENT Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of Thine ;
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign :

- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend,
And watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
- 4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Fly swift to their stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the loved sons of mankind.
- 5 Thy worship no interval knows :
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King :
- 6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love and adore without end
Their gracious Creator and mine.

964

(638)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

OMNIPRESENT God ! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain :

- Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
 God of my unguarded hours !
 All my enemies control,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 2 O Thou jealous God ! come down,
 God of spotless purity ;
 Claim, and seize me for Thine own,
 Consecrate my heart to Thee :
 Under Thy protection take ;
 Songs in the night season give ;
 Let me sleep to Thee, and wake ;
 Let me die to Thee, and live.
- 3 Let me of Thy life partake,
 Thy own holiness impart :
 Oh that I may sweetly wake
 With my Saviour in my heart !
 Oh that I may know Thee mine !
 Oh that I may Thee receive !
 Only live the life divine ;
 Only to Thy glory live.

965

(353)

5.6.9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

- COME away to the skies, my beloved, arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;
 On this festival day, come exulting away,
 And with singing to Sion return.
- 2 We have laid up our love and treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below ; [word,
 The redeemed of the Lord, we remember His
 And with singing to Paradise go.
- 3 With singing we praise the original grace,
 By our heavenly Father bestowed ;
 Our being receive from His bounty, and live
 To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For Thy glory we are, created to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
 Created again, that our souls may remain
 In time and eternity Thine.

- 5 With thanks we approve the design of Thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus's name ;
So united in heart, that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there, at His feet, we shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly
And our Saviour in glory adore. [choirs,
- 7 Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat :
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at His feet !
- 8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till His banner unfurled in the air,
From our graves we shall see, and cry out "It
is He !"
And fly up to acknowledge Him there.

966

(641)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

GOD of my life, to Thee
My cheerful soul I raise !
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days ;

I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

- 2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify Thy Name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came ;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

- 3 Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live !
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give !
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

- 4 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee ;
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore,
- 5 I wait Thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven ;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait Thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.
- 6 Then, when the work is done—
The work of faith with power—
Receive Thy favoured son,
In death's triumphant hour ;
Like Moses to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

967

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- F**OUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, Thy mercies I embrace ;
The breath Thou giv'st, for Thee employ,
And wait to taste Thy perfect grace ;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 2 Preserved, through faith, by power Divine,
A miracle of grace I stand !
I prove the strength of Jesus mine !
Jesus, upheld by Thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power ;
When, as a flood, the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror ;
I tread him down, with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
 And let me now be filled with God !
 Live to declare I'm saved from sin :
 And if I seal the truth with blood,
 My soul, from out the body torn,
 Shall bless the day that I was born !

968

(642)

5.6.9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

A WAY with our fears ! the glad morning
 appears,

When an heir of salvation was born !
 From Jehovah I came, for His glory I am,
 And to Him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone, the Fountain I own
 Of my life and felicity here ;
 And cheerfully sing my Redeemer and King,
 Till His sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice in Thy fatherly choice
 Of my state and condition below ;
 If of parents I came who honoured Thy Name,
 'Twas Thy wisdom appointed it so

4 I sing of Thy grace, from my earliest days,
 Ever near to allure and defend ;
 Hitherto Thou hast been my preserver from sin,
 And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares, and temptations, and snares,
 Thy hand hath conducted me through !
 O the blessings bestowed by a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new !

6 What a mercy is this, what a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I !
 Gathered into the fold, with Thy people enrolled,
 With Thy people to live and to die !

7 O the goodness of God, employing a clod
 His tribute of glory to raise !
 His standard to bear, and with triumph declare
 His unspeakable riches of grace !

- 8 O the fathomless love, that has deigned to
approve
And prosper the work of my hands !
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands !
- 9 Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these ?
And inquire, from what quarter they came ?
My full heart it replies, "They are born from
the skies,"
And gives glory to God, and the Lamb.
- 10 All honour and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return !
The business pursue, He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.
- 11 In a rapture of joy my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim ;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.
- 12 My remnant of days I spend in His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem :
Be they many or few, my days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.

For Masters.

969

(607)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- H**OW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care ?
A pattern to my household give,
And, as a guardian-angel, live,
As Jesu's messenger ?
- 2 The opposite extremes I see,—
Remissness and severity,—
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

- 3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray my charge divine,
My delegated power ?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour !
- 4 Lord over all, and God most High !
Jesus, to Thee, for help I fly,
For constant power and grace ;
That, taught by Thy good Spirit and led,
I may, with confidence, proceed,
And all Thy footsteps trace.
- 5 O teach me my first lesson now !
And, while to Thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like Thee,
Is governing by love.

970

(608)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- I** AND my house will serve the Lord :
But first obedient to His word
I must myself appear ;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set ;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain ;
And still, in all my works, maintain
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

- 4 Lord, if Thou didst the wish infuse,
 A vessel fitted for Thy use
 Into Thy hands receive !
 Work in me both to will and do ;
 And show them how believers true,
 And real Christians, live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply ;
 And, lo ! I come to testify
 The wonders of Thy Name,
 Which saves from sin, the world, and hell ;
 Whose virtue every heart may feel,
 And every tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
 I come my family to win,
 To preach their sins forgiven ;
 Children, and wife, and servants seize,
 And, through the paths of pleasantness,
 Conduct them all to heaven.

For Parents.

971

(602)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- F**ATHER of all, by whom we are,
 For whom was made whatever is ;
 Who hast entrusted to our care
 A candidate for glorious bliss :
- 2 We tremble at the danger near,
 And crowds of wretched parents see,
 Who, blindly fond, their children rear
 In tempers far as hell from Thee.
- 3 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
 For grace to guide what grace has given ;
 We ask for wisdom from on high,
 To train our infant up for heaven.
- 4 Him let us tend, severely kind,
 As guardians of his giddy youth ;
 As set to form his tender mind,
 By principles of virtuous truth :

- 5 To fit his soul for heavenly grace ;
Discharge the Christian parents' part ;
And keep him, till Thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

972

(603)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth Thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright :
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand ;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt, by Thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by Thee,
We come to train, in all Thy ways,
Our rising progeny.
- 4 Their selfish will, in time, subdue,
And mortify their pride ;
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the Crucified.
- 5 We would, in every step, look up ;
By Thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their hearts t' obey ;
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.
- 7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love :
- 8 To watch their will, to sense inclined ;
Withhold their hurtful food ;
And, gently, bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

- 9 Unless restrained by grace we are,
 In vain the snare we see ;
 We see, and rush into the snare
 Of blind idolatry.
- 10 Us from ourselves Thou canst secure,
 In nature's slippery ways ;
 And make our feeble footsteps sure,
 By Thy sufficient grace.
- 11 If on Thy promised grace alone
 We faithfully depend,
 Thou surely wilt preserve Thy own,
 And keep them to the end ;
- 12 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet,
 To guard what Thou hast given ;
 And bring our child with us to meet,
 At Thy right hand, in heaven.
-

THE YOUNG.

973

4-7s.

1833.

- GOD of mercy, throned on high,
 Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
 Hear, O hear, our feeble cry ;
 Guide, O guide, our wand'ring feet !
- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
 All our dangers do not know ;
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, lover of the young,
 Cleanse us with Thy blood Divine,
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
 Save us, keep us, make us Thine !
- 4 When perplex'd in danger's snare,
 Thou alone our Guide canst be ;
 When oppress'd with woe and care,
 Whom have we to trust but Thee !

- 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
 Ask Thy counsel every day ;
 Saints and angels will rejoice,
 If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
 Hope and love on every soul,—
 Hope, till time shall be no more ;
 Love, while endless ages roll !

974

8.7.4.

EDMESTON. 1820.

- L** EAD us ! Heavenly Father, lead us,
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
 Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee ;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy.
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

975

(226)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- B** ESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand :
 Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
 To fix on Mary's better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys, that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

976

(13)

L.M.

GILBERT. 1809.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
 Can there be One who sees my way ?
 Yes ;—God is like a shining light,
 And turns the darkness into day.

- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without control ?
 No ; for a constant watch He keeps
 On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human foot has never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone :
 On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell ;
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea :—
 I must within His presence dwell ;
 I cannot from His anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee—He shows me where ;
 To Jesus Christ He bids me fly :
 And while He sees me weeping there,
 There's only mercy in His eye.

977

(624)

C.M.

FAWCETT. 1782.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below :
 May I its great importance learn ;
 Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amid our youthful bloom :

Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

3 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

5 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

6 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise :
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

978

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

Those that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. viii. 17.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain ;
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

979

(626)

S.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1835.

THERE is a *precious* day ;
 In youth that day is ours,
 When we should dedicate to God
 Our life with all its powers.

2 There is a *gracious* day,
 When conscience speaks within ;
 'Tis *now*, for now the Spirit strives,
 Convincing us of sin.

3 There is a *holy* day,
 Of faith, and hope, and love :
 It reaches through our Christian life
 On earth to heaven above.

4 There is a *serious* day,
 When we must yield our breath ;
 Be born, to die no more, or die
 An everlasting death.

5 There is an *awful* day,
 Of judgment and decree ;
 Lord ! be we all, through Christ prepared,
 That last of days to see.

6 There is a *glorious* day,
 Of sweet sabbatic rest :
 Oh, may we its eternal length
 Enjoy with all the blest !

980

(605)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry ;
 The good desired and wanted most,
 Out of Thy richest grace supply ;
 The sacred discipline be given,
 To train and bring them up for heaven.

- 2 Answer on them the end of all
 Our cares, and pains, and studies here ;
 On them, recover'd from their fall,
 Stamp'd with the humble character,
 Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
 To all their Paradise restored.
- 3 Error and ignorance remove,—
 Their blindness both of heart and mind ;
 Give them the wisdom from above,
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind ;
 In knowledge pure their minds renew,
 And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Learning's redundant part, and vain,
 Be here cut off, and cast aside ;
 But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
 In every solid truth abide ;
 Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
 The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 5 Unite the pair so long disjointed,
 Knowledge and vital Piety :
 Learning and Holiness combined,
 And Truth and Love, let all men see,
 In those, whom up to Thee we give,
 Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.
- 6 Father, accept them, through Thy Son,
 And ever by Thy Spirit guide !
 Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
 Thy name confess'd and glorified ;
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,
 Till all the earth is filled with God.

981

(606)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
 The souls we here present to Thee,
 And fit for Thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality ;
 And let them in Thine image rise,
 And then transplant to Paradise.

- 2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of Thy cross ;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.
- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,
And serve and love Thee all their days ;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect Thy grace ;
Let each improve the grace bestowed ;
Rise every child a man of God !
- 4 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread !
Or send them to proclaim Thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread ;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live !

982

C.M.

STRAPHAN. 1787.

BLEST work, the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

- 2 Children our kind protection claim ;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be our's the bliss, in wisdom's way,
To guide untutored youth ;
And show the mind, which went astray,
The Way, the Life, the Truth.
- 4 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
And bless this good design ;
The honours of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

983

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

984

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Watch-Night.

HOW many pass this solemn night
In revellings and frantic mirth !
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth :
For us suffice the season past ;
We choose the better part at last.

- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep :
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God ?

- 3 We can, O Jesus, for Thy sake,
 Devote our every hour to Thee :
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
 And sing with cheerful melody ;
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And every heart shall dance for joy.
- 4 Shout, in the midst of us, O King
 Of saints, and make our joys abound ;
 Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph in redemption found ;
 We ask for every waiting soul,
 O let our glorious joy be full !
- 5 O may we all triumphant rise,
 With joy upon our heads return,
 And far above these nether skies,
 By Thee on eagles' wings upborne,
 Through all yon radiant circles move,
 And gain the highest heaven of love !

985

(643)

555.11.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

- COME, let us anew, our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still, till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will, let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away ;
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone :
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
 " I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
- 6 O that each from his Lord, may receive the glad
 " Well and faithfully done ; [word,
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

986

(644)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

HOW many kindred souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run!

2 We yet survive,—but who can say,
Or through this year, or month, or day,
'I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death?'

3 That breath is Thine, eternal God ;
'Tis Thine to fix the soul's abode :
It holds its life from Thee alone,
On earth, or in the worlds unknown.

4 To Thee our spirits we resign ;
Make them and own them still as Thine ;
So shall they rest, secure from fear,
Though death should blight the rising year.

987

(645)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise ;
Who reigns, enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, " Let it still alone ;"
The Father mild inclines His ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood,
 From God obtained the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestowed
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up the fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To Thy great praise abound :
 O let us all Thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

988

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
 To God, who lengthens out our days,
 Who spares us yet another year,
 And makes us see His goodness here :
 O may we all the time redeem,
 And henceforth live and die to Him ;

2 How often, when His arm was bared,
 Hath He our sinful Israel spared !
 " Let me alone," His mercy cried,
 And turned the vengeful bolt aside ;
 Indulged another kind reprieve,
 And strangely suffered us to live.

3 Still, in the doubtful balance weighed,
 We trembled, while the remnant prayed :
 The Father heard His Spirit groan,
 And answered mild, " It is, my Son !"
 He let the prayer of faith prevail,
 And Mercy turned the doubtful scale.

4 Merciful God, how shall we raise
 Our hearts to pay Thee all Thy praise !
 Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone ;
 Our lives shall make Thy goodness known ;
 Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,
 A living sacrifice divine.

989

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

SING to the Great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to Him belongs :
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
 Another various year :

We all with vows and anthems new,
 Before our God appear.

3 Father, Thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care ;
 To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,
 Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of Thy love,
 While on, in Jesu's steps, we go
 To see Thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
 Thine, wholly Thine, shall be,
 And—all our consecrated powers—
 A sacrifice to Thee :

6 Till Jesus, in the clouds, appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The Jubilee of Heaven.

990

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

Is. xl. 31.

A WAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
 Let every trembling thought be gone !
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young ;

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run—

- 4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire, while on the heavenly road.

991

S.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch ;—'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, He's near :
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

NATIONAL SOLEMNITIES.

992

664,6664. J. S. DWIGHT. (1855.)

GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,

Through storm and night ;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By Thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise,
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait.

Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee alone we cry,—
 God save the State !

993

(18)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Peace Restored.

LET Zion in her King rejoice,
 Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise ;
 He utters His almighty voice ;

The nations melt, the tumult dies.

- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought ;
 And Jacob's God is still our aid :
 Behold the works His hand has wrought,
 What desolations He has made !

- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
 He makes the noise of battle cease ;
 When from on high His thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace.

- 4 He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear ;
 Chariots He burns with heavenly flame :
 Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of His name.

- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God ;
 I'll be exalted o'er the lands :

I will be known and feared abroad ;
 But still My throne in Zion stands."

- 6 O Lord of Hosts ! Almighty King !
 While we so near Thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

994 (649)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Days of Humiliation

- O** GOD, Thy righteousness we own :
 Judgment is at Thy house begun !
 With humble awe Thy rod we hear,
 And guilty in Thy sight appear :
 We cannot in Thy judgment stand,
 But sink beneath Thy mighty hand.
- 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
 And still for mercy, mercy, pray ;
 Unworthy to behold Thy face,
 Unfaithful stewards of Thy grace,
 Our sin and wickedness we own,
 And deeply for acceptance groan.
- 3 We have not, Lord, Thy gifts improved,
 But basely from Thy statutes roved,
 And done Thy loving Spirit despite,
 And sinned against the clearest light,
 Brought back Thy agonizing pain,
 And nailed Thee to Thy cross again.
- 4 Yet do not drive us from Thy face,
 A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race ;
 But, O ! in tender mercy break
 The iron sinew in our neck ;
 The softening power of love impart,
 And melt the marble of our heart.

995

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

- R**IGHTEOUS God ! whose vengeful vials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head ;
 While Thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare ;
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.
- 2 If Thy dreadful controversy
 With all flesh is now begun,

In Thy wrath remember mercy ;
 Mercy first and last be shown :
 Plead Thy cause with sword and fire,
 Shake us till the curse remove,
 Till Thou com'st, the world's Desire,
 Conquering all with sovereign love.

- 3 Every fresh alarming token
 More confirms Thy faithful word :
 Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
 Must be suddenly restored :
 From this national confusion,
 From this ruined earth and skies,
 See the times of restitution,
 See the new creation rise !
- 4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows ;
 Pass the former things away :
 Lord, appear ! appear to glad us
 With the dawn of endless day !
 O conclude this mortal story,
 Throw this universe aside !
 Come, eternal King of glory,
 Now descend, and take Thy Bride !

996

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

SINNERS, the call obey,
 The latest call of grace ;
 The day is come, the vengeful day
 Of a devoted race ;
 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed,
 And vials, full of wrath Divine,
 Are bursting on your head.

- 2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
 The Rock of your salvation, struck,
 And cleft to take you in :
 To shelter the distrest,
 He did the cross endure ;

- Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesu's wounds secure.
- 3 Jesus, to Thee we fly,
From the devouring sword ;
Our city of defence is nigh ;
Our help is in the Lord.
Or, if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.
- 4 We in Thy word believe,
And on Thy promise stay ;
Our life, which still to Thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey :
Our life with Thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in Thy wounds abide,
Till all the storms are past.
- 5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon Thy grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up,
And wait for happy days ;
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

997

(648)

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1832.

- I**T is the Lord !—Behold His hand
Outstretched with an afflictive rod !
And hark ! a voice goes through the land,
“ Be still and know that I am God.”
- 2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades our darker fears ?
For who His coming may abide ?
Or who shall stand when He appears ?
- 3 No,—let us throng around His seat ;
No,—let us meet Him face to face ;

Prostrate our spirits at His feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

- 4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain His judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath ?
- 5 He will, He will—for Jesus pleads ;
Let heaven and earth His love record ;
For us, for us, He intercedes ;
Our help is nigh :—it is the Lord !

998

(651)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
And hear our loud united cries ;
See Britain bow before Thy face,
Through all her coasts, and seek Thy grace.

- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust ;
Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast ;
Thine is the land, and Thine the main :
Without Thee, force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town :
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay Thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes :
Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
Let princes, priests, and people shine.

999

8s & 7s.

(1827.)

DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications
Now for their deliverance rise.
Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding ;
 Jesu's blood can cleanse them all ;
 Let that mercy veil transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface ;
 Save Thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

1000

(646)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

HOW happy are the little flock,
 Who, safe beneath their Guardian-Rock,
 In all commotions rest !
 When war's and tumult's waves run high,
 Unmoved above the storm they lie,
 They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
 By mercy gathered into Thee,
 Before the floods descend :
 And while the bursting cloud comes down,
 We mark the vengeful day begun,
 And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
 Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
 And bid our hearts arise :
 Earth's basis shook confirms our hope ;
 Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
 To meet Thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess :
 The war proclaims the Prince of Peace ;
 The earthquake speaks Thy power ;
 The famine all Thy fulness brings ;
 The plague presents Thy healing wings,
 And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
 A pledge of endless good we call—
 A sign of Jesus near :

- His chariot will not long delay ;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant Lord, appear !
- 6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
 The word and mystery to fulfil,
 Thy confessors to' approve,
 Thy members on Thy throne to place,
 And stamp Thy name on every face,
 In glorious, heavenly love !
-

FOR USE AT SEA.

1001

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- L**ORD of the wide, extended main,
 Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
 Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
 Whose Spirit leads believing souls :
- 2 For Thee we leave our native shore,
 (We, whom Thy love delights to keep,)
 In other climes Thy works explore,
 And see Thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,
 Which dark to human eyes appear ;
 While through the mighty waves we pass,
 Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,
 We own Thy way is in the sea.
 O'erawed by majesty Divine,
 And lost in Thy immensity.
- 5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
 Thine everlasting truth we prove ;
 Amazing heights of boundless power,
 Unfathomable depths of love.

1002

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

- I**NFINITE God, Thy greatness spann'd
 These heavens, and meted out the skies ;

- Lo ! in the hollow of Thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise !
- 2 Thee to perfection who can tell !
Earth, and her sons beneath Thee lie,
Lighter than dust within Thy scale,
And less than nothing in Thine eye.
- 3 Yet, in Thy Son, divinely great,
We claim Thy providential care ;
Boldly we stand before Thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.
- 4 With Him we are gone up on high,
Since He is ours, and we are His ;
With Him we reign above the sky,
We walk upon our subject seas.
- 5 We boast of our recovered powers,
Lords are we of the lands and floods ;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's !

1003

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

In a Storm.

- GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word,
G Bids the tempestuous wind arise,
Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas Thine awful will perform :
From them we learn to own Thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
They cannot damp Thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

- 5 Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
 In vain to' impair the calm ye try,
 The calm in a believer's breast.
- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
 Thou sea, the servant of His will :
 Rise, while our God permits Thee, rise ,
 But fall when He shall say, *Be still !*
-

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

1004

(354)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- F**ATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 I humbly seek Thy face ;
 Encouraged by the Saviour's word
 To ask Thy pardoning grace.
- 2 Entering into my closet, I
 The busy world exclude ;
 In secret prayer for mercy cry,
 And groan to be renewed.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to Thee
 I solemnly retire ;
 See, Thou who dost in secret see,
 And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
 The Spirit of love and power ;
 Blameless before Thy face to live,
 To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all Thy goodness feel,
 And know my sins forgiven ;
 And do on earth Thy perfect will,
 As angels do in heaven.
- 6 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
 And grant what I require :
 For Jesu's sake the Gift send down,
 And answer me by Fire.

- 7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

1005

(357)

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine ;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour ! Thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

1006

L.M.

LYTE. 1834.

- R**EDEEM'D from guilt, redeem'd from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What, to repay such gifts as Thine ?
- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek ?

A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore ?

- 3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all !
Before Thy saints my debt to own,
And live and die to Thee alone !
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart ;
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart :
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

1007

C.M. 6 lines.

WARING. 1850.

- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
 - 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
 - 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
 - 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,

A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side :
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

- 6 Briars beset our every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer :
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy everywhere.
- 7 In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the Truth
That makes Thy children free :
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

1008

L.M.

BOWRING. (1855.)

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say
That God is Love.

- 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings ;
For God is Love.
- 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is Love.
- 4 Oh may this truth my heart employ,
Bid every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to joy,
Thou, God, art Love.

1009

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

Preaching the Gospel.

FORTH in Thy strength, O Lord, I go,
Thy gospel to proclaim,

- Thine only righteousness to show,
And glorify Thy name.
- 2 Ordain'd I am, and sent by Thee,
As by the Father Thou :
And lo ! Thou always art with me,—
I plead the promise now.
- 3 O give me now to speak the Word
In this appointed hour !
Attend it with Thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with power.
- 4 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room,
Now let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.
- 5 Give them to hear the word as Thine,
And (while they thus receive)
Prove it the saving power Divine
To sinners that believe.

1010

8s. & 4s.

BOWLY. 1847.

- T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour ;
All, all is well !
Precious is the Blood that healed us,
Perfect is the Grace that sealed us,
Strong the Hand stretched forth to shield us ;
All must be well !
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well !
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well !
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;

Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well !
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well !

1011

86,886.

TAPPAN. (1829.)

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,—
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

1012

8s & 7s.

MILMAN. 1827.

American Variations.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us ;
 Where thy saintly soul is flown,
 Tears are wiped away for ever
 And all sorrow is unknown ;
 From the burden of the body,
 From all care and fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

- 2 O'er the toilsome way thou'st travelled
 And endured the heavy load ;
 Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid,
 Safely to His blest abode.

Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus
 Safe upon his father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

- 3 Sin no more can taint thy spirit
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
 Thou thy welcome hast received,
 Now thy strength shall never fail ;
 And thou'rt sure to meet the holy,
 Whom on earth thou loved'st best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

1013

10s.

LYTE. 1847.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide :
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me !
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me !
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my Guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :

Where is Death's sting? where Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

- 7 Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;

In life, and death, O Lord, abide with me!

1014

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1790.

A Last Prayer.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh! could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

1015

11.10.11.10.10.10.

Langbecker.

Hymns from the LAND OF LUTHER. 1860.

WHAT shall I be, my Lord, when I behold
Thee

In awful majesty at God's right hand;
And 'mid th' eternal glories that enfold me,
In strange bewilderment, O Lord, I stand?
What shall I be? these tears,—they dim my sight,
I cannot catch the blissful vision right.

- 2 What shall I be, Lord, when Thy radiant glory,
As from the grave I rise, encircles me;
When brightly pictured in the light before me,
What eye hath never seen, my eyes shall see?
What shall I be? Ah, blessed and sublime
Is the dim prospect of that glorious time!
- 3 What shall I be, when days of grief are ended,
From earthly fetters set for ever free;
When from the harps of saints and angels blended,
I hear the burst of joyful melody?
What shall I be, when risen from the dead,
Sin, death, and hell, I never more shall dread!

- 4 Yes ! faith can never know the full salvation,
 Which Jesus for His people will prepare ;
 Then will I wait in peaceful expectation,
 Till the Good Shepherd comes to take me there.
 My Lord, my God, a blissful end I see,
 Though now I know not what I yet shall be !
-

DOXOLOGIES.

1016

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree,
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

1017

C.M.

P. J. WRIGHT. 1860.

NOW, glory to the Father give,
 Give glory to the Son,
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost ;
 The blessed Three in One.

1018

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

1019

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

FATHER, live, by all things feared ;
 Live the Son, alike revered ;
 Equally be Thou adored,
 Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

- 2 Three in person, One in power,
 Thee we worship evermore :
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Endless theme of earth and heaven.

ANTHEMS.

1020

LUKE XV.

I WILL arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee,

And am no more worthy to be called Thy son.
I will arise and go to my Father.

1021

PSALM LV., &c.

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He never will suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee!

1022

PSALM CXXII.

PRAY for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls; and prosperity within thy palaces.

1023

1 CHRON. XXIX.

BLESSED be Thou, Lord God of Israel our Father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head over all.

1024

SANCTUS.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

INDEX TO HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
A charge to keep I have	682	Appointed by Thee, we meet	854
A Fountain of Life and of	360	Approach, my soul, the	499
A thousand oracles divine	8	Are there not in the labourer's	644
Abide with me ! fast falls	1013	Arm of the Lord, awake,	768
Abraham, when severely tried	649	Arise, my soul, arise, Thy	193
According to Thy gracious	897	Arise, my soul, arise, Shake	598
Adam descended from above	519	As streams that from the	839
After all that I have done,	581	Author of faith, Eternal	383
Again we lift our voice,	430	Author of faith, to Thee I cry	508
Ah, Lord, with trembling I	679	Author of faith, we seek Thy	832
Ah ! when shall I awake	666	Awake, and sing the song	263
Ah ! whither should I go,	544	Awake, my soul, and with	957
Alas ! and did my Saviour	249	Awake, our souls ! away, our	990
All glory and praise to the	909	Away, my needless fears,	639
All glory to God in the sky,	235	Away with our fears, our	320
All hail the power of Jesu's	284	Away with our fears ! the	968
All people that on earth do	16	Away with our sorrow and	469
All praise and thanks to God	111		
All praise to our redeeming	859	Be it my only wisdom here,	683
All thanks and all praise to	196	Before Jehovah's awful throne	15
All thanks be to God, who	944	Before the great Three-One	89
All thanks to the Lamb, who	852	Begin, my tongue, some	121
All things are possible to	781	Begone, unbelief, my Saviour	717
All ye that pass by, to Jesus	343	Behold ! a Stranger at the	366
Almighty Father, gracious	160	Behold me here, in grief	514
Almighty Father of mankind	155	Behold ! the Mountain of	946
Almighty God of Love,	943	Behold the Saviour of	387
Almighty Maker of my frame	418	Behold the servant of the	809
Amid the dark and silent	447	Being of beings, God of	150
Among the deepest shades	976	Beneath our feet, and o'er	417
And am I born to die	413	Beneficent Hearer of prayer,	963
And am I only born to die	414	Beset with snares on every	975
And are we yet alive,	918	Bless'd Spirit, Source of	313
And can it be, that I should	597	Blessing, honour, thanks,	428
And let our bodies part,	923	Blest are the humble souls	374
And let this feeble body fail,	472	Blest be our everlasting Lord	96
And must this body die,	434	Blest be the dear uniting	922
And will the great eternal	928	Blest is the man, supremely	371
And will the Judge descend	451	Blest work, the youthful	982
Angels, where'er we go,	619	Blow ye the trumpet, blow	354
Angels your march oppose,	681	Brethren in Christ, and well	924

	HYMN		HYMN
Bright as the sun's meridian	938	Come, let us join our friends	474
Brightest and best of the	238	Come, let us sing the song	203
Brother, thou art gone	1012	Come, let us use the grace	925
Buried in shadows of the	334	Come, let us, who in Christ	356
But, above all, lay hold	631	Come, Lord, from above,	382
But can it be that I should	645	Come, my soul, thy suit	668
By faith we find the place	454	Come, O my God, the	796
Call Jehovah thy salvation	129	Come, O Thou all-victorious	56
Canst Thou reject our dying	527	Come, O Thou mighty Lord!	58
Captain of Israel's host, and	690	Come, O Thou Prophet of the	66
Captain of our salvation, take	981	Come, O Thou Traveller	532
Cast on the fidelity,	708	Come on, my partners in	705
Celebrate Immanuel's name	241	Come, Saviour, and our souls	929
Centre of our hopes Thou art	874	Come, Saviour, Jesus, from	648
Child of sin and sorrow,	365	Come, sinners, to the gospel	344
Children of the Heavenly	840	Come, sound His praise abroad	17
Christ, from whom all	880	Come, Thou all-inspiring	888
Christ, my hidden Life,	741	Come, Thou Conqueror of	936
Christ, our Head, gone up	879	Come, Thou everlasting	899
Christ, the Lord, is risen	271	Come, Thou Fount of every	608
Christ, the true anointed	222	Come, Thou high and lofty	882
Christ, whose glory fills the	547	Come, Thou long-expected	239
Christians, awake! salute the	237	Come, Thou omniscient Son	867
Clap your hands, ye people all	9	Come to Calvary's holy	362
Come, all who truly bear	896	Come, Wisdom, Power, and	885
Come, all whoe'er have set	860	Come, ye disconsolate, where	24
Come, and let us sweetly join	881	Come, ye followers of the	657
Come away to the skies, my	965	Come, ye sinners, poor and	357
Come, Desire of nations,	291	Come, ye that love the Lord	594
Come, every pious heart,	269	Come, ye weary sinners,	395
Come, Father, Son, and Holy	43	Comfort, ye ministers of	510
Come, Father, Son, and Holy	894	Coming through our great	223
Come, Father, Son, and Holy	980	Commit thou all thy griefs	703
Come, gracious Lord, descend	49	Creator Spirit, by whose aid	298
Come, gracious Spirit,	310	Day of judgment! day of	449
Come, holy, celestial Dove,	557	Day of Wrath! O day of	450
Come, Holy Ghost, all(<i>tr.m.</i>)	734	Deepen the wound Thy hands	753
Come, Holy Ghost, all	757	Depth of mercy, can there be	564
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts	64	Descend from heaven,	466
Come, Holy Spirit, come,	297	Doth He who came the lost	363
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly	295	Draw, Holy Spirit, nearer,	314
Come, Holy Spirit, send	299	Dread Jehovah! God of	999
Come, let us anew our(<i>NY</i>)	985	Drooping soul, shake off thy	534
Come, let us anew our	722	Earth, with her ten thousand	137
Come, let us arise, and press	821	Enslaved to sense, to	339
Come, let us ascend, my	862	Entered the holy place above	282
Come, let us join our cheerful	186		

	HYMN		HYMN
Equip me for the war,	634	Father of omnipresent grace !	51
Eternal Beam of Light	710	Father of our dying Lord,	294
Eternal Comforter descend,	301	Father, our hearts we lift,	243
Eternal depth of Love Divine	169	Father, see this living clod,	751
Eternal Light ! eternal Light	167	Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,	810
Eternal Lord of earth and	934	Father, Son, and Holy G—In	895
Eternal Power, whose high	5	Father, Son, and Spirit, hear	877
Eternal Source of every joy,	157	Father, supply my every	774
Eternal Spirit, come	309	Father, to Thee I lift mine	671
Eternal spotless Lamb of God	13	Father, to Thee my soul I	814
Eternal Wisdom ! Thee we	135	Father, we crave that choicest	318
Ever fainting with desire,	737	Father, whose everlasting	386
Ever nigh to those who call,	219	Fly, ye sinners, to yon	358
Except the Lord conduct the	920	Fondly my foolish heart	653
Expand Thy wings, celestial	509	For ever with the Lord !	844
Extended on a cursed tree,	388	Forth in Thy name, O Lord,	688
		Forth in Thy strength,	1009
Faith adds new charms to	640	Fountain of life and all my	967
Far from our thoughts, vain	28	Fountain of mercy ! God of	158
Far from the world, O Lord,	1005	Friend after friend departs ;	841
Father, admit our lawful	319	From all that dwell below	941
Father, at Thy footstool see	876	From Greenland's icy	933
Father, behold with gracious	41		
Father, glorify Thy Son,	312	Give glory to Jesus our	431
Father, God, we glorify	273	Give me the enlarged desire,	755
Father, how wide Thy glory	162	Give me the faith which can	914
Father, I dare believe	789	Give to the winds thy fears ;	704
Father, I know that all my	1007	Giver of unfeign'd repentance	487
Father, I long, I faint to see	845	Glorious God, accept a heart	104
Father, I stretch my hands	507	Glorious Saviour of my soul,	615
Father, if justly still we	59	Glorious things of thee are	850
Father, in the Name, I pray	709	Glory be to God above,	851
Father, in whom we live,	173	Glory be to God on high,	164
Father, into Thy hands	812	Glory be to God on high, And	242
Father, live, by all things	1019	Glory to God, whose sovereign	599
Father of all, by whom we	971	Glory to Him, who freely	908
Father of all, in whom alone	65	Glory to Thee, my God, this	959
Father of all, whose powerful	11	Glory to Thee, whose	1003
Father of earth and sky,	14	Go labour on ; spend, and	696
Father of everlasting grace,	306	Go, Messenger of peace and	948
Father of faithful Abraham,	831	Go to dark Gethsemane,	248
Father of Jesus Christ, my	743	Go, ye messengers of God ;	947
Father of Jesus Christ, my	1004	God bless our native land,	922
Father of Jesus Christ, the	541	God hath built His Church	849
Father of me, and all mankind,	10	God, in the gospel of His	331
Father of men ! Thy care	953	God is gone up on high,	277
Father of mercies, send Thy	825	God is in this, in every place	506
Father of Lights, from	485	God moves in a mysterious	153

	HYMN		HYMN
God of all consolation, take	951	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	286
God of all grace and majesty,	672	Hallelujah! Raise, O raise	36
God of all power, and truth,	773	Happy man whom God doth	142
God of all-redeeming grace,	807	Happy soul, that free from	370
God of almighty love,	687	Happy soul, thy days are	421
God of eternal truth and	726	Happy soul, who sees the	592
God of eternal truth and love	890	Happy the heart where graces	823
God of Israel's faithful Three	742	Happy the man, who finds	369
God of Love, that hear'st the	871	Happy the souls to Jesus	847
God of mercy, throned on	973	Happy the souls who first	375
God of my life preserved by	408	Happy who in Jesus live	422
God of my life, through all	161	Hark! a voice divides the	429
God of my life, to Thee	966	Hark, how the watchmen cry	680
God of my life, what just	546	Hark, my soul, how every	141
God of my life, whose	651	Hark! the glad sound, the	240
God of my salvation, hear,	574	Hark! the herald-angels	236
God of unspotted purity,	836	Hark! the song of Jubilee ;	950
God only wise, almighty,	972	Hark! the voice of love and	559
God only wise, and great,	120	Hast thou wasted all the	367
God, the offended God Most	353	He comes! He comes! the	441
God, the omnipresent God,	131	He dies! the Friend of	270
God! who didst so dearly	797	He that in Christ his soul	373
Good Thou art, and good	114	He wills, that I should holy	788
Gracious God! Thou seest	906	Head of Thy Church	611
Gracious Redeemer, shake	670	Head of Thy Church, whose	937
Great God, as seasons	159	Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,	591
Great God, attend, while Zion	35	Hear what the voice from	419
Great God, how infinite art	102	Hearken to the solemn voice	437
Great God, indulgemy humble	40	Hearts of stone, relent,	391
Great God of heaven and	998	Heavenly Father, Sovereign	731
Great God of wonders, all	171	Help, Lord, to whom for	674
Great God! to me the sight	118	High above every name,	194
Great God, we sing that	983	High in the heavens, eternal	85
Great God, what do I see	445	Ho! every one that thirsts,	346
Great is our Redeeming Lord,	37	Holy, and true, and	775
Great is the Lord our God,	29	Holy as Thou, O Lord, is	122
Great King of Glory, come,	930	Holy Ghost, dispel our	316
Guide me, O Thou great	149	Holy, holy, holy Lord,	123
		Holy, holy, holy Lord,	179
Hail, co-essential Three,	177	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God	628
Hail! Father, Son, and Holy	174	Holy Lamb, who Thee confess	887
Hail! Father, Son, and	176	Holy Lamb, who Thee	733
Hail, Father, whose creating	100	Holy Spirit, gently come,	317
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord	178	Hosanna! raise the pealing	206
Hail, Jesus, hail, our great	278	Hosanna to God in His	432
Hail the day that sees Him	276	How are Thy servants blest,	152
Hail, thou bright and sacred	72	How beauteous are their feet,	38
Hail, Thou once despised	200	How beauteous were the	247

	HYMN		HYMN
How can a sinner know	384	Infinite excellence is Thine,	214
How charming is the place	26	Infinite God, Thy greatness	1002
How did my heart rejoice to	27	Infinite God, to Thee we raise	80
How do Thy mercies close	961	Infinite, unexhausted Love	195
How firm a foundation, ye	721	Inspirer of the ancient Seers,	325
How good and pleasant 'tis	955	Into Thy gracious hands I	590
How happy are the little	1000	It is the Lord!—Behold His	997
How happy are they, who	372		
How happy are we, who in	857	Jehovah, God the Father,	69
How happy every child of	470	Jehovah reigns on high	84
How happy is the pilgrim's	459	Jerusalem, Jerusalem!	410
How large the promise, how	893	Jerusalem, my happy home!	463
How long shall death, the	433	Jesu, at whose supreme	902
How lovely are Thy tents,	31	Jesu, if still Thou art to-day	340
How many kindred souls	986	Jesu, Lover of my soul,	535
How many pass this solemn	984	Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour,	531
How pleasant, how divinely	25	Jesu, shall I never be,	738
How sad our state by nature	335	Jesus, accept the praise	921
How shall a lost sinner in	571	Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,	813
How shall I walk my God to	969	Jesus! and shall it ever be!	642
How sweet the name of Jesus	212	Jesus, bestow the power,	676
How vast the treasure we	616	Jesus comes with all His	780
How weak the thoughts, and	458	Jesus drinks the bitter cup,	251
		Jesus, faithful to His word,	443
I and my house will serve	970	Jesus, Friend of sinners,	566
I ask the gift of righteousness	795	Jesus, from Thy heavenly	835
I call the world's Redeemer	435	Jesus, from whom all	376
I cannot always trace the	1008	Jesus, great Shepherd of	866
I heard the voice of Jesus	623	Jesus hath died that I might	794
I know that my Redeemer	767	Jesus, I believe Thee near;	570
I lay my sins on Jesus,	524	Jesus, I fain would find	692
I long to behold Him arrayed	462	Jesus, I love Thy charming	211
I love Thy kingdom, Lord,	848	Jesus, I my cross have taken	604
I soon shall hear Thy	749	Jesus, if still the same Thou	528
I the good fight have fought	800	Jesus, in whom the weary	503
I thirst, Thou wounded	392	Jesus is lifted up on high;	228
I want a principle within	673	Jesus is our common Lord,	605
I want the Spirit of power	759	Jesus, let Thy pitying eye	493
I will hearken what the Lord	579	Jesus, like the magnet,	822
I will sing my Maker's	172	Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee,	872
If grief in heaven might find	695	Jesus, my All, to heaven is	537
I'll praise my Maker while	92	Jesus, my God and King,	288
In age and feebleness	1014	Jesus, my great High Priest	486
In all my vast concerns with	109	Jesus, my King, to Thee I	655
In Christ, when brethren	858	Jesus, my life! Thyself	730
In fellowship,—alone,	632	Jesus, my Lord, attend	496
In Thy state of exaltation,	494	Jesus, my Master, and my	675
In trouble, I seek Thee,	565	Jesus, my only God and	215

	HYMN		HYMN
Jesus my Redeemer lives,	274	Lay to Thy hand, O God of	550
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother,	677	Lead us ! Heavenly Father,	974
Jesus, my strength, my hope	663	Leader of faithful souls, and	467
Jesus, my Truth, my Way,	817	Let all men praise the Lord	182
Jesus shall reign where'er	940	Let all men rejoice, by	609
Jesus, take my sins away,	558	Let all that breathe, Jehovah	188
Jesus, the all-restoring Word	567	Let all who truly bear	900
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns	641	Let earth and heaven agree,	400
Jesus, the Gift Divine I	747	Let everlasting glories crown	330
Jesus the good Shepherd is ;	229	Let every tongue Thy	113
Jesus, the Life, the Truth,	740	Let God, who comforts the	826
Jesus, the Name high over	402	Let heaven and earth agree	180
Jesus, the Sinner's Friend,	521	Let Him to whom we now	808
Jesus, the Truth, and Power	912	Let not the wise his wisdom	801
Jesus, the very thought of	220	Let the beasts their breath	349
Jesus, the word of mercy	910	Let the redeemed give thanks	512
Jesus, Thee Thy works	244	Let the world their virtue	504
Jesus, Thou all-redeeming	53	Let us join, 'tis God	883
Jesus, Thou art my	562	Let us, with a gladsome	132
Jesus, Thou art our King	735	Let Zion in her King rejoice,	993
Jesus ! Thou great redeeming	889	Let Zion's watchmen all	913
Jesus, Thou hast bid us	662	Lift up your hearts to things	952
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving	210	Lift your eyes of faith, and	475
Jesus, Thou know'st my	575	Lift your heads, ye friends	457
Jesus, Thou Soul of all our	600	Light of Life, seraphic fire,	45
Jesus, Thou sovereign Lord	656	Light of those whose dreary	234
Jesus, Thy Blood and	586	Lo ! God is here ! let us adore,	3
Jesus, Thy boundless love to	756	Lo ! He comes with clouds	455
Jesus, Thy far-extended fame	778	Lo ! I come with joy to do	689
Jesus, Thy Sovereign Name	723	Lo ! in Thy hand I lay	545
Jesus, Thy wandering sheep	917	Lo ! on the inglorious tree	253
Jesus, to Thee I now can	614	Long have I sat beneath the	47
Jesus, to Thee our hearts	853	Long have I seemed to serve	336
Jesus, to Thee we fly,	262	Lord and God of heavenly	81
Jesus, united by Thy grace,	869	Lord, and is Thine anger	584
Jesus, was ever love like	420	Lord, dismiss us with Thy	68
Jesus, we look to Thee,	855	Lord, dismiss [enrich] us	67
Jesus, we on the words	307	Lord God, the Holy Ghost,	293
Jesus, where'er Thy people	32	Lord, I adore Thy gracious	707
Jesus, whose glory's	525	Lord, I believe a rest remains	783
Jesus, with kindest pity see	875	Lord, I believe Thy every	739
Join all the glorious names	221	Lord, I despair myself to	522
Just as I am—without one	523	Lord, if Thou the grace	665
		Lord ! in the morning Thou	78
Lamb of God, for sinners	561	Lord, in the strength of	805
Lamb of God, who bear'st	61	Lord, it belongs not to my	816
Lamb of God, whose bleeding	898	Lord Jesus, when we stand	266
Lamp of our feet, whereby	327	Lord of earth ! Thy forming	127

	HYMN		HYMN
Lord of mercy and of might !	209	My sufferings all to Thee are	518
Lord of the harvest, hear	916	My thoughts on awful subjects	483
Lord of the Sabbath ! hear	79	My times of sorrow and of	715
Lord of the Sabbath, Thee	74		
Lord of the wide, extended	1001	None is like Jeshurun's God,	787
Lord of the worlds above !	30	Not all the blood of beasts,	256
Lord our God, in reverence	4	Now, e'en now, I yield, I	793
Lord over all, if Thou hast	829	Now, glory to the Father	1017
Lord, regard my earnest	556	Now I have found the ground,	585
Lord, that I may learn of	664	Now in a song of grateful	245
Lord ! Thy glory fills the	125	Now to the Lamb that once	907
Lord, we believe to us and	292		
Love Divine, all loves	766	O abide, abide in Jesus,	815
Lovers of pleasure more than	401	O all-creating God !	189
		O all that pass by, to Jesus	345
Majestic sweetness sits	625	O Almighty God of Love,	635
Make haste, O man, to live,	694	O bless the Lord, my soul !	90
Make use of me, my God !	693	O bless the Lord, my soul,	170
Maker, Saviour of mankind,	377	O Christ, our hope, our	281
Master, I own Thy lawful	702	O come, and dwell in me,	750
Master, I would no longer	806	O come, loud anthems let us	21
May the grace of Christ our	70	O draw me, Saviour, after	626
Meet and right it is to praise	151	O filial Deity,	589
Meet and right it is to sing,	2	O for a closer walk with God,	573
Messiah, full of grace,	830	O for a heart to praise my	728
Messiah ! joy of every heart,	184	O for a thousand tongues to	1
Mighty God, while angels	190	O for that tenderness of	491
Mighty Spirit ! by whose aid	311	O for the wings of faith to	842
My dear Redeemer and my	246	O give thanks to Him who	140
My faith looks up to Thee,	560	O glorious hope of perfect	784
My Father, my God, I long	596	O God most merciful and	752
My gracious, loving Lord,	338	O God, my God, my all Thou	126
My God, and is Thy table	901	O God, my hope, my heavenly	646
My God, how wonderful	103	O God of Bethel ! by whose	145
My God, I am Thine, what	601	O God, of good the'	163
My God ! I know, I feel Thee	744	O God of my salvation, hear,	748
My God, I love Thee, not	621	O God of our forefathers,	33
My God, if I may call Thee	652	O God of peace and pardoning	818
My God, my Father, while	713	O God ! our help in ages	411
My God, my God, to Thee	580	O God the Son, in whom	191
My God, the spring of all	612	O God, Thou art in Jesus	128
My heart is fix'd, O God, my	97	O God ! Thou art my God	622
My heart is full of Christ,	227	O God, Thou bottomless	98
My Jesus, as Thou wilt !	714	O God, Thy faithfulness I	650
My Shepherd will supply my	146	O God, Thy righteousness	994
My soul, inspired with sacred	91	O God, to whom, in flesh	776
My soul, inspired with sacred	130	O God, what offering shall	811
My soul, through my	607	O Great Mountain, who art	764

	HYMN		HYMN
O happy day that fixed my	603	O Thou, to whose all-	712
O heavenly King, look down	168	O Thou who camest from	691
O holy Saviour, Friend	610	O Thou who hast our sorrows	511
O holy Spirit now,	300	O Thou, who hast redeem'd	233
O how shall a sinner perform	926	O Thou, whom all Thy saints	42
O Jesu, source of calm repose	736	O Thou, whom tain my soul	502
O Jesus, at Thy feet we wait	771	O Thou, whom once they	777
O Jesus, full of truth and	745	O Thou, whose offering on	260
O Jesus, King most	287	O Thou, whose own vast	931
O Jesus, let me bless Thy	539	O Thou, whose tender mercy	555
O Jesus, let Thy dying cry	725	O 'tis enough, my God, my	568
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly	187	O unexhausted Grace	569
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly	958	O what hath Jesus bought	473
O Jesus, my hope, for me	551	O what shall I do my Saviour	593
O joyful sound of gospel	785	O when shall we, supremely	201
O let the prisoners' mournful	834	O when shall we sweetly	479
O let us our own works	837	O wondrous power of faithful	661
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see	932	O worship the King, all	82
O Lord, I would delight in	720	O ye that know the pardoning	207
O Lord, our God, how	166	Object of my first desire,	218
O Lord, Thy heavenly grace	595	O'er the gloomy hills of	939
O Love Divine, how sweet	540	Of my life the Life, O Jesus	267
O Love Divine! what hast	394	Oft I in my heart have said,	588
O Love, I languish at Thy	761	Oh! let him whose sorrow	718
O may Thy powerful word	629	Oh, speak of Jesus! other	213
O might I this moment	782	Oh that the Lord would	328
O might I with Thy saints	477	Oh, what amazing words of	359
O my God, what must I do	549	Oh! who is like the Mighty	50
O my offended God,	553	Oh would I had a thousand	175
O my soul, with all thy powers	116	Omnipotent Lord, my	637
O Name, than every name	216	Omnipresent God! whose	964
O sacred Head, once wounded	252	On all the earth Thy Spirit	60
O Saviour, cast a gracious	886	On Jordan's stormy bank I	465
O Spirit of the living God!	935	On Thee, O God of purity,	44
O Sun of Righteousness,	48	Once Thou didst on earth	792
O that I could my Lord	515	Other ground can no man	878
O that I could repent,	488	Our blest Redeemer, ere He	308
O that I could repent; O	492	Our earth we now lament to	827
O that I could revere	490	Our friendship sanctify and	919
O that my load of sin were	770	Our Lord is risen from the	275
O that the power were mine,	660	Our souls the book of nature	133
O that Thou wouldst the	530	Out of the deep I cry,	543
O Thou dear suffering Son	390	Out of the depth of self-	498
O Thou eternal Victim, slain	259	Out of the depths I cry to	501
O Thou Father of	305		
O Thou, our Husband,	864	Partners of a glorious hope,	884
O Thou that hangedst on the	526	Pass a few swiftly-fleeting	407
O Thou that hear'st when	495	Peace be to this habitation!	954

	HYMN		HYMN
Peace ! doubting heart—my	636	See Israel's gentle Shepherd	892
Pierce, fill me with an	678	See, Jesus, Thy disciples see,	46
Plunged in a gulf of dark	264	See, O see, what love the	183
Pour forth the oil, pour boldly	824	See, sinners, in the gospel	397
Pour out Thy Spirit from on	911	Servant of all, to toil for man	686
Praise, Lord, for Thee in	34	Shall I, for fear of feeble man	915
Praise, my soul, the King of	39	Shall I not sing praise to	144
Praise the Lord, ye blessed	627	Shepherd Divine, our wants	658
Praise to Thee, Thou great	134	Shepherd of souls, the great,	865
Praise ye Jehovah ! Praise	20	Shepherd of souls, with	52
Praise ye the Lord ! 'tis good	93	Shrinking from the cold hand	415
Prisoners of hope, arise	769	Since the Son hath made me	772
Prisoners of hope, lift up	762	Sing to the Great Jehovah's	989
Proclaim the lofty praise,	204	Sing unto God, His praise	6
Quickened with our immortal	798	Sinner, hear thy Saviour's	361
Redeem'd from guilt,	1006	Sinners, believe the gospel	398
Regardless now of things	513	Sinners, obey the gospel word	351
Rejoice evermore with angels	378	Sinners, rejoice : your peace	261
Rejoice for a brother	426	Sinners, the call obey,	996
Rejoice, the Lord is King,	283	Sinners, turn, why will ye die	348
Religion is the chief concern	977	Sinners, your hearts lift up,	57
Repent, the Voice celestial	484	Soldiers of Christ, arise,	630
Return, O wanderer, to thy	368	Son of God, if Thy free grace	583
Righteous God ! whose	995	Son of God, Thy blessing	231
Righteous souls, rejoice in	95	Son of Thy Sire's eternal love	12
Rise my soul, and stretch	843	Sons of God, triumphant rise	272
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,	257	Sovereign of all the worlds	302
Salvation ! O the joyful sound	165	Sovereign of all ! whose will	838
Saviour, breathe an evening	960	Sow in the morn thy seed,	949
Saviour, cast a pitying eye,	505	Spirit Divine, attend our	296
Saviour from sin, I wait to	758	Spirit of Faith, come down,	55
Saviour, I now with shame	577	Spirit of grace ! Eternal	342
Saviour, I Thy word believe	303	Spirit of holiness and root,	322
Saviour, none like Thee can	62	Spirit of power, 'tis Thine	321
Saviour of all, what hast	700	Spirit of Truth descend,	315
Saviour of the sin-sick soul	779	Spirit of Truth, essential God	323
Saviour, on me the grace	468	Stand the' omnipotent decree	446
Saviour, on me the want	669	Stay, Thou insulted Spirit,	552
Saviour, Prince of Israel's	489	Still, Lord, I languish for	538
Saviour, the world's and	393	Still for Thy lovingkindness,	337
Saviour, to Thee, we humbly	833	Summoned my labour to	685
Saviour, we know Thou art	63	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour	962
Saviour, we now rejoice in	185	Sun of unclouded Righteous-	828
Saviour, whom our hearts	942	Surrounded by a host of foes	633
See how great a flame aspires	945	Sweet is the memory of Thy	112
		Sweet is the work, my God,	73
		Sweet the moments, rich in	904

	HYMN		HYMN
Talk with us, Lord, Thyself	613	This stone to Thee in faith	927
Terrible thought ! shall I	482	Thou art gone to the grave,	427
That day of wrath, that	440	Thou art the Way ; to Thee	226
The chariot ! the chariot ! its	448	Thou glorious Sun of Righte-	77
The Church in her militant	480	Thou great mysterious God	385
The day of Christ, the day of	189	Thou God of glorious majesty	444
The earth and all her fulness	124	Thou God of truth and love	873
The earth is the Lord's, and	617	Thou God that answerest by	791
The great Archangel's trump	442	Thou God unsearchable,	520
The great redeeming Angel,	891	Thou hidden God, for whom	542
The God of Abraham praise,	87	Thou hidden love of God,	727
The heavens declare Thy	324	Thou hidden Source of calm	217
The Lord Jehovah reigns,	94	Thou, Jesus, art our King,	198
The Lord is King, and earth	285	Thou, Jesus, Thou my breast	820
The Lord is risen indeed,	71	Thou Judge of quick and	438
The Lord my Shepherd is,	148	Thou Lamb of God, Thou	711
The Lord of earth and sky,	987	Thou, Lord, by strictest	108
The Lord of Glory left His	250	Thou, Lord, hast blest my	701
The Lord of Might from	290	Thou, Lord, on whom I still	461
The Lord unto my Lord hath	638	Thou Man of Griefs, remem-	578
The Lord will come ! the	289	Thou, my God, art good and	110
The Lord's my Shepherd,	147	Thou my God art still the	208
The morning flowers display	416	Thou, O Lord God, art full	115
The people that in darkness	861	Thou Shepherd of Israel,	230
The praying Spirit breathe,	659	Thou Son of God, whose	54
The saints who die of Christ	424	Thou, the great, eternal God	105
The spacious firmament on	136	Thou, true and only God,	99
The Spirit breathes upon the	329	Thou very Paschal Lamb,	225
The Spirit of the Lord our	355	Thou very present Aid	698
The thing my God doth hate	724	Though nature's strength	88
The thirsty are called to	481	Thrice happy souls, who	956
The Voice that speaks	804	Through all the changing	154
Thee, Father of men and	181	Through the love of God our	1010
Thee, Jesus, full of truth	697	Thy ceaseless, unexhausted	119
Thee Jesu, Thee, the	536	Thy faithfulness, Lord, each	347
Thee, mighty God, my soul	101	Thy goodness, Lord, our	117
Thee, O my God and King,	587	Thy hand, Lord, cannot	107
Thee we adore, Eternal	412	Thy power and saving truth	819
Thee will I love, my strength	606	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	716
Thee will I love, O Lord, my	86	Time is earnest, passing by	406
There is a fountain fill'd with	255	'Tis done ! the' atoning	903
There is a land of pure	460	'Tis finish'd ! the Messiah	254
There is a precious day ;	979	To Father, Son, and Holy	1016
There is an hour of peaceful	1011	To God the Father, God	1018
There seems a voice in every	156	To God the only wise,	199
This Altar is the Lord,	224	To the haven of Thy breast,	654
This God, is the God we	232	To the hills I lift mine eyes,	620
This is the field—the world	409	To Thee, great God of Love !	647

	HYMN		HYMN
To Thee, my Saviour and	202	When shall Thy love	529
To thee, O dear, dear country,	478	When thy mortal life is fled	452
To Thy temple I repair,	76	When wounded sore, the	572
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,	405	Where high the heavenly	279
Too strong I was to conquer	516	Where shall my wondering	396
Truth and grace unsearchable	326	Where shall true believers	423
Try us, O God, and search	868	Where the ancient Dragon	732
Turn, poor wanderer, ere	364	Wherewith, O God, shall I	517
Two are far better than one	856	While dead in trespasses I	341
		While life prolongs its	404
Unchangeable, Almighty	870	Who can describe the joys	563
Upright, both in heart and	333	Who can worthily commend	802
Us, who climb Thy holy hill,	803	Who hath slighted or	765
		Who in the Lord confide,	618
Vain, delusive world, adieu,	265	Who is as the Christian	381
Victim Divine, Thy grace we	905	Who is this gigantic foe	643
Vital spark of heavenly	425	Why do we mourn departing	436
		Why not now, my God, my	790
Watched by the world's	684	Why should the children of	304
We know, by faith we know,	471	Wisdom ascribe, and might	988
We praise, we worship Thee,	83	With glorious clouds	518
We sing the praise of Him	268	With hearts in love	205
We sing to Thee, Thou Son	192	With joy we meditate the	280
Weary of wandering from	582	Woe is me ! what tongue	500
Weary souls, who wander	379	Woe to the men on earth	453
Welcome, sweet day of rest,	75	Worship, and thanks, and	197
What am I, O Thou glorious	602	Would Jesus have the sinner	399
What are these arrayed in	476	Wretched, helpless, and	497
What are these in bright	846		
What could your Redeemer	350	Ye faithful souls, who Jesus	799
What is our calling's glorious	786	Ye hearts with youthful	978
What ! never speak one evil	746	Ye humble souls, approach	22
What no human eye hath	464	Ye kingdoms of the earth,	7
What now is my object and	754	Ye neighbours, and friends	403
What shall I be, my Lord,	1015	Ye ransomed sinners, hear,	729
What shall I do my God to	760	Ye servants of God, your	18
What shall we offer our good	863	Ye servants of the Lord,	991
What various hindrances we	667	Ye simple souls that stray	380
When all Thy mercies, O my	143	Ye sons of men, lift up your	23
When God revealed His	624	Ye that pass by, behold the	389
When, gracious Lord, when	554	Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus	352
When I can read my title	706	Ye trembling souls, dismiss	719
When I survey the wondrous	258	Ye virgin souls arise	456
When Israel out of Egypt	106	Yes, from this instant, now,	576
When, my Saviour, shall I	763	Yes, God is good ;—in earth	138
When our heads are bowed	699	Yield to me now, for I am	533
When quiet in my house I	332	Young men and maidens,	19
When rising from the bed of	439		

INDEX OF HYMNS

BY ANY VERSE EXCEPT THE FIRST.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
A clod of living earth, 966	Ah! give me, Lord, 485	All worlds His glori- 245
A country of joy, with- 722	Ah! give me, Lord, 582	All which for my soul 172
A drop of that un- 875	Ah! give me this to 393	All will I own unto my 371
A faith that doth the 526	Ah! give to all Thy 586	All ye who name 111
A faithful witness of 820	Ah! grant me, Lord, 420	All ye, who owe to Him 11
A father of the fatherless 6	Ah, Lord! enlarge our 392	Already, Lord, I feel 749
A glance of Thine 101	Ah, Lord—if Thou 528	Although in distress, 196
A glory gilds the 329	Ah! leave us not to 292	Amazing grace, that 483
A goodly, formal saint 338	Ah! no hater, or blas- 822	Amazing Love,—that 484
A guilty, weak, and 335	Ah, no:—I still may 482	Among their number, 192
A heart in every 728	Ah no! ne'er will I 727	An humble, lowly, 728
A heart resigned, 723	Ah! Saviour, now in 420	An unregenerate child 542
A heart Thy joys and 725	Ah, show me, Lord, 513	Ancient of days! Thy 84
A hidden God indeed 520	Ah! show me that 230	Ancient of Days, why 233
A house we call our 458	Ah! then my spirit 844	And art Thou not the 778
A land of corn, and 784	Ah! what avails my 529	And can I yet delay 529
A lifeless form we 836	Ah! when shall we in- 177	And, dearest Jesus, 175
A mystical plurality 176	Ah, wherefore did I 554	And duly shall appear 949
A pardon written with 351	Ah! why did I so late 606	And every virtue we 348
A patient, a victorious 736	All are not lost, or 853	And first, O Father, 175
A peace on earth He 243	All creatures praise 99	And for the creatures 111
A poor, blind child, I 554	All fulness of peace, 378	And from His righ- 451
A poor, unloving 539	All glory to the sacred 299	And griefs, and tor- 621
A rest, where all our 783	All His creatures God 132	And His Spirit, bless- 144
A shameful death He 253	All honour and praise 968	And His that gentle 368
A sinner, saved myself 970	All honour, power, 204	And if our fellowship 859
A sinner weltering in 542	All may from Him re- 57	And in the great de- 928
A spark of that ethe- 875	All my capacious pow- 211	And let each Gentile 205
A spectacle to fiends 819	All my disease, my 778	And Nature's debt is 156
A stranger in the 470	All my hopes on Thee 231	And, now, we fight the 478
A thousand ages, in 411	All my life I still have 144	And may the gospel's 929
A touch, a word, a 776	All my treasure is 813	And shall He not have 909
A vile, backsliding 748	All nature owns His 22	And shall I slight my 396
Abba, Father! hear 772	All needful grace will 35	And shall my guilty 555
Abide with me from 962	All o'er those wide ex- 465	And shall my sins Thy 638
Abraham and Isaac 923	All our woe and sad- 718	And shall my voice, 156
Absent, alas! from 471	All our works in Thee 874	And shall we not His 903
Absent from Thee, my 555	All power is Thine in 702	And shall we mourn 430
Abundant sweetness, 126	All power is to our 285	And shall we not sing 944
Acceptance through 33	All power to our great 277	And since my soul has 245
Accepted in the Well- 254	All praise to Thee, 957	And we the Father's 958
According to His word 921	All the flowers that 141	And whatsoever Thou 703
According to our faith 771	All the hopes and fears 137	And when our spirits 619
Adam descended from 399	All the hosts of hea- 144	And when these fail- 897
Adam's likeness now 236	All the struggle then 787	And when Thy purity 122
Admit Him, ere His 366	All things are ours; 616	And when to that 245
Admit Him, for the 366	All things are possible 781	And when we rise in 176
Adoring saints around 466	All things do serve 693	And will this sovereign 94
After all that I have 579	All things in earth, 191	And who art thou that 410
After my lowly Lord 376	All things in Thee live, 99	Angel of gospel grace 225
Again Thou didst, in 176	All Thine attributes 104	Angel-powers the 475
Agonizing in the gar- 357	All those who put their 44	Angels, assist our 264
Ah! canst Thou find 576	All Thy cures are mys- 244	Angels catch the' ap- 429
Ah! do not of my 397	All to the great tribu- 913	Angels, help us to adore 39

HYMN

Angels here his ser- 381
Angels our servants 380
Angels rejoice in 261
Anger and sloth, de- 796
Anger I no more shall 738
Another harvest comes 159
Answer, O Lord, Thy 536
Answer on him Thy 890
Answer on them the 980
Answer that gracious 758
Appear as when of old 53
Appear with clouds 1000
Apostles, martyrs, 463
Arabia's desert-ranger 286
Arise, O God, main- 386
Arise, stir up Thy 198
Arm me with jealous 682
Arm with Thy whole 590
Arm of God, Thy 549
Arm of the Lord, 934
Around Him suns and 50
Arrayed in glorious 434
Art Thou not able to 795
Art Thou not touched 548
Art Thou the God of 829
As beautiful as useful 468
As far as 'tis from east 91
As flowers their opening 3
As giants may they run 910
As high as heaven its 91
As in the ancient days 768
As lightning launched 829
As 'listed on Abad- 827
As round Jerusalem 618
As sanctified to 956
As soon as in Him we 360
As sure as now Thy 723
As the apple of an eye 584
As the bright Sun of 910
As the eagle o'er her 144
Ashamed I must for 804
Ashamed of Jesus! 642
Ashamed of Jesus! 642
Ashamed of Jesus! yes 642
Assembled here with 292
Assert Thy claim, 195
Assure my conscience 304
Astonished at Thy 163
At His call the dead 449
At Jesus's call, we give 722
At last I own it can- 521
At midnight, in Geth- 250
At Thy last gasp the 390
Attended by the sacred 671
Author and Guar- 1005
Author of faith, to 507
Author of our sure 494
Awake from guilty na- 1
Away, ye false delusive 978
Awed by a mortal's 915

Baffle the crooked 832
Baptize the nations; 935
Barren and withered 987
Basis of our steadfast 223

HYMN

Be all my added life 546
Be darkness, at Thy 935
Be everlasting praise, 180
Be heaven, even now, 191
Be it according to 508
Be it according to 776
Be it according to 786
Be it so, they all 475
Be it weariness and 657
Be ours the bliss, in 982
"Be still! and know 337
"Be still, and learn 993
Be this my one great 444
Be Thou exalted, Lord, 97
Be Thou my Counsel- 221
Be Thou my joy, be 734
Be Thou my pattern; 246
Be Thou my shield 499
Be Thou, O Love, 761
Be Thou, O Rock of 710
Be Thou our guide, be 187
Be Thou their mouth 912
Because I now can 516
Because Thou lovdst 233
Before my eyes of 518
Before my faith's en- 646
Before me place, in 444
Before the hills in 411
Before the Saviour's 89
Before the throne my 282
Before Thy glorious 875
Before Thy sheep, 864
Before us make Thy 65
Before we quite for- 823
Bequiled, alas! by Sa- 833
Behold, at Thy com- 32
Behold, for me the 580
Behold Him, all ye 394
Behold me waiting in 340
Behold the Lamb of 397
Behold, to Thee our 292
Being of beings, may 3
Believe that Jesus 401
Believing against 996
Believing on my Lord, 614
Believing, we rejoice 256
Beneath my load He 389
Bent to redeem a sin- 184
Beside all waters sow 949
Better a day Thy courts 31
Better than life itself 622
Better than my bod- 708
Better that we had 836
Beyond, beyond this 466
Beyond my highest 848
Beyond the bounds of 705
Beyond the flight of 841
Beyond the reach of 910
Bid me in Thy image 377
Bid me of men beware 676
Blasted, the vigour of 120
Bless'd be the God of 6
Bless'd Jesus, what de- 28
Bless'd seraphs sing 202
Blessed be for ever- 36

HYMN

Blessed Spirit! Com- 72
Blessing and honour, 13
Blessings abound 940
Blessings on all He 57
Blest are the men of 374
Blest are the men 25
Blest are the pure, 374
Blest are the saints 25
Blest are the souls 374
Blest are the souls who 25
Blest are the sufferers 374
Blest earnest of eter- 318
Blest is my lot, what- 610
Blest, O Israel, art 787
Blest with communion 610
Blind from my birth 340
Blind unbelief is sure 153
Bliss to carnal minds 605
Bold shall I stand in 586
Born into the world 429
Born Thy people to 239
Bound down with 531
Bound on the altar of 791
Boundless wisdom, 733
Bow, ere the awful 484
Bow Thine ear, in 164
Bow'd down beneath 499
Bread of our souls, 327
Break off the yoke of 770
Break off your tears, 270
Breathe, oh! breathe 766
Breathe on us, Lord, 46
Briars beset our 1007
Bright seraphs, de- 963
Brightest and best of 238
Build us in one body 877
Burdened with a world 895
Buried in sin, Thy 652
Buried in sorrow and 165
But, above all, afraid 676
But all, before they 407
But all who truly 409
But art Thou not 580
But as for me, with 44
But chiefly Thy com- 117
But Christ, the hea- 256
But drops of grief can 249
But ere that trumpet 451
But, for the glory of 516
But, for Thy truth and 577
But God made flesh is 8
But hast Thou finally 831
But I hear a voice say, 382
But I of means have 336
But if, at any time, 824
But is it possible that 726
But let them still abide 618
But let us hasten to 922
But lo! a place he 961
But now the bonds of 281
But, O! above all, 168
But, O! forgiveness is 498
But O, how soon Thy 580
But O! the jealous 338
But O! Thou would'st 672

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
But O ! when that last	161	Careless through out-	686	Come, in Thy plead-	656
But of Thy goodness	175	Cast out Thy foes, and	341	Come, Jesus, and	852
But out of all, the	918	Cause us Thy record	46	Come, Lord, and make	967
But saints are lovely in	93	Caused the golden-	132	Come, Lord, from the	857
But sinners, filled	445	Cease, ye pilgrims,	843	Come, Lord, the droop-	770
But soon He'll break	387	Cheered by a witness	302	"Come, Lord," Thy	937
But strangers and pil-	722	Cheerful they walk	25	Come, Lord, Thy Spt.	749
But the great Redeem-	137	Cherubs with seraphs	198	Come, Lord, when	816
But the mild glories	135	Child of sin and sor-	365	Come near and bless	962
But the righteousness	588	Child of sin and sor-	365	Come not in terrors,	1013
But their greatest hap-	423	Child of sin and sor-	365	Come, O my comfort	761
But there's a voice of	335	Children our kind pro-	982	Come, O my God,	785
But they who wait	120	Choose Thou for me	716	Come, O my guilty	396
But Thou hast given	675	Christ, by highest	236	Come, O my Saviour,	783
But Thou, O Lord,	650	Christ for ever lives	223	Come, O Thou univer-	761
But Thou, they say,	340	Christ hath the foun-	764	Come quickly, graci-	195
But though my life	517	Christ is earnest, bids	406	Come quickly in,	356
But thronging round,	619	Christ is ready to re-	358	Come, saints, and	270
But Thy compassions	170	Christ leads me thro'	816	Come, Saviour, come,	788
But Thy rich, Thy	190	Christ our Lord and	164	Come, then, and claim	688
But to those who have	449	Christ the Head, the	764	Come, then, and loose	749
But to Thy house will	78	Christ shall bless thy	620	Come, then, and to	518
But timorous mortals	460	Christ shall the ban-	991	Come, then, Divine	323
But what to those	220	Christ shall the ban-	991	Come then from above	551
But we know, by faith,	312	Circled round with	276	Come then, my God,	757
But we, who now our	442	Claim for Thy lawful	58	Come then, my Hope,	546
But, when we view	162	Close behind the tribu-	457	Come, then ! O come,	946
But when the floods	371	Close by Thy side	711	Come, then, our hea-	339
But while, through	371	Close followed by	424	Come, then, Thou	831
But who shall quit	124	Close to Him my soul	274	Come, then, to those	301
But will indeed Jeho-	927	Closer and closer let	922	Come, then, to Thy	235
But worse than all my	675	Closer knit to Thee,	880	Come, then, with all	359
By day, by night, at	983	Clothe me with Thy	497	Come, then, ye sin-	351
By death and hell pur-	768	Clothed with the Spirit	910	Come to the Living	346
By faith already there	262	Cold mountains and	246	Come, Thou, our soul's	299
By faith I every mo-	749	Cold on His cradle the	238	Come, Thou Witness	899
By faith the upper choir	8	Come, all ye souls by	344	Come, worship at His	17
By faith we already	469	Come, Almighty to	766	Come, ye weary, heavy	357
By faith we are come	862	Come, and all our sor-	732	Conclude us first in	56
By faith we know Thee	383	Come, and display Thy	301	Conduct us safe, con-	310
By faith we now tran-	442	Come, and maintain	227	Confiding in Thy only	812
By faith we see the	611	Come, and partake the	344	Confound, o'erpower	775
By His mighty fiat	95	Come, and possess me	529	Confound who'er her	838
By me, O my Saviour,	583	Come as the dove—	296	Conqu'ror of hell, and	730
By the Spirit of our	802	Come as the dew—	296	Contented now upon	533
By Thee the victory is	96	Come as the fire—and	296	Convert, and send	916
By Thine agonising	898	Come as the light—	296	Convince him now of	54
By Thine unerring	690	Come as the wind—	296	Convince the souls,	301
By Thy own right	273	Come, Desire of Na-	236	Convince us of our sin	297
By Thy reconciling	872	Come, Father, in the	177	Convinced of sin and	342
By Thy Spirit, Lord,	489	Come, Father, Son,	783	Corruption, earth, and	434
By word and by deed,	821	Come, Father, Son,	828	Could I of Thy	635
		Come, fill our hearts	49	Could we but climb	460
Call them into Thy	376	Come, glorious Lord,	285	Create my nature pure	485
Call whole nature to	141	Come, heavenly Com-	557	Creation, varied by	106
Called to sustain the	669	Come, Holy Ghost, all	734	Creatures, with all	112
Calvary's mournful	248	Come, Holy Ghost, for	64	Crown Him, ye mar-	284
Can these avert the	517	Come, Holy Ghost,	759	Cut off our depend-	871
Can this be He, once	289	Come, Holy Ghost, the	150		
Can you doubt, if God	359	Come, Holy Spirit,	295	Dangers stand thick	412
Can we have our hearts	822	Come, Holy Spt., seal	302	Dark and cheerless is	547
Can we, whose souls	933	Come, holy Sun of	958	Dead, already dead	348
Canst Thou deny that	233	Come, in poverty and	362	Dead in sin till then	343
Captain, God of our	936	Come, in sorrow and	362	Dear dying Lamb !	255
Careful, without care,	689	Come, in this accepted	45	Dear Lord ! and shall	295

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Dear Name ! the rock 212	Error and ignorance 980	Father ! in these re- 594
Dear Shepherd of Thy 32	Essay your choicest 288	Father, on me the 747
Dear Shepherd of 929	Eternal are Thy mer- 941	Father of endless ma- 80
Death, hell, and sin 254	Eternal life to all man- 743	Father of everlasting 509
Death rides on every 417	Eternal Spirit ! de- 894	Father of everlasting 861
Deep in unfathomable 153	Eternal Spirit, hea- 931	Father of everlasting 826
Deeper than hell, it 195	Eternal Sun of High- 43	Father, regard Thy 661
Deliverance to my soul 531	Eternal, Tri-une Lord 173	Father, Son, and Holy 709
Descend, and let Thy 530	Eternal, undivided 48	Father, Son, and Holy 751
Descend, pass by me, 536	Eternity Thy fountain 98	Father, Son, and Holy 810
Descending from 315	Eternity, with all its 102	Father, Son, and Holy 876
Descending on His 441	Ever true, in God's 125	Father, Son, and 792
Determined all Thy 812	Ever upward let us 276	Father, source of all 184
Did not His word 398	Every day the Lord of 643	Father, Thine ever- 545
Did the solid earth 132	Every eye shall now 455	Father, Thy long-lost 48
Didst Thou ever see 505	Every fresh alarming 995	Father, Thy mercies 983
Didst Thou not die, 758	Every one that seeks 534	Father, 'tis Thine each 12
Didst Thou not in our 518	Everything we love 815	Father, we ask in 661
Didst Thou not in the 758	Expand Thy wings, ce- 64	Father-like, He tends 39
Didst Thou not make 873	Extend to these Thy 52	Fear Him, ye saints ! 154
Diffuse, O God, these 318	Extinguishes the 640	Fear not, brethren, 840
Dig channels for the 824	Extol His Kingly 641	Fear not, I am with 721
Direct, control, sug- 957	Extol the Lamb of 354	Fear not He will e'er 719
Dost Thou desire to 461	Extort the cry, "What 54	Fear not the powers 719
Dost Thou not dwell 304	Eye hath not seen, 461	Fear not the terrors 719
Doth the great Saviour 303		Fear not the want of 719
Down from the shin- 264	Faded my virtuous 338	Fearless of hell and 612
Drawn, and redeem'd, 180	Fain I would the truth 782	Fill me with all the 567
Drink in life, with 364	Fain would I all Thy 1004	Fill us with the 879
Drop down in showers 57	Fain would I go to 652	Fill with inviolable 503
Due thanks and praise 156	Fain would I know 485	Find in Christ the 879
Dust and ashes tho' 733	Fain would I know my 485	Finish, then, Thy new 766
Dwell, therefore, in 297	Fain would I learn of 770	Finish'd the first 954
Dwell within thy ram- 849	Faint we were, and 731	Firm in the all-de- 453
Each moment applied 551	Fainting soul, be bold 534	Firm and Last, in me 654
Each moment draw 727	Fairer than all the 227	First the dead in 443
Each evening shows 99	Fairer than the sons 813	First-born of many 392
Each rolling year new 160	Faith in Thy change- 778	First-fruits of yonder 322
Eager for Thee I ask 757	Faith in Thy power 743	Five bleeding wounds 598
Early disciplined to the 891	Faith lends its real- 383	Fix my new heart on 701
Early hasten to the 248	Faith, mighty faith, 743	Fix, O fix my waver- 733
Early in the temple 887	Faith to be healed 531	Fix on Thyself our 919
Earth from afar hath 5	Faith to be healed 739	Fix'd on this ground 585
Earth thou a scale to 339	Faithful and true, we 762	Fly abroad, thou 930
Earth ! tremble on, 106	Faithful, O Lord, Thy 119	Follow to the judg- 248
Easy to be entreated, 970	Faithful soul, pray 620	Followed by their 429
E'en death which sets 247	Fall before Him on 367	Foolish, and impotent 651
E'en my sins and 172	Far above all earthly 871	Fools and madmen let 780
E'en now by faith we 474	Far as east and west 116	For all Thy gifts we 138
E'en now we think 859	Far as Thy name is 29	For ever firm Thy jus- 85
E'en so I love Thee, 621	Far, far above thy 704	For ever here my rest 562
E'er since, by faith, 255	Far from the paths 004	For every fight is 637
Effulgence of the 736	Far from this world 419	For God, the Lord, en- 21
Eighteen, or eight- 777	Far off, yet at Thy 577	For her my tears shall 848
Empty of Him, who 506	Father, accept them. 980	For her our prayer 992
End of my every ac- 685	Father, behold Thy 33	For He's our God, our 21
Engage this roving 975	Father, behold Thy 587	For Him shall end- 940
Engraved as in eternal 121	Father, behold, we 57	For Him shall prayer 286
Enlarge, inflame, and 914	Father, by right divine 14	For His people in 131
Enlarge my heart to 651	Father, God, Thy love 2	For Jesus, my Lord, 593
Enter into the Rock, 996	Father, God, to us im- 273	For Jesus the Lord, 196
Entering into my clo- 1004	Father, I wait Thy 616	For more we ask ; we 150
Enthroned above yon 198	Father, if I may call 578	For my life, and 110
Equal with God, most 193	Father, if such Thy 890	For my selfishness 556
Ere yet on Christ their 207	Father, in me reveal 385	For, never shall my 439

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
For ten thousand	134	From that height	316	Glory to His Name	592
For the grandeur of	190	From the heart, I	267	Glory to Thee, O God	83
For Thee delightfully	688	From the highest	190	Go labour on; 'tis not	696
For Thee He shed	253	From the' oppressive	536	Go labour on, while it	696
For Thee my thirsty	126	From the pit of con-	487	Go, meet Him in the	456
For Thee our hearts	309	From the sword at	129	Go to many a tropic	947
For Thee we leave	1001	From the time that	665	Go, to the hungry food	948
For Thine own com-	493	From the world of sin	741	Go up with Christ	680
For this alone I live	819	From Thee no more	740	God from eternity	935
For this, as taught by	796	From Thee our being	176	God His Spirit to in-	172
For this I at Thy foot-	577	From Thee, the ever-	990	God in the flesh below	277
For this in faith we	471	From Thee, through	100	God, in this dark vale	615
For this in steadfast	739	From Thee, through	814	God is earnest: kneel	406
For this let men re-	915	From thence He'll	269	God is in heaven, and	5
For this my heart	332	From Thy house, when	76	God is our sun and	30
For this, (no longer	599	Fruit of a virgin's	193	God is our Sun, He	35
For this only thing I	566	Fruit of Thy gracious	728	God is the Lord that	228
For this shall every	371	Fruitless, till Thou	337	God is thine; disdain	787
For this the pleading	375	From vanity turn off	328	God, my Redeemer,	434
For this the saints	599	Fulfil, fulfil my large	785	God of all-sufficient	751
For this Thou hast	139	Fulfil the imperfect	557	God of Love, in this	790
For this we ask, in	972	Full is His cup of woe	253	God of the patriarchal	80
For Thou art their	593	Fully in my life ex-	763	God only knows the	540
For Thou hast bid the	201	Fulness of the Deity	241	God reigns on high,	112
For Thou hast re-	196	Furnished out of Thy	325	God ruleth on high,	18
For Thou, within no	32			God, through Himself,	64
For Thy glory we are	965	Gather the outcasts in	58	God will never leave	718
For Thy lovingkind-	37	Gather the outcasts in	53	God, your God, shall	731
For Thy own mercy's	492	Gently He lifts the	120	Goodness and mercy,	147
For us prepared the	432	Gently the weak Thou	652	Governed only by Thy	887
For us wast Thou not	527	Gethsemane, can I for-	897	Grace every morning	858
For we must share, if	824	Gigantic lusts come	655	Grace, in answer to	110
For what to Thee, O	649	Gird on Thy thigh the	227	Grace, the fountain of	797
For what you have	343	Give all Thy saints to	889	Grace we implore;	191
For while Thou, my	742	Give Him then, and	142	Gracious God, my sins	110
For who by faith your	799	Give me a new, a per-	773	Gracious Redeemer,	931
For who except the	86	Give me a sober mind	676	Grant me now the	737
For whom did Thou	548	Give me, Lord, a holy	583	Grant that every mo-	738
For why? the Lord	16	Give me, Lord, the	556	Grant this, and then	869
For you and for me	343	Give me, O give me	652	Grant this, O Holy God	60
For you the purple	396	Give me, O Lord, a	26	Grant, though parted	276
Forbid it, Lord, that	258	Give me on Thee to	670	Great Creator! who	72
Forgive, and make my	746	Give me the grace, the	536	Great God, how infi-	102
Forgive me, Lord, for	959	Give me Thy strength	915	Great God! on what	412
Forgive the follies of	993	Give me Thyself; from	794	Great God! Thy sove-	47
Fountain of all-suffi-	652	Give me to bear Thy	688	Great God! to Thy	22
Fountain of good! all	163	Give power to those	314	Great God, unknown,	516
Fountain of love! our	158	Give the pure gospel	916	Great God, what do I	445
Fountain of unex-	568	Give the pure word of	917	Great is the work, my	624
Forward they cast a	260	Give them to hear the	1009	Great Judge of all!	447
Frail children of dust,	82	Give to mine eyes re-	582	Great Object of our	863
Free from anger and	872	Give to mine eyes re-	606	Great Prophet of my	221
Freed from the power	652	Give tongues of fire	935	Great Sun of Righte-	324
From all iniquity,	786	Give up ourselves,	925	Greatness unspeakable	98
From all iniquity re-	864	Give us an ever living	266	Grov'ling on earth we	339
From eternity, en-	116	Give us ourselves and	56	Guard her from all	833
From every sinful	376	Give us quietly to tarry	888	Guide of my youth	576
From favoured Abra-	943	Giver and Lord of life	13	Guilty I stand before	517
From faith to faith,	590	Giver of peace and	870		
From heaven angelic	441	Glad to pray and	887	Hail, by all Thy works	164
From north to south,	948	Gladly the toys of earth	3	Hail! everlasting Lord	193
From our own inven-	333	Glorious gift of God	317	Hail, Galilean King	194
From sea to sea,	993	Glorious is the Lord	9	Hail, great Immanuel,	28
From sin, the guilt,	341	Glory and praise to	182	Hail! holy, holy, holy	178
From strength to	632	Glory to God belongs	19	Hail! sacred feast,	901

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Hail! the heaven-born 236	He left His Father's 597	Here, Jesus, in ten 331
Hail the venerable 849	He left His throne 194	Here let me ever lie, 666
Hail, your dread Lord 288	He left His throne 269	Here let the great Re- 928
Hallelujah!—hark! 950	He lives to bless and 204	Here's love and grief 270
Hallelujah, they cry, 862	He, Lord of all the 978	Here may our unborn 930
Hallelujah we sing, to 965	He makes the grass the 93	Here may the attentive 930
Hallow, and make Thy 184	He now stands knock- 356	Here may Thine ear 930
Hang on Thine arm 676	He only can the words 307	Here may we prove the 32
Hangs my new-born 665	He Rises, who man- 74	Here, on the mercy- 26
Happy, beyond de- 369	He saw me plunged in 625	Here perfect bliss can 715
Happy he whom Christ 437	He sends them from 57	Here, sinners of an 331
Happy, if with my 402	He shall bless His ran- 9	Here speaks the Com- 24
Happy the man who 369	He shall come down, 286	Here the whole Deity 162
Happy the man whose 92	He shall obtain the 124	Here then I doubt no 639
Happy the men, to 31	He shall reign from 950	Here then, my God, 613
Happy they, who 179	He smiles in heaven, 976	Here then to Thee 809
Happy they whose 504	He sits at God's right 283	Here waits the Saviour 24
Hark, how He groans 387	Hespace; and straight 237	Here were sweet and 464
Hark! the wastes have 731	He spake the Word, 188	Here, when Thy mes- 927
Hark! they whisper 425	He speaks,—and listen- 1	Here, when Thy 927
Hast Thou been with 502	He that believes in 553	Here will I set up my 265
Hast Thou not died 762	He that drinks shall 362	Hereafter none can 812
Hast Thou the work 834	He that on the throne 476	High as the heavens 170
Haste, O haste, to my 505	He the broken spirit 36	High Heaven, that 603
Haste then on from 604	He, then, is blest, and 130	High is Thy power 98
Haste to our help, 865	He this flowery carpet 142	High on His holy seat 277
Hasten, Lord, the 780	He visits now the 785	High on Immanuel's 458
Hasten the joyful day 750	He who for men their 279	High on Thy Father's 735
Have I not heard, have 548	He will, He will—for 997	High on Thy great 458
Have you no words? 667	He will not always 90	High over all Thy 216
He all His foes shall 283	He will present our 199	High-throned on hea- 163
He shall break through 637	He wills that I should 767	Him beholding face 423
He answered for all; 343	He with lovingkind- 116	Him by faith we taste 272
He bids us all obey 363	Head of the martyrs' 80	Him eye to eye we 951
He bids us build each 859	Headlong we cleave 1003	Him let all the nations 95
He brings my wander- 146	Hear, for Thou, O 164	Him let us tend, se- 971
He breaks the bow, 993	Hear Him, ye deaf; His 1	Him Prophet, and 609
He breaks the power of 1	Hear Him, ye nations, 7	Him the world cannot 312
He burst the grave, 269	Hear His blood's pre- 906	Him they beheld our 261
He by Himself hath 87	Hear the broken, 514	Him through highest 276
He came in semblance 308	Hear Thy afflicted 865	Him to know is life 265
He came sweet influ- 308	Hearken to Me, with 346	His adorable will, let 985
He can raise the poor 36	Heavenly, all-alluring 876	His blood demands 814
He clothes thee with 90	Heavenly Father, Life 772	His blood to all our 818
He comes from thick- 240	Heavenly Unction 317	His burden who bear 821
He comes, He comes, 456	Heaven's glory is Thy 98	His death is my plea; 343
He comes, of hellish 866	Heavenward our every 150	His every word of 121
He comes the broken 240	He'll never quench the 280	His foes and ours are 277
He comes, the prison- 240	Hell's armies tremble 163	His happiness in part 459
He dies to atone for 343	Help us Thy mercy to 386	His Israel Himself 498
He ever lives above, 598	Help us to build each 868	His kingdom cannot 283
He ever lives for me 517	Help us to help each 868	His kingdom from 243
He ever lives, to in- 280	Help us to make our 864	His love in time past 717
He formed the deeps 17	Helpless how'er my 777	His love is mighty to 344
He formed the stars, 93	Hence may all our 884	His love, surpassing 384
He gave His Son, His 22	Hence our hearts melt 392	His militant embodied 474
He hath opened the 944	Henceforth may no 648	His Name the sinner 399
He hath our salvation 780	Her hands are filled 369	His own on earth He 194
He hears our praises 27	Here all Thy bless- 908	His passion alone the 821
He His mansion hath 132	Here, as in the lion's 151	His power subdues our 170
He in sickness makes 229	Here dwells the Father 24	His providence hath 989
He in the days of 280	Here I behold Thy 845	His purposes will ripen 153
He justly claims us 808	Here I raise my Ebe- 608	His sacred limbs thy 389
He keeps His own se- 88	Here in the body pent 844	His sacred unction 677
He leads me to the 148	Here, in Thine own 337	His son the father 649

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
His sovereign power, 15	I bid you all My good- 346	I shall fully be re- 733
His word did out of 124	I believe Thy pardon- 570	I shall my ancient 739
His would I wholly be 393	I came to Jesus, and 623	I shall nothing know 733
Ho! ye needy, come, 357	I came to Jesus as I 623	I shall see Him with 274
Hold, then, Thy cross 1013	I cannot live without 495	I shall suffer and fulfil 733
Holy Ghost, no more 772	I cannot praise Thee 748	I shall triumph ever- 733
Holy Ghost, the Com- 294	I cannot rest, till in 341	I sing of Thy grace, 968
Holy, holy, holy! All 123	I cannot wash my 789	I sink, if Thou longer 371
Holy, holy, holy! all 628	I come,—Thy servant, 459	I sought Him in my 111
Holy, holy, holy Lord, 81	I dare not choose my 716	I stand and admire 596
Holy, holy, holy, Lord 628	I deprecate that death 578	I thank Thee for that 748
Holy, holy, holy! 123	I do the thing Thy 337	I thank Thee, Un- 606
Holy, holy, holy! 628	I every hour in jeopar- 637	I thirst for a life- 754
Honour and endless 180	I fear no foe, with 1013	I, too, at the season 963
Honour, and majesty, 201	I feel Thee willing, 666	I too, with Thee, shall 341
Honour, and might, 602	I find Him lifting up 767	I tremble lest the 573
Honour, glory, and 936	I forced Thee first to 530	I trust in Him who 337
Hosanna! Lord, our 206	I gasp for the stream 754	I trust in Thy un- 44
Hosanna! Master, lo! 206	I have no babes to 459	I view the Lamb in 518
Hosanna! once Thy 206	I have no skill the 651	I wait my vigour to 337
Hosanna! Sovereign, 206	I have spilt His pre- 564	I wait Thy will to do, 966
Hosanna! to their 927	I hear it in the rush- 138	I wait till He shall 786
How bitter that cup, 717	I hear the voice, "Ye 433	I want a godly fear 663
How blessed are our 38	I heard the voice of 623	I want a heart to pray 663
How blest are they, 392	I hold Thee with a 744	I want a sober mind; 663
How blest Thy saints! 34	I hope at last to find 569	I want a true regard, 663
How can it be, Thou 392	I, I alone, have done 388	I want an even, strong 914
How charming is their 38	I knew not that the 577	I want the first ap- 673
How cold and feeble is 47	I know in Thee all 341	I want the witness, 750
How dread are Thine 103	I know not—O, I know 478	I want Thy life, Thy 796
How happy are our ears 38	I know the Power in 155	I was blind,—Thy 127
How have I Thy Spirit 579	I know the work is 508	I will accept His offers 482
How happy the man 593	I know, Thee, Saviour, 533	I will improve what I 482
How happy the people 462	I know Thou canst 525	I will not let Thee go 543
How happy, then, are 458	I languish and pine 382	"I will not let Thee 658
How kind are Thy 112	I lay my wants on 524	I will, through grace, 789
How long, great God, 836	I, like Gideon's fleece, 504	I work; and own the 337
How often, when His 988	I lift mine eye to Thee 817	I would be Thine, 783
How pleasant and 857	I loathe myself, when 580	I would, but Thou 770
How shall a sinner 543	I long to be like Jesus 524	I would not change 616
How shall I find the 575	I long to know, and to 760	I would not have the 1007
How shall I leave my 413	I looked to Jesus, and 623	I would not to Thy foe 542
How shall I thank 748	I love her gates, I love 27	I would the precious 914
How shall I thank 760	I love my Shepherd's 221	I wrestle not now, but 596
How shall polluted 101	I love Thy church, 848	I'd part with all the 845
How shall weak eyes 525	"I must for faith in- 54	If any man thirst, and 345
How sovereign, won- 245	I must the fair exam- 970	If down I turn my 135
How sweet, within 932	I must this instant now 54	If, drawn by Thine 541
How then, ought I on 414	I need not tell Thee 532	If e'er I go astray 148
How vast the mercy 281	I need Thy presence 1013	If every one that asks 292
How well Thy blessed 330	I now believe, in Thee 544	If evil we, by nature 319
How will my heart en- 451	I own I have sinned 565	If I could find some 976
How would my faint- 507	I pant to feel Thy 735	If I have begun once 584
Humble, and teachable 734	I rest beneath the' Al- 961	If I have only known 385
Hunger, thirst, dis- 846	I rest in Thine Al- 645	If I have tasted of Thy 677
Husband of the church 878	I rest my soul on 524	If in this feeble flesh 739
	I rest upon Thy word 663	If in this darksome 712
I all Thy holy will 740	I rested in the out- 336	If life be long, I will 816
I am all unclean, un- 497	I right early shall 765	If mercy is indeed 672
I am Thy creature, 693	I see a world of spirits 473	If near the pit I rashly 674
I ask in confidence 740	I see an open door of 655	If now I lament after 557
I ask the blood-bought 795	I see the' exceeding 753	If now the Witness 385
I ask Thee for a 1007	I see the Lord of 433	If now Thou talkest 502
I ask Thee for the 1007	I see the perfect law 336	If now Thy influence 757
I ask them, whence 842	I shall, a weak and 739	If on Thy promised 972

HYMN

If peace and plenty 616
 If pure essential Love 885
 If rough and thorny 712
 If so poor a worm as 810
 If some poor wander- 962
 If still Thou goest 340
 If such a worm as I 739
 If taught by Thee my 408
 If Thou art my shield 963
 If Thou art rigorously 498
 If Thou gav'st the' en- 888
 If Thou hast will'd 576
 If Thou impart Thy- 341
 If Thou, my Jesus, 975
 If Thou shouldst call 713
 If Thou shouldst take 715
 If Thy dreadful con- 995
 If Thy grace for all is 556
 If to the right or left 673
 If up to heaven I take 108
 If what I wish is good 639
 If when I had put 557
 If yet, while pardon 439
 I'll lift my hands, I'll 40
 I'll praise Him while 92
 I'll speak the honours 211
 I'll weary Thee with 546
 Immortal honour, end- 298
 Impotent, dumb, and 341
 Impoverish, Lord, and 56
 In a dry land, behold 126
 In a land of corn and 787
 In a rapture of joy my 968
 In all I do I feel 126
 In all my ways Thy 651
 In answer to ten thou- 515
 In assurance of hope, 965
 In blessing Thee, with 126
 In conversation be 957
 In darkest shades, if 612
 In darkness willingly 606
 In early years Thou 155
 In earth, in heaven, 99
 In every condition— 721
 In every fiery hour 14
 In every new distress 28
 In every pang that 279
 In flesh we part awhile 921
 In foreign realms, and 152
 In God we put our 729
 In heaven Thou reign- 11
 In Him we have peace 852
 In His great name 19
 In hope, against all 743
 In hope of that ecstatic 705
 In hope of that im- 472
 In humble love and 676
 In Jesus Christ to- 951
 In Jesu's name behold 920
 In life's first dawn, my 160
 In light Thou dwell'st 98
 In light unsearchable 100
 In loud hallelujahs 431
 In majesty transcen- 205
 In manifested love 518

HYMN

In many a soul, and 63
 In me Thine utmost 674
 In me Thy Spirit 692
 In midst of dangers, 152
 In nature's strength 516
 In number as my days 498
 In part we only know 924
 In presence of Thy 890
 In safety lead Thy 882
 In scenes exalted or 983
 In search of empty 346
 In service which Thy 1007
 In sight of all my 148
 In solid, pure delights 956
 In suffering be Thy 756
 In tears who sow'd, in 861
 In that lone land of 404
 In that revealing 118
 In that devoting 388
 In the strength of God 643
 In the strength of 613
 In the time of my dis- 654
 In the wilderness I 497
 In Thee, O Lord, I put 645
 In thee we move :—all 3
 In them let all man- 376
 In this accepted hour 58
 In this identic body I, 435
 In Thy members here 802
 In Thy Person we de- 62
 In vain doth Satan 285
 In vain our trembling 330
 In vain Thou strug- 532
 In vain we tune our 295
 In want, my plentiful 217
 In wisdom infinite 174
 In Zion God is known 29
 Incarnate Deity, 173
 Infinite joy, or end- 412
 Infinite strength and 135
 Inflamm our hearts with 12
 Inscribed upon the 268
 Inscribing with the 468
 Inspire the living faith 55
 Into His presence let us 21
 Into th' whole counsel 315
 Inured to poverty and 961
 Invited by Him, we 857
 Is a mighty famine 367
 Is crucified for me 394
 Is here a soul that 54
 Is there a thing be- 727
 Is there a thing than 649
 Is there a thing too 530
 It cost Thy blood my 538
 'It is finished!'— 559
 It makes the coward 268
 It makes the wounded 212
 It stands securely 471
 Its streams the whole 119
 Its Surety, Thou 519
 Jehovah, Christ, I 118
 Jehovah, God the Son, 69
 Jehovah, God the 69

HYMN

Jehovah is unchange- 120
 Jehovah lifts the fallen 130
 Jehovah, in Thy Per- 518
 Jehovah's charioteers 619
 Jerusalem, my happy 463
 Jerusalem, the glori- 478
 Jesu! my heart's de- 485
 Jesu, see my panting 733
 Jesu, seek Thy wan- 489
 Jesu's Name, in 151
 Jesu's tremendous 681
 Jesus, accept our sacri- 649
 Jesus, all the day long 372
 Jesus, answer from 564
 Jesus, attend, reveal 924
 Jesus, be endless 586
 Jesus beholds where 334
 Jesus! confirm my 691
 Jesus, Friend of ha- 876
 Jesus, fulfil our one 886
 Jesus, full of truth 497
 Jesus, full of truth 395
 Jesus, hail! enthroned 200
 Jesus, harmonious 400
 Jesus hath died for 631
 Jesus hath spoke the 319
 Jesus, I bless Thy 602
 Jesus, I fain would 677
 Jesus, I hang upon 767
 Jesus, in Thy great 461
 Jesus is worthy to re- 186
 Jesus let all mankind 7
 Jesus, let all Thy 910
 Jesus, let my nature 733
 Jesus, let Thy king- 822
 Jesus, lover of the 973
 Jesus loves and guards 229
 Jesus, mighty to re- 732
 Jesus, mighty to re- 549
 Jesus, my All-in-all 217
 Jesus, my boast, my 215
 Jesus, my Bridegroom 215
 Jesus, my great High 221
 Jesus, my Lord, 638
 Jesus! my Shepherd, 212
 Jesus, my Strength, 614
 Jesus my Redeemer 274
 Jesus, now our hearts 793
 Jesus, on me bestow 488
 Jesus, on Thine only 505
 Jesus, our great High 354
 Jesus, our Lord, how 166
 Jesus, our only joy 220
 Jesus, our tendered 885
 Jesus protects; my 961
 Jesus, regard the joint 656
 Jesus reigns, the Life 464
 Jesus, roll away the 61
 Jesus shall His great 285
 Jesus, seek Thy wan- 370
 Jesus the ancient faith 893
 Jesus, the Corner- 923
 Jesus, the crowning 669
 Jesus! the heaven of 477
 Jesus, the hindrance 544

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Jesus, the Lamb of 517	Leave to His sovereign 704	Let us then with joy 872
Jesus, the Lord and 188	Less grievous will the 836	Let us, to perfect love 726
Jesus! the Name that 1	Lest that my fearful 679	Let us walk with Him 605
Jesus, the Name to 402	Let air, and earth, 1003	Life is earnest: when 406
Jesus the prisoner's 402	Let all that dwell above 186	Life, like a fountain 85
Jesus the Saviour 283	Let all the angel 173	Lift up Thy bleeding 572
Jesus, the weary wan- 710	Let all the saints ter- 474	Lift up Thy counten- 43
Jesus, Thine all-victo- 744	Let all who for the 952	Light in Thy light O 43
Jesus, Thine own at 808	Let all with thankful 912	Light of the Gentile 519
Jesus, Thou art my 589	Let all your lamps be 991	Light of the world! 644
Jesus, Thou for me 504	Let but my fainting 713	Like mighty rushing 293
Jesus, Thou Friend 848	Let crowds approach 901	Like mighty wind, or 60
Jesus, Thou precious 955	Let deep repentance, 977	Like those who watch 501
Jesus, Thy loving 788	Let earth no more my 734	Lingering about these 483
Jesus, Thy speaking 987	Let earth's remotest 288	Live for ever, glorious 141
Jesus, to Thee, I bow 193	Let everlasting thanks 329	Live, till all Thy life 370
Jesus, to Thee my 652	Let every creature join 91	Live till the Lord in 952
Jesus, to Thee we fly 996	Let every creature 940	Lives again our glori- 271
Jesus, to Thee we look 769	Let every kindred, 284	Lo! from their seats 453
Jesus, to Thy dear 454	Let Him be crowned 166	Lo! glad I come; and 537
Jesus, to us impart 71	Let it still my heart 584	Lo! God is here! Him 3
Jesus, to whom I fly, 698	Let lively hope my 977	Lo! he feeds on Living 381
Jesus, transporting 400	Let me, according to 725	Lo! here Thy won- 135
Jesus, vouchsafe a 414	"Let Me alone, that 661	Lo! his clothing is 381
Jesus, we ne'er can 269	Let me cast my reeds 664	Lo! His triumphal 275
Jesus! we Thy mem- 880	Let me gain my call- 737	Lo! I behold the seat- 433
Jesus, we Thy promise 882	Let me in Thy love 303	Lo! I cumber still the 564
Jesus, when this light 733	Let me no more, in 774	Lo! I take Thee at 579
Jesus! with us Thou 894	Let me of Thy life 964	Lo! in the arms of 838
Join every soul that 375	Let me sink into the 581	Lo! on a narrow neck 444
Join us, in one Spirit 880	Let me Thy witness 817	Lo! the Incarnate 357
Join we then, with 428	Let me every creature 819	Lo! the Lord's all-see- 95
Joined in one spirit 922	Let not conscience 357	Lo! the prisoner is 428
Joyful all ye nations 236	Let others hug their 729	Lo! the tall sons of 655
Joyful in hope, my 767	Let sickness blast, and 416	Lo! to the hills I lift 530
Joyfully, on earth, 134	Let the fruits of grace 882	Loathsome, and vile, 340
Judge not the Lord 153	Let the Indian, let the 939	Long as I live beneath 966
Just as I am—and 523	Let the living stones 780	Long as my God shall 130
Just as I am—of that 523	Let the promised in- 895	Long as our fiery trials 658
Just as I am—poor, 523	Let the Spirit before 797	Long as the guilt of 833
Just as I am—Thou 523	Let the Spirit of grace 835	Long as we live, and 203
Just as I am—(Thy 523	Let the Spirit of our 241	Long hath Thy good 558
Just as I am—though 523	Let the world bewail 428	Long my imprisoned 597
Justice and truth 288	Let the world despise 604	Long o'er my formless 591
	"Let there be light," 509	Look, as when Thine 493
Kept by that hand, I 107	Let this my every hour 613	Look, as when Thy 493
Kindle the flame of 1004	Let Thy blood, by 898	Look, as when Thy 493
Kindled His relent- 564	Let Thy dying love 61	Look, as when Thy 493
Kindreds, and tongues 133	Let Thy dying love 487	Look down in Love, 514
King of Glory! Soul 271	Let Thy will on me 377	Look through us with 867
Kings shall fall down 286	Let Thy word richly 590	Look unto Him, ye na- 1
Kingdoms wide, that 939	Let us all together rise 874	Loose all your massy 275
Know, that the Lord is 23	Let us ever hear Thy 973	Loosed from my God, 503
Know ye, the Lord is 16	Let us, for conscience 838	Lost are they now, and 917
Knowledge, alas! 'tis 823	Let us for each other 872	Lord, arm me with 811
	Let us for this faith 883	Lord, at my dissolu- 252
Lame as I am, I take 533	Let us in life, in death 704	Lord, at Thy feet I 529
Lame at the pool I still 340	Let us in patience 666	Lord, grant us all 327
Lay aside all needless 364	Let us patiently en- 657	Lord, I am blind,—be 554
Lead me in all Thy 44	Let us sound His 132	Lord, I am sick,—my 554
Lead us to God, our 310	Let us still to Thee 871	Lord, I believe the 528
Lead us to holiness, 310	Let us take up the 918	Lord, I believe Thou 255
Learning's redundant 980	Let us then as breth- 883	Lord, I believe Thy 788
Least of all Thy crea- 151	Let us then rejoice in 780	Lord, I believe Thy 586
Leave no unguarded 630	Let us then sweet 851	Lord, I believe were 586

HYMN

Lord, I come to Thee 668
 Lord, I my vows to 957
 Lord, I will not let 772
 Lord, if I now Thy 376
 Lord, if I on Thee be- 737
 Lord, if Thou didst 970
 Lord, if Thou didst 920
 Lord, if Thou from 751
 Lord, if Thou hast 569
 Lord, if Thou wilt, I 776
 Lord! it is not life to 218
 Lord, my time is in 534
 Lord, my time is in 741
 Lord! obediently we 840
 Lord of earth and hea- 127
 Lord of heaven! be- 127
 Lord, on our souls Thy 34
 Lord over all, and God 969
 Lord over all, sent to 736
 Lord, shower upon us 932
 Lord, there are bending 4
 "Lord! Thy glory fills 125
 Lord, we are few, but 32
 Lord, we believe, and 762
 Lord, we believe the 189
 Lord, we bless Thee 251
 Lord, what is man, or 166
 Lord, what shall earth 5
 Lord, when this mor- 160
 Loud hallelujahs to 83
 Love and grief my 904
 Love can bow down 744
 Love Divine shall still 229
 Love, like death, hath 880
 Love only can the con- 744
 Love, only Love, Thy 233
 Love's redeeming 271
 Love us, though far 952
 Love's mysterious 272
 Lover of souls! Thou 53
 Lover of souls, to res- 511
 Lowly, loving, meek, 738

Made apt, by Thy suf- 972
 Madness and misery 380
 Make haste, O man, to 694
 Make haste, O man, 694
 Make me to walk in 328
 Make our earthly souls 803
 Make this the accept- 777
 Make us all in Thee 882
 Make us into one Spi- 869
 Make us of one heart 872
 Man may trouble and 604
 Many are we now and 880
 Master, (will we ever 276
 May erring minds that 931
 May every heart con- 287
 May faith, deep-rooted 958
 May they that Jesus, 913
 May this blest torrent 313
 May this blest volume 331
 May thousands in the 931
 May Thy rich grace 560
 May we in faith re- 929

HYMN

"May we, throughout 74
 Me, behold! Thy 592
 Me for Thine own 961
 Me if Thy grace 809
 Me in my blood Thy 602
 Me, me who still in 519
 Me, the vilest of the 505
 Me to retrieve from 633
 Me with that rest- less 669
 Meek, simple follow- 375
 Meeken my soul, Thou 669
 Meet it is, and just, 807
 Men die in darkness 696
 Men of worldly, low 871
 Merciful God, how 988
 Merciful God, Thy- 118
 Mercy and grace are 814
 Mercy and peace your 952
 Mercy for all who 820
 Mercy He doth for 536
 Mercy I ask, to seal 515
 Mercy o'er Thy works 114
 Mercy then there is 558
 Mercy who show shall 669
 Mercy, with love, and 174
 Messiah, Prince of 666
 Midst hourly cares, 956
 Midst power that 478
 Might I enjoy the 35
 Might I in Thy sight 489
 Mighty Monarch! 209
 Mild He lays His 236
 Millions more Thou 114
 Millions of happy 214
 Millions of saints Thy 202
 Millions of sinners, 359
 Mindful of Thy cho- 291
 Misers. His life for 401
 More and more let 851
 More dear than life 126
 More favoured than 647
 More hard than mar- 756
 More of Thy life, and 730
 More than conquerors 476
 Moses Thy backward 647
 Most awful truth!— 409
 Most pitiful Spirit of 557
 Move, and actuate, 880
 My days are shorter 418
 My dying Saviour, 562
 My earth Thou water- 785
 My every weak, tho' 809
 My faith would lay her 256
 My Father God! 302
 My Father's house on 844
 My flesh, which cries 745
 My flesh would rest in 25
 My God and my Lord 345
 My God! how excel- 85
 My God, in Jesus pa- 512
 My God is my Guide: 506
 My God is reconciled 598
 My God, who causedst 155
 My gracious Master, 1
 My gracious Saviour 47

HYMN

My health, my Light, 626
 My heart shall triumph 73
 My heart, Thou knowst 728
 My heart, which now 776
 My hope is all centred 754
 My humbled soul, 580
 My Jesus, as Thou 714
 My knowledge of that 816
 My life, my blood, I 915
 My Life, my Portion 529
 My lips shall dwell 113
 My Lord and God I 748
 My Lord, in my behalf 655
 My message as from 344
 My mind, by Thy all- 48
 My nature every mo- 675
 My nature I obeyed 338
 My one desire be this 529
 My pardon I claim; 343
 My peace, my life, my 757
 My prayer hath power 533
 My remnant of days I 968
 My Saviour, how shall 388
 My Saviour Thou, not 520
 My Saviour, Thou 756
 My sin and nakedness 338
 My sin's incurable dis- 776
 My solemn engage- 926
 My soul, and all its 966
 My soul breaks out in 794
 My soul draws nigh 126
 My soul He doth re- 147
 My soul lies humbled 495
 My soul looks back to 256
 My soul obeys the' Al- 335
 My soul pursues and 128
 My soul rejoices to 329
 My soul, repeat His 170
 My soul shall pray for 27
 My soul, while still to 498
 My soul, with Thy 674
 My soul would leave 612
 My spirit, Lord, alarm 676
 My steadfast soul, 744
 My stony heart Thy 390
 My table Thou hast 147
 My talents, gifts, and 914
 My thoughts lie open 109
 My trespass was grown 195
 My vehement soul 795
 My will be swallowed 734
 My willing soul would 75
 My Wisdom and my 817
 My worthless heart to 529
 Myriad of bright che- 619
 Myself I cannot save, 670
 Naked of Thine im- 497
 Nature and time quite 102
 Nature is subject to 638
 Nature's chief and 141
 Nay, but His bowels 398
 Nay, but I yield, I 529
 Nay, He kept not back 144
 Nearer, and nearer 860
 Neither passion nor 551

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Neither sin, nor earth 620	Nothing I ask or want 515	O enter then His courts 23
Never from our office 880	Nothing in my hand I 257	O enter then His gates 16
Never let me leave 583	Nothing is worth a 414	O Father, glorify 1004
Never let the world 871	Nothing less will I re- 779	O Father of mercies! 565
Never ponder o'er 358	Nothing on earth do 648	O for a faith like his. 649
Never shall I want it 654	Nothing on earth I 459	O for a trumpet-voice 400
Never will I remove 817	Nothing ye in ex- 346	O for those humble. 491
Never will we hence 898	Now, as yesterday, the 708	O for Thy truth and 937
Nigh with my lips I 338	Now by Thy dying 511	O give me now to 1009
Nipt by the wind's un- 416	Now crushed is Sa- 187	O give me, Saviour, 446
No anxious doubt, no 415	Now destroy the Man 291	O give thanks to Him 140
No arm of flesh we 998	Now God invites— 404	O give thanks to Na- 140
No chilling winds, or 565	Now, if Thy gracious 515	O give thanks with 146
No condemnation now 597	Now in Thy strength 745	O God how faithful 898
No, dear companion, 430	Now, Jesus, now, the 506	O God, let all my life 819
No foot of land do I 459	Now, Jesus, now the 66	O God, mine inmost 444
No good in creatures 720	Now, Jesus, now Thy 920	O God, of good the 163
No good word, or work 574	Now let me gain per- 775	O God of our life, we 168
No horrid alarm of 235	Now let our darkness 65	O God! our help in 411
No.—let us throng 997	Now let Thy Spirit 788	O God, our King, 55
No longer hosts en- 946	Now, Lord, if Thou 542	O God! Thy record I 748
No longer then my 744	Now, Lord, my weary 552	O grant that nothing 756
No longer we join. 378	Now, Lord, on us Thy 902	O, hallowed be the 958
No longing we find 722	Now, Lord, to Thee 649	O happy bond, that 63
No man can truly say 55	Now, Lord, to whom 340	O happy, happy day, 921
No matter how dull 609	Now, now let me know 551	O happy, happy place, 925
No matter which my 414	Now, O God, Thine 810	O happy servant he, 994
No more fatigue, no 79	Now, O my Joshua, 784	O happy souls that pray 30
No more I stagger at 788	Now, only now, against 453	O hasten the hour, 845
No more the sovereign 484	Now redemption is 559	O Heaven! what a tri- 431
No mortal can with 625	Now rest my long- 603	O hide this self from 727
No need of the sun 469	Now righteous thro' 590	O holy, holy, holy 83
No other right have I 553	Now, Saviour, now 902	O hope of every con- 220
No profit canst thou 703	Now shall my fainting 121	O! how I fear Thee, 113
No room for mirth or 414	Now the full glories of 162	O how shall I the 306
No rude alarms of 79	Now the gracious 570	O how wavering is my 738
No strife shall vex 946	Now then, my God, 811	O, if once Thy smile 127
No: though the an- 396	Now to the God, whose 49	O Jesus, appear! no 854
No traveller through 313	Now, Thy love-infus- 954	O Jesus, could I this 507
Nor can He thus their 389	Numbered among Thy 415	O Jesus, full of grace 525
Nor find in all that 695	Numbered with the 527	O Jesus, full of truth 582
Nor less to Thee, O 175	O arm me with the 634	O Jesus, ever with us 210
Nor quite display'd to 100	O be a nobler portion 418	O Jesus! in pity 571
Nor shall Thy spread- 324	O be earnest, do not 406	O Jesus, lead on Thy 18
Nor voice can sing, 220	O believe the record 379	O Jesus, light of all 287
Not a brief glance I 1013	O blessed word of gos- 661	O Jesus! of Thee I 571
Not all the archangels 479	O call to mind Thy 548	O Jesus, ride on, till 408
Not all the powers of 644	O Christ, be Thou our 281	O kindle in each 360
Not all their anguish 483	O Christ, with each 958	O King of Glory! Thy 109
Not angel-tongues can 261	O come, my soul, and 253	O let me commend 347
Not angel-tongues can 173	O come, Thou true 314	O let me kiss Thy 399
Not by human might 764	O come to a mourner 926	O let our faith and 920
Not for my fault, or 669	O confirm the gracious 581	O let our heart and 923
Not in the name of 855	O! conquer this re- 538	O let them all Thy 376
Not in the tombs we 920	O could I always play 666	O let them spread Thy 916
Not like the warring 861	O could I lose myself 580	O let Thy love and 309
Not mine, not mine 716	O! could we make our 460	O let Thy sacred pre- 648
Not the fair palaces 26	O cut short the work, 782	O let Thy Spirit shed 539
Not the labours of my 257	O Death! where is 710	O let Thy table hon- 901
Not with the hope of 621	O disclose Thy lovely 547	O let us all join hand 870
Not without blood— 278	O do not let me trust 634	O let us put on Thee 471
Nothing am I in Thy 556	O do not suffer him to 866	O let us still proceed 923
Nothing else can I re- 813	O do not suffer me to 675	O let us stir each 552
Nothing hath the just 446	Oh! do Thou always 670	O let us take a softer 870
Nothing have I, Lord, 574		O let us thus go on 921

HYMN

O let us to His Courts 21
O long-expected day, 79
O Lord, I cast my 720
O Lord, if I at last 575
O Lord, if mercy is 568
O Lord of Hosts! 993
O Lord of Hosts, how 31
O Lord of Life and 252
O Love, how cheering 756
O Love, our stubborn 191
O Love! Thou bottom- 585
O Love! Thy sove- 653
O Love, Thy sovereign 727
O Lover of sinners, 926
O magnify the Lord 154
O make but trial of 154
O make me all like 817
O Man of Sorrows! 250
O may I calmly wait 676
O may I love like 634
O may I still from 683
O may I triumph so, 800
O may it ne'er of me 695
O may my soul on 959
O may our humble 433
O may the gracious 332
O may the least omis- 673
O may this strange, 171
O may Thy mighty 281
O may Thy Spirit seal 873
O may we all improve 629
O may we all trium- 984
O may we ever walk in 922
O may we keep and 237
O may we love the 932
O may we thus be 438
O measureless Might! 82
O might I die that 477
O might my lot be 376
O might our every 818
O might the blood of 828
O might the universal 827
O might we quickly 458
O might we see, in 837
O might we, through 837
O might we, with be- 527
O multiply the sower's 863
O my God! He dies 251
O never in these veils 811
O never suffer me to 671
O one, O only man- 478
O plant in me Thy 545
O powerful Love, to 191
O put me in the cleft 646
O remember me for 489
O satisfy their soul in 834
O Saviour, if, re- 206
O Saviour of all, Thy 552
O shine on this be- 555
O Sovereign Love, to 486
O Spirit of might, of 181
O Spirit of the Lord! 935
O spread Thy cover- 145
O teach me at Thy 1006
O teach me my first 969

HYMN

O tell of His might, O 82
O take this heart of 773
O that all might seek 665
O that all the art 689
O that all were taught 222
O that all with us 856
O that each from his 985
O that each in the day 985
O that I, as a little 756
O that I could for ever 540
O that I could the 515
O that I could with 540
O that I had a strong- 720
O that I might at once 784
O that I might now 779
O that I might so be- 370
O that I never, never 701
O that I now, from 773
O that in me the sacred 744
O that it now from 744
O that my Jesu's hea- 402
O that my tender soul 678
O that our faith may 259
O that the world might 55
O that the world 402
O that to Thee my 678
O that we all might 56
O that we now might 474
O that we now the 886
O that with yonder 284
O that without a lin- 415
O that world is pass- 127
O that rapturous 372
O the fathomless love 968
O the goodness of God 968
O the infinite cares, 968
O the transporting, 465
O then impute, impart 496
O, then, this worse 103
O Thou almighty Lord 221
O Thou good Samar- 500
O Thou jealous God! 964
O Thou meek and 579
O thou temple of my 849
O Thou that wouldst 413
O Thou, who seest 506
O! to grace how great 608
O Tri-une God! Thou 122
O unexampled love 400
O what a blessed hope 470
O what a joyful meet- 951
O what amazing joys 466
O what are all my 473
O! when shall I, in 959
O when shall my 550
O, when, thou only of 468
O who can explain 637
O, who like Thee— 247
O, who like Thee so 247
O why did I my Sa- 530
O wondrous know- 109
O wondrous love! to 499
O would He more of 470
O wouldst Thou again 235
O wouldst Thou break 833

HYMN

O wouldst Thou bring 934
O wouldst Thou, Lord 671
O ye banished seed, 840
O ye fearful of heart, 762
Obedient faith, that 743
O'er all nations God 36
O'er every foe victo- 286
O'er the negro's night 947
O'er the toilsome 1012
O'er the vast howling 655
O'erwhelmed with 752
Of all Thou hast in 567
Of His deliverance I 154
Of judgment now the 934
Of life the Fountain 589
Of life Thou art the 589
Of my boasted wis- 664
Of Thy great un- 105
Oft as I lay me down 332
Oft did I with the' 336
Oft from the margin 651
Oft hath the sea con- 651
Oft I in my heart have 588
O, behold the Lord 358
Oh for a sight, a pleas- 466
Oh! for this love, let 264
Oh! hadst thou known 410
O, holy Lord! up- 266
Oh! how shall I, 167
Oh, in Thy light be 247
Oh! let Thy love our 187
Oh, lovely attitude! 366
Oh! may each future 953
Oh! may I bear some 162
Oh! may my broken 439
Oh, may my heart, by 977
Oh! may our more 157
Oh, may our sympa- 825
Oh, may this truth 1008
Oh! may Thy Spirit 78
Oh mercy! Oh mercy 448
Oh! might they at last 378
Oh! on that day, that 440
Oh! send Thy Spirit 328
Oh, speak of Jesus! 213
Oh, speak of Jesus! 213
Oh, that from Britain 938
O that I now the rest 783
Oh! that it were as it 622
Oh that my voice 175
Oh that the Comforter 759
O that the fire from 791
Oh! that the perfect 771
Oh! that the souls 894
Oh that the world 207
Oh that with all Thy 753
Oh, warm our hearts 28
Oh, what an age of 375
Oh! what cruel provo- 267
Oh! what shall we do 852
Omnipotent Redeem- 197
On all mankind, for- 916
On barren rock and 948
On earth the' usurpers 661
On God they cast their 375

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN	
On Him the Spirit	240	Our glorious Leader	842	Plant, and root, and	738
On Jesus, my power,	637	Our God in Christ!	353	Plant Thy heavenly	291
On me, on all, some	41	Our guilt might draw	998	Plead we thus for faith	883
On me that faith di-	726	Our guilty souls are	334	Pleasure, and wealth,	702
On the thin air, with-	135	Our heavenly Guide	320	Pledge of the promise	591
On Thee I ever call,	543	Our holy, heavenly	319	Plenteous grace with	535
On Thee I muse with	128	Our life is a dream;	985	Plenteous He is in	536
On Thee, my Priest,	589	Our life is hid with	951	Plenteous of grace	298
On Thee, O God, my	788	Our life, while Thou	152	Poor, alas! Thou	497
On Thee we cast our	12	Our lips and lives shall	989	Poor and vile in my	110
On Thee we humbly	919	Our lives through	102	Poor debtors, by our	353
On this glad day a	74	Our longing souls	313	Poor helpless worms	334
On this triumphant	71	Our misery doth for	118	Poor outcasts of men	609
On Thy thigh and	936	Our mourning is all at	469	Poor, sinful, thirsty	359
On wings of love the	825	Our mouth as in the	994	Poor worms of earth	971
Once they were mourn-	842	Our mutual prayer	919	Pour out the promised	937
One army of the living	474	Our naked hearts to	886	Pour out your souls to	632
One day amidst the	75	Our old companions	474	Power is all to Jesus	9
One family we dwell	474	Our raging passions	331	Power o'er the world,	798
One, inexplicably	179	Our residue of days or	989	Powerful Advocate	164
One only gift can	801	Our restless spirits	210	" Praise God, from	941
One only way the err-	650	Our ruined souls re-	309	Praise God from	959
One the Father is	879	Our sons henceforth	981	Praise Him for His	39
One thing demands	405	Our souls and bodies	808	Praise Him, the faith-	23
One undivided Trinity	178	Our souls are in His	951	Praise ye Jehovah!	20
One with God, the	877	Our spirits faint; our	34	Praise ye the Father	20
Only have faith in God	680	Our spirits, too, shall	474	Praise ye the Lord, for	20
Only Thee content to	763	Our tables spread, our	159	Praise with my heart	622
Only Thou to us art	219	Our thoughts are lost	162	Pray, my friends, and	849
Only we can scarce	141	Our trespasses forgive	14	Pray we on, when all	657
Open a door which	863	Our vows, our prayers	145	Pray, without ceasing	631
Open, Lord, my in-	741	Our wasting lives grow	412	Prayer makes the	667
Open mine eyes the	519	Ours is the life, the	117	Precious are Thy say-	326
Open my faith's inte-	775	Out of great distress	476	Precious Gift by God	311
Open, now, the crystal	149	Out of myself for help	233	Prepare, and then	546
Open the hearts of all	1009	Out of the deep regard	834	Present alike in every	174
Open the intercourse	567	Outcast from Thee,	831	Present we know Thou	855
Open their graves,	830	Outcasts of men, to	396	Present we still in	951
Open their mouth,	917	Pain and sickness, at	558	Preserve us from the	977
Or should I try to	108	Pardon, and grace,	700	Preserve the creatures	69
Or, 'stablished and	261	Pardon from an	171	Preserved by power	918
Or worn by slowly-	416	Pardoned for all that	752	Preserved, through	967
Ordain'd I am, and	1009	Parent of Good, Thy	99	Primeval Beauty! in	163
Order my footsteps	328	Part of His church	896	Prince of Peace, if	954
Other knowledge I dis-	265	Part of Thy name di-	162	Prisoner of Hope, I	512
Other refuge have I	535	Partakers of the Sa-	922	Prisoner of hope, to	536
Our Advocate there	320	Partakers of Thy na-	891	Prisoners of hope, be	762
Our anchor sure and	262	Paschal Lamb, by God	200	Proclaim ' Salvation	121
Our Brother, Saviour,	860	Passion, and appetite,	655	Pronounce the glad	852
Our brother the haven	426	Patient the' appointed	467	Prophet, and Priest,	355
Our Captain leads us	681	Peace be within this	27	Prophet, to me reveal	589
Our claim admit, and	59	Peace to the troubled	698	Protected by Thy	44
Our conquering Lord	944	People and realms, of	940	Pure as the rivers	839
Our day of grace is	410	Perfect, then, the	500	Pure love to God Thy	798
Our days are as the	170	Perfect then Thy	782	Purge me from every	773
Our desperate state	56	Permit them to ap-	892	Quick as the apple of	673
Our eyes have seen	417	Persist to save my	817	Rage, while our faith	1003
Our eyes have seen	417	Persons Thou dost	558	Raise thy downcast	361
Our fainting souls	225	Pillar of fire, through	327	Raised by Almighty	224
Our Father and Lord	168	Pity, and heal my sin	521	Raised by the breath	467
Our fellow-sufferer yet	279	Pity from Thine eye	564	Rather I would in	672
Our foreheads pro-	862	Pity the day of feeble	834	Rather I would, in	672
Our friend is gone	430	Pity to my dying cries	500	Ready for all Thy per-	691
Our friend is restored	432	Place no longer let us	657		
Our glad hosannas,	240				

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Ready for you the an- 351	Saviour, for this I 748	Shall magnify the 285
Ready the Father is to 351	Saviour from sin, we 771	Shall still the proud 285
Ready the Spirit of 351	Saviour! from Thy 574	Shall we let Him die 331
Ready Thou art the 53	Saviour, give us faith 973	Shall we, like guilty 997
Refining Fire go thro' 744	Saviour, I long to tes- 746	Shall we, who know 695
Refresh us with a 41	Saviour, I thank Thee 794	Shed on the altar of 278
Regard me with a gra- 506	Saviour, if of Zion's 850	Shine forth with all 69
Regard our prayers 864	Saviour of men! The 915	Shine on, shine on, 77
Regard Thine own 870	Saviour of my soul 500	Shine on the temples 77
Reign in me, Lord, 730	Saviour, Prince, en- 493	Shine on Thy pure 77
Reign, mighty Prince! 202	Saviour, to me in pity 491	Shine on Thy work, 528
Rejoice in glorious 283	Saviour, to Thee my 796	Shine on Thy work of 77
Rejoicing in hope, 637	Saviour! where'er Thy 712	Shine, till Thy glorious 77
Rejoicing in hope, we 854	Saviour! who this day 72	Short of Thy love I 345
Rejoicing now in earn- 784	Saw ye not the cloud 945	Should all the forms 335
Relieve the souls 834	Say, are your hearts 924	Should cares like a 705
Religion should our 977	Say, "Live for ever, 270	Should earth against 706
Remember, Lord, my 752	Say, shall we yield 238	Should I from Thee, 40
Remember Thee, and 897	Scatter the last re- 730	Should pining sick- 713
Remove this hardness 783	Scattered o'er all the 375	Should swift death 960
Renew my will from 713	Search, try, O Lord 108	Shout, all the people 441
Renew Thine image, 736	Seasons, and months, 157	Shout in the midst 984
Renouncing every 595	Seated at God's right 184	Shout the God en- 9
Reserves of unex- 119	Seed-time and harvest 158	Shout, ye little flock, 840
Resolved, at last, "To 371	See all your sins on 1	Show me, as my soul 741
Rest for my soul I 770	See, from His head, 258	Show me the blood 512
Resting in this glori- 446	See from the Rock a 346	Show me the naked 490
Rests secure the rich- 446	See! He lifts His 276	Shows me the pre- 640
Restore my sight! let 525	See Him set forth be- 344	Show me what I have 668
Restored by reconcil- 512	See! how His back 389	Show my forgetful feet 47
Restraining prayer, 667	See, in the mountain 680	Show them the blood 834
Return, O holy Dove! 573	See, in yon glorious 133	Show us some token 929
Return, O wanderer, 368	See, Lord, the travail 788	Shut up in unbelief 508
Revive, O God of 865	See, low before Thy 555	Silent, (alas! Thou 340
Revive our drooping 297	See me lying at the 558	Simple, teachable, and 665
Revive Thy dying 901	See me, O Lord, 760	Sin in me, the inbred 712
Riches, as seemeth 96	See me, Saviour, from 493	Sin no more can taint 1012
Riches unsearchable 330	See my utter helpless- 584	Sin only let me not 575
Richly flowed the 358	See, O see, what love 183	Since all that I meet 717
Righteous all Thy sta- 326	See, O see, what love 183	Since by Thy light 485
Rise, touched with 366	See the eternal Son 242	Since from His bounty 625
Rise, ye men of Israel 643	See the gospel church 37	Since on this wined 405
Rising to sing my Sa- 332	See the Judge, our 449	Since, then, neither 172
Rivers to the ocean 843	See, the Lord, Thy 620	Since Thou hast bid 636
Roar on, ye waves! 1003	See the stars from 457	Since Thou wouldst 771
Rock of my salvation, 635	See! the streams of 850	Since, with pure and 129
	See there! His temples 389	Sing of His dying love 263
Saints and angels 357	See these barren souls 731	Sing on your heaven- 263
Saints, begin the end- 475	See where before the 517	Sing, till we feel our 263
Salvation in His name 633	See where the God 397	Sing to the Lord; ex- 93
Salvation in that 530	See where the lame, 398	Sing we then in Jesu's 881
Salvation! let the echo 165	See, where o'er desert 52	Sinners, behold the 402
Salvation! O Thou 165	See, ye sinners, see! 733	Sinners, expect those 453
'Salvation to God, who 18	Selfish pursuits, and 503	Sinners, from earth's 214
Satan, his thousand 832	Send down Thy like- 811	Sinners, obey the 355
Satan, with all his 745	Send forth one ray of 520	Sinners of old Thou 778
Save us by grace, 526	Send, then, Thy ser- 943	Sinners, turn, while 350
Save us from the great 871	Send us the Spirit of 306	Sinners, turn, why 348
Save us in the prosper- 871	Sent by my Lord, on 344	Sin's deceitfulness 566
Save us in Thy great 234	Sent down from above 352	Sion, Shout Thy Lord 592
Saved from the fear 798	Set upon Thyself my 635	Slain to redeem us by 203
Saved from whom the 254	Shall I,—amidst a 482	Slay the dire root and 725
Saviour, accept the 434	Shall I not then be 175	Smooth let it be or 716
Saviour, and Prince 492	Shall I, through in- 969	So be it then, if Thou 723
Saviour, breathe for- 974	Shall I, to soothe the' 915	So be it! let this sys- 464

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
So blooms the human 416	Standing now as new- 574	Surely He will lift me 504
So I may Thy Spirit 763	Steadfast let us cleave 878	Surely He will not 472
So Jesus looked on 825	Still for us His death 276	Surely I shall, the 740
So let Thy grace sur- 109	Still heavy is thy heart 704	Surely in us the hope 729
So may our eyes, with 956	Still hide me in Thy 701	Surely now the bitter- 500
So reign, O God, in 205	Still I cannot part with 556	Surely Thou canst, I 739
So shall I bless Thy 638	Still, in the doubtful 988	Surely, Thou canst 507
So shall I do Thy will 638	Still let Him with my 677	Surely Thou didst 873
So shall my walk be 573	Still let it on the as- 42	Surely Thou wilt, we 319
So shall our lives Thy 863	Still let me live Thy 739	Surrounded by Thy 108
So shall that cursere- 451	Still let me, till my 672	Sweet fields beyond 460
So shall the world be- 870	Still let the publicans 52	Sweet is the day of 73
So shall we pray, and 306	Still let them counsel 639	Sweetly may we all 880
So, when on Sion 711	Still let Thy love point 756	Swift as the eagle cuts 990
So, when'er the sig- 67	Still let Thy tears, 388	Swift to my rescue 659
So wretched and ob- 380	Still let Thy wisdom 590	Swift to its close ebbs 1013
Soar we now, where 271	Still let us, Lord, with 185	Sworn by destroy, let 530
Sole, self-existing God 122	Still let us on our 600	
Son of God, arise, 765	Still let us own our 869	Take away my darling 549
Sons of God, your Sa- 945	Still let us pray, and 838	Take me into Thy 536
Sons of earth, the tri- 9	Still let us to each 955	Take my poor heart, 392
Soon as e'er Thy word 326	Still, Lord, Thy saving 169	Take my soul and 810
Soon as from earth I 413	Still may I cleave to 676	Take the dear pur- 539
Soon as I find myself 614	Still may I walk as in 672	Take the dear pur- 864
Soon as in Thee we 886	Still may we to our 885	Take the things of 317
Soon as the breath of 130	Still nigh me, O my 636	Take this heart of 570
Soon as the evening 136	Still, O Lord, (for 879	Take Thou my cup, 716
Soon, borne on time's 404	Still, O Lord, our faith 884	Take to Thee Thy 291
Soon shall I learn the 161	Still restless nature 101	Take when Thou wilt 812
Soon shall I pass the 245	Still stir me up to 817	Tallest of the earth- 643
Soon shall ye hear 263	Still Thou go'st about 244	Teach me the happy 817
Sorrow and fear are 698	Still Thou journeyest 500	Teach me to live, that 959
Soul then know Thy 604	Still to search Thy 326	Tell me again, my 580
Sound aloud Jeho- 947	Still toss'd on a sea of 426	Tell me, or Thou shalt 376
Sounds among the 137	Still we believe, Al- 323	Tell of His wondrous 121
Sovereign Father, 164	Still we wait for Thine 234	Ten thousand angels 447
Sovereign, universal 222	Still will I invoke 86	Ten thousand offices 619
Spare me, till I my 739	Still will I strive, and 644	Ten thousand snares 644
Speak, and a holy 550	Still with and in Thy 889	Ten thousand, thou- 143
Speak, and the deaf 531	Stir up Thy power, 838	Tenderest branch, 231
Speak but the recon- 870	Stir us up to prayer 305	Thankful I take the 710
Speak, gracious Lord, 522	Stirr'd up to seek the 408	Thanks we give, and 67
Speak, Jesu, speak 542	Strangers and pilgrims 467	That all-comprising 43
Speak the second time 779	Stretch out Thy arm, 335	That blessed law of 724
Speak the word, and 662	Strive we, in affec- 881	That blessed sense of 56
Speak to my warring 710	Stronger His love than 540	That blood which 864
Speak to us from lips 62	Strong I am, for He 592	That bloody banner 641
Speak with that voice 54	Stronger than the 662	That breath is Thine 936
Spirit Divine! attend 296	Struggle through thy 421	That comfort was 372
Spirit of Faith, in- 687	Stung by the scorpion 400	That glory never hence 927
" Spirit of faith our 74	Sublime upon His 434	That great mysterious 705
Spirit of faith, within 292	Subsists as in us all 951	That hand hath 107
Spirit of grace, and 12	Such blessings from 145	That heavenly Teacher 307
Spirit of Holiness, 173	Such deep transgres- 171	That I from Thee no 673
Spirit of light, ex- 293	Such happiness, O 1000	That I Thy mercy 773
Spirit of meek and 321	Such our whole em- 887	That mighty faith on 726
Spirit of our God, 974	Such was Thy truth, 246	That path with humble 648
Spirit of pure and holy 321	Sun and moon are 457	That peace of God, 307
Spirit of purity and 308	Sun, moon, and stars 324	That promise made to 307
Spotless and just in 562	Sun, moon, and stars 117	That so, when angel- 159
Spotless, sincere, with 189	Superior to their smile 819	That Thine eternal 186
Stamped with an in- 685	Supply what every 885	That token of Thine 778
Stand by them in the 834	Supreme and all-suffi- 100	That we the promise 278
Stand then against 630	Sure as Thy truth 848	That wisdom, Lord, 684
Stand, then, in His 630	Sure earnest of that 69	The apostles' glorious 192

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
The' Apostles of my 800	The God of grace, 955	The meek, the still, 388
The arrow is flown; 985	The God of Love, to 401	The men of careless 833
The' atonement of Thy 562	The God that rules on 594	The men of grace 594
The badge and token 896	The God we worship 29	The men that love and 78
The balm of life, the 268	The God, who reigns 89	The mercy I feel, to 347
The beam that shines 946	The godly grief, the 351	The merry birds pro- 133
The birds that rise 156	The good, the fruitful 949	The modest and meek 617
The blessing is free : " 382	The goodly land I see, 88	The more I strove 537
The blessing of Thy 546	The gospel-trumpet 354	The more my suffer- 723
The blessings all on 952	The grace to sinners 173	The most impossible 781
The blest with joy, the 417	The grace which sure 902	The news of His com- 480
The blind are restored 403	The graces of my se- 740	The next, and every 795
The bliss of those that 767	The gracious fruits of 774	The noblest wonders 324
The blood of goats, 260	The graves of all His 436	The noisy winds stand 135
The body, now, of sin 791	The greedy sea shall 442	The' o'erwhelming 351
The bondage of cor- 339	The guard of all Thy 672	The opening heavens 612
The boundless love 748	The guiltless shame, 351	The opposite extremes 969
The bounties of Thy 148	The hand that gave it 329	The pain of life shall 768
The burden, for me to 388	The hardness from 53	The painful thirst, the 774
The busy tribes of 411	The harvest-song 159	The peace and joy of 860
The calm retreat, the 1005	The heavenly treasure 951	The peace which man 512
The captive exiles 834	The holy church in 83	The people that in 599
The chaff of sin, the' 867	The holy, meek, un- 586	The pit its mouth hath 52
The cheerful tribute 161	The holy to the holi- 847	The pity of the Lord 170
The cherubim and 192	The hosts of God en- 154	The plague, and 1000
The Church of the 923	The hosts of heaven 111	The present moment 405
The church triumph- 847	The huge celestial 454	The prisoner relieve 821
The clouds divide, 447	The joy neither angel 431	The promise stands 762
The Comforter art 300	The judge ascends the 447	The promised land, 785
The counsel of Thy 771	The judgment! the 448	The prophets' goodly 192
The Covenant we this 925	The King Himself 75	The race we all are 470
The Cross! it takes 268	The King, whose glori- 8	The ransomed sons of 860
The cup of blessing 902	The kingdom, Lord, 96	The reconciling word 769
The darkness, which 542	The kingdom of esta- 10	The reign of sin and 254
The day of small and 548	The kingdom that I 716	The riches of His 858
The dead in Christ 445	The kings of the earth 196	The righteousness that 10
The deaf His voice, 403	The Lamb on the 862	The rising God for- 270
The dear tokens of 455	The length and 307	The rocks could feel 390
The dearest idol I have 573	The lepers from all 403	The rolling sun, the 324
The depth of all-re- 195	The light of truth to 310	The rougher the way, 722
The dictates of Thy 169	The lion roaring for 832	The rush of numerous 801
The dying thief re- 255	The lion seeks my 675	The sacred lessons of 325
The earth, and all the 442	The living Bread, sent 902	The saints in His pre- 469
The earth could to her 390	The Lord abounds with 91	The Saviour left His 156
The earth, with its store 82	The Lord for me doth 86	The sea beheld His 106
The enemy his tares 285	The Lord His people 30	The secret of the Lord 761
The Ethiop then shall 531	The Lord makes bare 38	The secret pride, the 600
The everlasting doors 456	The Lord my Right- 801	The servile progeny of 829
The Father hears Him 598	The Lord of Love, on 290	The sharpness of Thy 753
The Father shining on 705	The Lord of Love, 290	The Shepherd who 403
The Father, Son, and 351	The Lord of old for 993	The sinners suddenly 51
The few that truly 376	The Lord pours eye- 92	The smoke of the in- 828
The fiercer the blast, 722	The Lord protects and 31	The smoke of Thy 905
The fire our graces 697	The Lord supports our 113	The Son, to do His 695
The floods, with angry 84	The Lord, the mighty 118	The soul hath o'er- 431
The flowery spring, at 157	The Lord, the univer- 91	" The soul that longs 978
The fulness of my vast 647	The Lord thy God, O 130	The soul that on Je- 721
The gates of hell can- 375	The Lord unrivalled 84	The Spirit breathe of 59
The gift I embrace; 382	The Lord will come! 289	The Spirit of con- 59
The gift unspeakable 541	The Lord will come! 289	The Spirit of faith, in 59
The gift which He on 859	The love of Christ, 915	The Spirit of Faith, 345
The glorious crown of 785	The man, whose hands 124	The Spirit of inter- 658
The glory of God and 431	The mansion for Thy- 521	The Spirit of refining 59
The glory! the glory! 448	The Master of all for 821	The Spirit takes de- 563
The God of Abraham 87	The meek and lowly 384	The spirits that sur- 167

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
The spring's sweet in- 158	Thee no alarms of war 373	Then, then acknow- 51
The stone to flesh 582	Thee, only Thee, I 554	Then to the watchful 237
The storm is laid, the 152	Thee, Son of Man, by 697	Then, when on earth 713
The Sun of Righteous- 533	Thee, sovereign Lord, 11	Then, when our work 911
The sun that keeps 138	Thee the eternal Son 216	Then, when the migh- 868
The sure provisions 146	Thee, the first-born sons 2	Then, when the work 966
The sure-succeeding 133	Thee, the great Jeho- 787	Then, while I live this 215
The task Thy wisdom 688	Thee, the Paternal 519	Then why, O blessed 621
The temple's veil is 903	Thee, Thee my rest- 128	Then will I teach the 495
The thing surpasses 743	Thee to laud in songs 81	Then will I tell to sin- 537
The things eternal I 459	Thee to perfection 1002	Thence He arose, as- 436
The things unknown 383	Thee we acknowledge 192	Thence, when the 949
The thunders of His 94	Thee we expect, our 46	There all the heavenly 845
The tokens of Thy 902	Thee, while the first 5	There all the ship's 426
The triumphs of Thy 12	Thee will I love, my 606	There by wrestling 887
The trumpet! the 448	Thee will I praise 97	There dwells the Lord 88
The types and figures 254	Their bones, as quite 830	There endless crowds 483
The universal King 19	Their daily delight 593	There everlasting 460
The unspeakable grace 857	Their selfish will, in 972	There, faith lifts up 1011
The useful, not the 694	Their souls shall 115	There generous fruit 465
The veil is rent in 254	Their willing souls 120	There happier bowers 463
The veil of night is 108	Then, according to 942	There His triumphal 275
The veil of unbelief 511	Then all the chosen 199	There I would vie with 845
The vineyard of the 923	Then at Thy feet, with 845	There, if Thy Spirit 1005
The voyage of life's at 426	Then dig about our 987	There, in the Place, 646
The watchmen join 38	Then every murmur- 752	There is a <i>glorious</i> day 979
The way the holy 537	Then faint not in the 948	There is a <i>gracious</i> day 979
The wayfaring men, 609	Then I shall end my 816	There is a <i>holy</i> day, 979
The whole creation 186	Then I shall share a 73	There is a home for 1011
The whole triumphant 89	Then, in a nobler, 255	There is a <i>serious</i> day, 979
The winter of trouble 431	Then infuse the teach- 664	There is a way for man 167
The word of God is 729	Then let me on the 658	There is a world above 841
The word Thy sacred 934	Then let our humble 280	There is an <i>awful</i> day, 979
The words of His ex- 893	Then let the last loud 436	There is my house and 459
The work of Thy 557	Then let the thunder- 454	There is the throne of 478
The world beheld the 624	Then let the wildest 975	There let it for Thy 691
The world can show 215	Then let the worms 435	There let us all with 42
The world cannot 641	Then let us adore, and 18	There, like a trumpet 135
The world He suffered 386	Then let us all Thy 867	There, like the night- 1005
The world recedes—it 425	Then let us attend our 821	There the chosen 849
The world, sin, death 736	Then let us ever bear 873	There the pompous 276
The world without 932	Then let us gladly 729	There the rough 135
The world's and Sa- 197	Then let us hasten to 951	There the simple can- 732
The wounded con- 640	Then let us lawfully 951	There, there, at His 965
The year is with Thy 34	Then let us make our 918	There, there, before 513
The year rolls round, 412	Then let us rejoice in 320	There, there, un- 640
Thee all the choir of 80	Then let us see that 189	There Thou hast bid 135
Thee, by the highest 7	Then let us sit beneath 394	There shall each rap- 263
Thee, Father, Son, 925	Then let us still pro- 896	There shall I bathe 706
Thee, Holy Father, 178	Then let us submit 347	There we shall meet 921
Thee I can love, and 648	Then let us wait the 922	There we shall see His 594
Thee I exult to feel 591	Then let us wait to 456	There we shall with 276
Thee I shall then for 550	Then may we hope, the 237	There, with you, we 627
Thee, in the watches 622	Then my soul, with 792	There would I find a 146
Thee, in Thy glorious 847	Then, Saviour, then, 444	There your exalted 799
Thee, Jesus, alone, 968	Then shall I see, and 73	Therefore, in life I'll 155
Thee, Jesus, King of 97	Then shall my joyful 160	Therefore shall ye 592
Thee, Jesus, the Son 181	Then shall our pros- 791	These are the men, 374
Thee, King of nations 42	Then shall the heathen 938	These clouds of pride 48
Thee let all mankind 936	Then shall the Jew 938	These eyes shall see 921
Thee let me drink, and 747	Then shall Thy lofty 938	These lively hopes we 434
Thee, Lord, with joy- 228	Then shall we do, with 818	These temples of His 29
Thee may I set at my 688	Then swift and dread- 483	These, these prepare 167
Thee, may our tongues 287	Then the Gentile 208	These through fiery 846
Thee, mighty God! 990	Then the last judg- 435	These various mercies 158

HYMN

These walls we to Thy 228
 They die in Jesus, and 419
 They drink the vivi- 473
 They fear not life's 610
 They go from strength 30
 They leave the dust, 433
 They marked the foot- 842
 They saw Him in the 261
 They sing, in sweet, and 4
 They stand, those 478
 They that be whole, 777
 They that in Thy law 326
 They watch for souls, 913
 Thine arm hath safely 197
 Thine earthly Sabbaths 79
 Thine eye beholds, with 22
 Thine eye observed 587
 Thine incommuni- 178
 Thine, Lord, is wis- 99
 Thine, Lord, we are, 13
 Thine the kingdom, 936
 Thine, wholly Thine, 150
 Things that are not, 743
 Think, how on the 361
 This Altar ever lives, 224
 This blessed word be 800
 This choicest fruit of 672
 This day with this day's 14
 (This delight I fain 561
 This eucharistic feast 900
 This heart shall be 785
 This instant now I 408
 This instant now I 282
 This is the bond of 869
 This is the dear re- 786
 This is the faith we 526
 This is the grace that 823
 This is the straight 700
 This is the time; no 344
 This is the way I long 537
 This is Thy will, I 492
 This moment I Thy 795
 This only thing do I 376
 This only woe I depre- 552
 This slumber from my 671
 This spring with liv- 359
 This the universal 379
 This, this is our high 647
 Thither may we repair 430
 Those amaranthine 458
 Those feeble types, 260
 Those mighty orbs 162
 Thou all our works in 814
 Thou art a God, before 78
 Thou art darkness in 764
 Thou art gone to the 427
 Thou art merciful to 104
 Thou art my daily 589
 Thou art my God, and 228
 Thou art my inward 591
 Thou art our flesh and 262
 Thou art the anchor 745
 Thou art the end of 321
 Thou art the earnest 304
 Thou art the Life; the 226

HYMN

Thou art the Truth; 226
 Thou art the Way, the 226
 Thou art their triumph 214
 Thou art Thyself the 413
 Thou bidst us knock 508
 Thou by Thy word 11
 Thou callest me to 613
 Thou canst be merci- 501
 Thou canst not toil in 949
 Thou canst o'ercome 531
 Thou canst, Thou wilt, 795
 Thou didst let Thyself 267
 Thou didst the meek 700
 Thou didst Thy fallen 342
 Thou didst undertake 741
 Thou dost conduct 611
 Thou dost the first 342
 Thou dost with sweet 509
 Thou everywhere hast 703
 Thou for our pain 198
 Thou Framer of the 962
 Thou glorious God, 103
 Thou God of power, 586
 Thou God, that an- 924
 Thou great and good, 40
 Thou great, tremen- 490
 Thou hast a great de- 655
 Thou hast bowed the 699
 Thou hast in unbelief 512
 Thou hast my flesh, 811
 Thou hast obtained 553
 Thou hast on us the 96
 Thou hast our bonds 861
 Thou hast pronoun- 528
 Thou hast received the 6
 Thou hast redeemed 907
 Thou hatest all that 44
 Thou hear'st me for 795
 Thou holdest my soul 596
 Thou, in thy youthful 430
 Thou, Jesus, art gone 6
 Thou know'st the 113
 Thou know'st for my 743
 Thou know'st, in the 479
 Thou know'st the base- 485
 Thou know'st the way 582
 Thou, Lord, our relief 378
 Thou, Lord, the dread- 711
 Thou loving, all-aton- 399
 Thou lov'st whate'er 174
 Thou my impetuous 530
 Thou, my Life, my 737
 Thou my one thing 813
 Thou neither canst be 174
 Thou, O Christ, art 535
 Thou, O God, art wise 105
 Thou, O Lord, in ten- 689
 Thou, O Lord, my por- 689
 Thou, O Love, my 813
 Thou, O my God, 567
 Thou, O my Jesus, 621
 Thou on my neck didst 587
 Thou on the Lord 703
 Thou only canst our 870
 Thou only didst the 838

HYMN

Thou only hast power 557
 Thou only know'st, 767
 Thou only, Lord, the 599
 Thou, only Thou, the 917
 Thou, our throbbing 699
 Thou pleadest in the 322
 Thou rather wouldst 836
 Thou Saviour of all, 944
 Thou seest me deaf to 340
 Thou seest me help- 776
 Thou seest my feeble- 670
 Thou seest our weak- 704
 Thou seest their wants 832
 Thou shalt, to Thy 208
 Thou shin'st with 163
 Thou sittest on the 177
 Thou standest in the 905
 Thou Strength of His 298
 Thou that revealing 321
 Thou the good Shep- 589
 Thou, the shame, the 699
 Thou the sinful wo- 450
 Thou, through Him, 76
 Thou Thy messengers 61
 Thou usest all Thy 693
 Thou usest the high 693
 Thou waitest to be 119
 Thou wilt in me re- 542
 Thou wilt not break a 548
 Thou wilt not cast me 155
 Thou who didst for all 222
 Thou who didst so 792
 Thou who hast borne 891
 Thou who hast kept us 853
 Thou, who hast our 291
 Though dark be my 717
 Though dark my path 713
 Though destruction 960
 Though earth and hell 781
 Though eighteen hun- 778
 Though faith and hope 610
 Though His Majesty 361
 Though I have grieved 495
 Though I have most 552
 Though I have steel'd 552
 Though in affliction's 636
 Though late, I all for- 529
 Though my sins as 566
 Though nature gives 745
 Though now ascended 279
 Though our sins, our 999
 Though the night be 960
 Though their voices 141
 Though waves and 585
 Though we pass thro' 1010
 Three in person, One 1019
 Three Persons, equally 178
 Thrice blessed bliss- 705
 Thrice comfortable 639
 Thrice Holy! Thine 13
 Thrice Holy! Thine 99
 Throned above celes- 209
 Through all eternity, 143
 Through all His 94
 Through all the world 192

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Through every period 143	Thy love sustains the 115	Till, added to that 306
Through each perplex- 145	Thy love the conquest 638	Till all the earth, re- 277
Through fire and 817	Thy loving, powerful 41	Till, at Thy coming 512
Through grace we 356	Thy mercy, and love, 196	Till every shifting 839
Through hidden dan- 143	Thy mercy never shall 113	Till Jesus, in the 989
Through Jesus's name 432	Thy meritorious suf- 260	Till my all in all Thou 581
Through much dis- 641	Thy mighty Name sal- 217	Till that welcome hour 229
Through pride and 852	Thy mind throughout 747	Till then, I would Thy 212
Through Thee we now 951	Thy ministering 963	Till then (nor is the 642
Through Thee we ren- 322	Thy mouth, O Lord, 781	Till then, with us 185
Through Thee, who 467	Thy Name, as precious 214	Till Thou anew my 678
Through waves, and 704	Thy Name, Jehovah! 100	Till Thou into my soul 726
Throughout the deep 1001	Thy name, O God, 126	Till Thou Thy perfect 658
Throughout the desert 225	Thy name to me, Thy 783	Till, thoroughly saved, 577
Throughout the uni- 119	Thy nature be my law 724	Time, like an ever-roll- 411
Throughout the world 195	Thy nature, gracious 728	'Tis done! my God 393
Thus Abraham, the 586	Thy offering still con- 259	'Tis done! the great 603
Thus, in our weak- 300	Thy only glory let 917	'Tis done! the precious 387
Thus, Lord, while we 74	Thy own peculiar 758	'Tis done: Thou dost 796
Thus may I pass my 676	Thy parent-hand, Thy 99	'Tis evening with my 642
Thus may I show the 747	Thy people, Lord, 52	'Tis He forgives thy 170
Thus may we still in 908	Thy people, saved be- 63	'Tis He that all thy sins 91
Thus might I hide my 249	Thy power, and truth 777	'Tis here Thine un- 1001
Thus star by star de- 841	Thy power I pant to 393	'Tis His Almighty 199
Thus while we bestow 821	Thy power, in human 697	'Tis His the drooping 355
Thus will I sing, till 202	Thy power omni-po- 454	'Tis Jesu's blood that 572
Thy all-surrounding 109	Thy power unparal- 122	'Tis love that makes 823
Thy arm, Lord, is not 768	Thy powerful Spirit 531	'Tis Love! 'tis Love! 533
Thy blood and righ- 496	Thy powerful, wise, 176	'Tis mercy all, that 727
Thy body broken for 897	Thy precious time 957	'Tis mystery all! the 597
Thy bountiful care 82	Thy presence only can 555	'Tis not a cause of 913
Thy bounty every sea- 117	Thy promise is my 499	'Tis strung and tuned 255
Thy bright example 686	Thy providence is kind 85	'Tis there, with the 230
Thy call I exult to 481	Thy Providence my 143	'Tis Thine a heart of 522
Thy call if I ever have 557	Thy quickening light 315	'Tis Thine to cleanse 297
Thy condescending 529	Thy ransomed servant 805	To' accomplish His 639
Thy death hath bought 553	Thy sanctifying Spirit 773	To all my weak com- 143
Thy everlasting truth, 703	Thy secret voice in- 727	To all our souls apply 315
Thy every suffering 700	Thy servant, Lord, 660	To breathe, and wake, 694
Thy faith in Him shall 373	Thy side an' open foun- 53	To damp our earthly 438
Thy faithful, wise, and 650	Thy single arm, 599	To-day attend His voice 17
Thy fatherly chastise- 837	Thy sinless mind in 746	To destroy his work 662
Thy favour, and Thy 43	Thy Son, Thy noblest 117	To each the covenant 925
Thy feet were nailed 53	Thy soul, for sin an 700	To every soul (all praise 13
Thy gifts, alas, can- 794	Thy sovereign grace 501	To Father, Son, and 16
Thy glories blaze all 135	Thy sovereign grace to 195	To fit his soul for 971
Thy glorious eye per- 595	Thy Spirit, Father, on 982	To gather home His 923
Thy glorious face in 516	Thy Spirit hath the 51	To God, most worthy 953
Thy glorious name 96	Thy Spirit, Lord, at 1006	To God, my God, with 86
Thy golden sceptre 525	Thy Spirit now if 408	To God the Father, 187
Thy good and holy will 14	Thy Spirit revives His 944	To God, they in their 207
Thy goodness and Thy 119	Thy statutes, Lord, are 84	To God your spirits 632
Thy grace I languish 1004	Thy strength and Thy 596	To heaven, the place 625
Thy grace still dwells 211	Thy sun, Thou bidst 99	To help our soul's in- 656
Thy gracious readi- 545	Thy tender heart is 728	To help their grov'ling 355
Thy hand, how wide 135	Thy throne eternal 102	To Him continually 799
Thy hand in autumn 157	Thy tokens we with 1000	To Him, enthroned 203
Thy hand, in sight of 146	Thy truth, unchanged 210	To Him I owe my life 625
Thy hand sets fast the 34	Thy undistinguishing 386	To Him mine eye of 636
Thy heart, I know, 536	Thy voice produced 101	To Him our request 617
Thy kingdom come, 10	Thy will by me on 740	To him that in Thy 383
Thy love a rich re- 948	Thy will is my salva- 672	To Him their prayers 26
Thy love doth all de- 128	Thy wisdom here we 1001	To Him who suffered 203
Thy love I soon ex- 767	Thy witness with my 734	To Jesu's may we fly 405
Thy love is all my plea 543	Thy worship no inter- 963	To Jesu's Name give 952

HYMN

To Jesu's Name if all 341
 To keep your armour 631
 To know Thy nature, 10
 To love is all my wish 393
 To love my sins—a 409
 To magnify Thy aw- 600
 To make them trees 355
 To mourn for Thy 479
 Too much to Thee I 388
 To our Redeemer God 199
 To please Thee thus, 336
 To praise a Trinity 8
 To pray, and wait the 438
 To purest joys she all 369
 To real holiness re- 752
 To rescue me from 529
 To save the race for- 830
 To save what was lost 347
 To steer our danger- 972
 To that Jerusalem 470
 To the blest fountain 335
 To the blood that 906
 To the cross, Thine 584
 To the never-ceasing 662
 To the sheep of Is- 556
 To Thee all angels 192
 To Thee, benign and 546
 To Thee, for refuge, 701
 To Thee I lift my 538
 To Thee inseparably 869
 To Thee let all the 937
 To Thee, may each 953
 To Thee my last dis- 578
 To Thee our humble 383
 To Thee our spirits 986
 To Thee shall earth 638
 To Thee the glory of 743
 To Thee, the mighty 253
 To them His sovereign 26
 To this dear refuge, 22
 To this the joyful 946
 To those, who Thee in 838
 To those who would 912
 To Thy benign, indul- 99
 To Thy blessed will 708
 To Thy sure love, Thy 169
 To Thy wise and gra- 422
 To us and to them is 403
 To us at Thy feet, the 352
 To us our own Barab- 389
 To watch and pray, 911
 To watch their will, to 972
 Together in His pre- 484
 Together let us 866
 Toil on, and in Thy 696
 Toil on, faint not, keep 696
 Touch me, and make 580
 Touch'd by the load- 869
 Touched with a sym- 280
 Train up Thy hardy 981
 Tremble our hearts to 42
 Trembling, we taste ; 339
 Triumph and reign in 735
 Triumphant host! they 8
 True and faithful wit- 797

HYMN

True and faithful Wit- 294
 True believers have 857
 Truly blessed is the 904
 Truly our fellowship 924
 True pleasures abound 601
 True, 'tis a strait and 990
 True to His everlast- 130
 True witness of our 322
 True yoke-fellows, by 919
 Tune your harps anew 559
 Turn, Christian, turn ; 417
 Turn from me Thy 906
 Turn, He cries, ye 350
 Turn, mortal, turn ; 417
 Turn the full stream 339
 Turn us again, O Lord 865
 Turning to my rest 265
 Unappall'd by guilty 229
 Unchangeable, all-per- 98
 Under the shadow of 411
 Unfathomable depths 98
 Unite the pair so long 980
 Universal Saviour, 942
 Unless restrained by 972
 Unnumbered comforts 143
 Unsearchable Thy 115
 Unspotted from the 981
 Unsustain'd by Thee, 231
 Unto Thee, my Help, 742
 Unto Thee we humbly 317
 Unwearied may I thus 756
 Up into Thee, our 868
 Up, then, with speed, 694
 Up to her courts with 27
 Up to the hills, where 78
 Uphold me in the 606
 Uphold me, Saviour 677
 Uplifted on Mount 250
 Urge on your rapid 641
 Us by Thy peace as- 71
 Us from ourselves 972
 Us, in the stead of 353
 Us into Thy protec- 866
 Us to the throne it 224
 Vain his ambition, 418
 Vain in themselves 260
 Vain the stone, the 271
 Vainly we offer each 238
 Vanish, then, this 995
 Veil'd in flesh the 236
 Vessels, instruments 887
 Vilest of all the sons 748
 Vilest of the sinful 810
 Visit each waiting 300
 Visit, then, this soul 547
 Vouchsafe us eyes of 511
 Vying with that happy 2
 Waft, waft, ye winds, 933
 Wait we all in patient 437
 Wake, and lift up thy- 957
 Wake, for shame, my 141
 Waken, O Lord, our 412

HYMN

Walk with me through 415
 Was it for crimes that 249
 Wash me, and make 562
 Wash out its stains, 712
 Watch by the sick : 962
 Watch ;—'tis your 991
 We all, in perfect love 863
 We all partake the joy 859
 We all shall find, 762
 We all shall think and 870
 We are His people, we 15
 We are now His law- 780
 (We bless the power 599
 We boast of our re- 1002
 We bow before Thy 54
 We bring the tribute 928
 We bring them, Lord, 892
 We by His Spirit 384
 We call Thee Lord, 836
 We can, O Jesus, for 984
 We cannot speak one 814
 We cannot think a 656
 We come, great God, 42
 We expect a bright 1010
 We, for His sake, 952
 We have laid up our 965
 We have no 'biding 467
 We have no outward 526
 We have not, Lord, 994
 We have now begun 662
 We in Thy word be- 996
 We know it must be 943
 We laugh to scorn his 866
 We lift our joyful eyes 262
 We live in pleasure, 836
 We need not now go 905
 We never will throw 925
 We now, divinely bold 262
 We now Thy promised 894
 We march, hand in 722
 We part in body, not 951
 We remember the 857
 We render thanks, 201
 We shall gain our call- 780
 We shall our time be- 923
 We seek, Thou know'st 319
 We taste Thee, O 210
 We, the sons of men, 242
 We, too, with Him are 900
 We tremble at the 971
 We weep for those that 826
 We, while the stars 442
 We who in Christ be- 384
 We will not close our 984
 We would, in every 972
 We would persuade 972
 We wrestle for the 826
 We yet survive,—but 986
 We yield Thee Thine 909
 Weak is the effort of 212
 Wealth, honour, plea- 648
 Weary and sick of sin 575
 Weary of life, through 967
 Weep o'er your desire 251
 Welcome as the water- 654

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Welcome from earth : 924	Whatever ills the 1000	When upon my 464
We'll crowd Thy gates 15	When all created 720	When we behold Thy 266
Well may heaven be 251	When all who Thee 189	When we would have 852
Well might the sun in 249	When anxious care 161	When wilt Thou my 734
Well pleased in Him 41	When burdened, I 196	When worn with sick- 143
Were half the breath 667	When by the dreadful 152	When, wrestling in 578
Were the whole realm 258	When darkness inter- 636	Whene'er I hope in 215
What a mercy is this, 968	When death o'er na- 161	Whene'er in error's 325
What a rapturous 862	When death shall in- 983	Whene'er my careless 674
What ail'd thee, O 106	When end's life tran- 560	Where all our toils are 923
What are our works 392	When every eye 976	Where am I now, or 336
What can I do, so 1006	When fear her chill- 1008	Where glorified spirits 431
What could my Re- 615	When from the dust 586	Where He displays 940
What did Thy only 507	When God is mine, 767	Where is the blessed- 528
What ecstasy of bliss 477	When He first the 945	Where is the blessed- 573
What hast Thou done 543	When heaven and 173	Where is the King of 389
What have I, then, 517	When I behold Thy 166	Where is the way ! ah 650
What in Thy love pos- 626	When I feel it fixed 738	Where pure, essential 768
What is a worthless 513	When I have lived to 820	Where shall I wander 375
What is it keeps me 544	When I tread the verge 149	Where the golden 947
What is the creature's 93	When I walk through 146	Where the indubitable 759
What is the world with 715	When impending 219	Where they all Thy 942
What is there here to 470	When in the bosom of 158	Where unity takes 858
What language shall 252	When in the night I 959	Where'er the greatest 501
What mighty trou- 853	When in the slippery 143	Wherever in the 1007
What must a poor pro- 565	When Jesus makes my 786	Wherefore, in never- 645
What numbers to 474	When justice bared 987	Wherefore, let every 174
What object, Lord, 978	When mystery clouds 1008	Wherefore of Thy 168
What our dim eye 98	When nature fails, and 143	Wherefore to Him my 607
What peaceful hours 573	When once Thou 287	Wherefore to Thee I 702
What shall I be, Lord, 1015	When pain o'er my 711	Wherefore to Thee my 188
What shall I be, when 1015	When passing through 636	Wherefore we now for 184
What shall I do my 195	When penitence has 572	While all my old com- 482
What shall I do my 539	When perplex'd in 973	While, full of anguish 341
What shall I do to 569	When rising floods my 712	While God invites, 404
What shall I, frail 450	When shall I hear the 759	While He affords His 148
What shall I say Thy 521	When shall I reach 465	While I am a pilgrim 668
What shall I say to 543	When shall I see the 744	While I draw this fleet- 257
What shall soothe thy 452	When shall mine eyes 770	While I hearken to Thy 76
What thanks I owe 1005	When shall the day, 466	While in affliction's 611
What, then, is he 915	When shall these eyes 463	While in the heavenly 600
What though a thou- 633	When shall Thy Spirit 14	While in this region 648
What though I cannot 530	When, shrivelling like 440	While in Thy word we 65
What though in lonely 713	When sorrow bows the 113	While life's dark maze 560
What, though in so- 136	When sorrow swells 572	While Moses stood 667
What though my 532	When stronger souls 853	While now Thine own 325
What though once we 271	When the heart is sad 699	While others tempt 839
What though the 1003	When the Judge des- 452	While sinners in de- 289
What though the spicy 933	When the most help- 825	While still to Thee for 645
What though the 610	When the soft dews of 962	While sweet reflection 160
What though thou 704	When the world has 452	While the Holy Ghost 452
What troubles have we 918	When they once are 423	While the prayers of 76
What wondrous love 187	When Thou arisest, 703	While the wicked are 450
Whate'er I fondly 653	When Thou hadst all 468	(While Thee, all-infi- 98
Whate'er I say or do, 687	When Thou hadst ren- 184	While Thou art inti- 961
Whate'er in earth, or 98	When Thou in our 235	While Thou didst on 887
Whate'er in me seems 614	When Thou, O Lord, 439	While Thy glorious 76
Whate'er my sinful 702	When Thou the work 740	While Thy ministers 76
Whate'er obstructs 385	When Thou the work 781	While we walk with 884
Whate'er offends Thy 867	When through the 721	Whilst I feel Thy love 218
Whate'er our pardon- 384	When 'tis deeply 738	Whither, O whither 651
Whate'er pursuits my 595	When to laborious 956	Who can before the 655
Whate'er the Father 685	When to the cross I 897	Who can behold the 101
Whate'er Thou dost 919	When to the right or 677	Who can now lament 429
Whate'er Thou wilt, 174	When to the right or 868	Who can resolve the 413

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Who can sound the 114	With earnest desire 857	Ye fearful saints, 153
Who can tell the hap- 443	With ease our souls 869	Ye Gentile sinners 284
Who did for us His 189	With faith I plunge 585	Ye seraphs, nearest to 8
Who, I ask in amaze, 908	With favour look upon 838	Ye sinners, seek His 451
Who in heart on Thee 733	With fraudless, even 711	Ye slaves of sin and 354
Who in Jesus confide 862	With grace abundant- 375	Ye that have here re- 456
Who is as the Chris- 381	With grateful hearts 983	Ye that round our 272
Who is as the Chris- 381	With heart, and eyes, 40	Ye that tremble at His 731
Who is the King of 275	With Him I on Zion 462	Ye vagrant souls, on 344
Who Jesu's sufferings 729	With Him we are 1002	Ye who faint beneath 437
Who knows but God 997	With Him we walk in 380	Ye who have sold for 354
Who now against each 827	With Israel's myriads 943	Ye who suffer, sigh, 274
Who of other help de- 244	With joy the Father 563	Ye whose loins are 437
Who of twain hath 856	With joy we shall be- 923	Yea, Amen! let all 455
Who on earth can con- 862	With labour faint, 518	Yea, let men rage! 915
Who, passing through 31	With longing eyes 112	Yea, let Thy Spirit in 60
Who points the clouds 703	With me I know, I feel 785	Yea, though I walk in 147
Who shall gain that 381	With me if of old 557	Yea, so dear did He 172
Who shall yet return 209	With me, your chief, 1	Yes! faith can never 1015
Who sow in tears, in 510	With my burden I be- 668	Yes, God is good, all 138
Who suffer with our 705	With my sling and 643	Yes, I adore Thee, 160
Who then shall live, 453	With pitying eyes, the 264	Yes, Lord, I shall see 593
Who thus our faith 900	With publicans and 776	Yes, Lord, we must 762
Who trusting in their 424	With simple faith on 522	Yes, our sins have 391
Who, who, my Saviour 388	With singing we praise 965	Yes, speak of Jesus, 213
Who, who shall in Thy 530	With solemn faith we 33	Yes, the Christian's 428
Who'er to Thee them- 517	With songs let us fol- 426	Yes, the prize shall 457
Whoever receives the 345	With speedy flight 318	Yes, Thou art precious 211
Whom have I on earth 813	With thanks I rejoice 968	Yes! though unlimited 50
Whom man forsakes, 554	With thanks we ap- 965	Yet amid this scene so 127
Whom now we seek, O 46	With Thee conversing 613	Yet do not drive us 994
Whom, on earth, but 219	With us Thou art as- 46	Yet, for Thy own 570
Whose glory to this 8	With what different 457	Yet glorified by grace 424
Whose refuge is the 373	With whom dost 169	Yet God is above men, 637
Why hast Thou cast 873	Within these walls let 929	Yet I may flee—He 976
Why seek ye that 346	Within Thy temple, 911	Yet I may love Thee, 103
Why should I com- 717	Without a murmur I 610	Yet, if so Thy will or- 422
Why should I shrink 463	Witnesses of the' all- 919	Yet, in Thy Son, di- 1002
Why should the foe 52	Witnesses that Christ 881	Yet, Lord, well might 338
Why should the soul 720	Wee to him whose 856	Yet, O! the chief of 552
Why then, Thou uni- 386	Wonderful in saving 9	Yet, O the riches of 577
Wide it unveils celes- 640	Wonderful Thy stat- 326	Yet onward I haste to 601
Wide as the world is 15	Wondrous sound the 450	Yet still the Lord, the 454
Will gifts delight the 517	Word of the everlast- 327	Yet these, new rising 416
Will He forsake His 518	Worldly good I do not 561	Yet through this 622
Willing Thou that all 104	Worldly pleasures, 514	Yet Thy wrath I can- 615
Wilt from the dread- 491	Worms of earth, on 627	Yet to view the hea- 36
Wilt keep us tenderly 972	Worship, honour, 200	Yet we know our Me- 936
Wilt Thou cast a sin- 561	Worthless are my 450	Yet when the fullest 869
Wilt Thou not the 312	Worthy for ever is the 202	Yet while, at length, 99
Wilt Thou not yet to 532	Worthy, O Lord, art 288	Yet would I not regard 577
Wilt Thou suffer me 737	Worthy the Lamb for 201	Yet unchanged, while 815
Wisdom, and might, 11	Worthy the Lamb 186	You, in His wisdom, 719
Wisdom, and zeal, and 911	Would aught on earth 653	You on our minds we 952
Wisdom Divine! who 369	Wouldst Thou the 778	You, on whom He 349
Wisdom is due to Thee 288	Wounded by the grief 880	You, who own His re- 349
Wisdom its dictates 331	Wrestling on in 888	You, whom He or- 349
With all-sufficient 970	Write upon me the 468	Young and erring tra- 973
With all that angel 201		Your claim, alas! ye 375
With all who for re- 509	Ye all may freely take 57	Your faith by holy 799
With boldness, there- 279	Ye are travelling 840	Your real life, with 799
With calmly-reveren- 600	Ye chosen seed of 284	Your willing ear and 346
With downcast eye the 99	Ye different sects, who 375	
With early feet, I love 40	Ye faithful souls, con- 498	Zion's God is all our 37

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

GENESIS.		NUMBERS.		1 SAMUEL.		JOB.	
Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn
1 2,3	509,591	6 24—26	43,68,69	2 2	122	14 1	416
26,27	176,751	11 23	107	3 18	997	4	550
2 7,	751	13 27—30	655	4 10	283	13	491
24	873	30	784	7 12	608	16	581
3 7	338	20 8	107,731	17 —	643	16 22	412
15	193,285,662	28	415			19 25—27	434,435,439,767
17	339	21 8,9	400	2 SAMUEL.		23 3	555
23,24	851	17	785	7 18	602	10	709
5 24	573,688	23 10	419,423,800,1012	16 10	707	26 14	670
6 3	552,557,558			23 5	553,585	28 28	683,684
8 9	503					29 2	573
15 1	583,704	DEUTERONOMY.		1 KINGS.		35 10	964
16 13	108,109,672	3 25	784,785	8 10	42	36 5	105
17 1	751	4 24	101	18 39	791	11	873
2	893	5 29	328,672,673,683	44	945	40 4	516
18 19	953	6 6—8	972	19 13	804	42 5,6	580,775
22 1—19	649	7	332				
28 16,17	3,42	8 2,3	143,151	2 KINGS.		1 3	803
20—22	145	9 14	661	2 11	432	2 12	641
32 10	968	18 18	66	12	276	4 6	43
24—32	502,532,533,546,658	23 9	998	4 6	824	7	126
26	726,762	30 6	788	10 15	862,924	8	961
		32 10	584	22 19,20	491	5 3	671,957,958
48 16	891	39	753			3—12	78
49 33	415	33 41	490	1 CHRONICLES.		4—12	44
		25	709,712	29 5	805	8	166
EXODUS.		26—29	787	10—13	96	11 6	483
3 7,8	51	34 1—3	88,460,784	11	103	13 6	150
12 8	900		785			15 1—5	124
13 21	690,900	JOSHUA.		2 CHRONICLES.		17 5	567
14 15	88	3	460	6 18	927,930	8	535
29	197	17	474	20,21	509	18	86
20 8	72	5 14	690	41	910	2	606,670
23 20—22	225,690	7 11	492,544	15 4	834	19 1	162
25 22	76	13	492	15	603	1—4	133,136
32 10	661	23 14	407			1—6	324
33 18	646	24 15	603,970	NEHEMIAH.		23	146,147,148,229
21—23	635,646			5 9	684	24 1—5	124
34 5—7	118,119,536,647	JUDGES.				7—8	275
		5 31	910	ESTHER.		26 8	25,26
LEVITICUS.		6 40	504	5 2	525	27 5	701
1 4	256	7 2	516			31 5	420
6 13	691,744	7 20,21	861	JOB.		15	715,1007
8 35	682	16 20	577	1 17—21	715,812	32	371
19 17	634			3 17,18	428	33	95
25 11—13	354	RUTH.		9 5	100	6—9	188
43	939	1 17	376	11 7	100,101	34	154
26 13	761			7—9	98	7	619

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

PSALMS.		PSALMS.		PSALMS.		ISAIAH.	
Ps. ver.	Hymn	Ps. ver.	Hymn	Ps. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn
34 19	708	87 5	928	130 6	28	1 5,6	497
36 5—9	85,115	7	612	131	665	1 18	551,571,864
37 5	703	89 6	50,247	132 9,16	77,910	2 2,3	680
39 4	412	9	1003	133	858	4	286,942,946
4—7	418	18,19	735	1	932	2—7	946
7	754	90 1—5	411	1—3	955	3 10	381
12	459	12	408	136	132	4 4	59,861,924
40 2,3	608	91	129,373	26	134	6	225,635
3	400	4	959	138	196	6 1—4	8,163,525
8	595	10	960	138 1	175	2	5
42 2	754	11,12	142,619	139	108,109	3	4,80,81,123
45	205,227	92	73	9—12	976		125,177,178
46 6—11	993	13	120	23,24	544,712.		179,628
1	614	93	84		868	6	323
1,7	131	94 22	635	141 2	864	8	809,810
2,3	1000	95	17,21	143 10	788	7 14	164,241
10	997	5	135	145 1—13	606	9 2—5	231,599.
10	337	97 2	153	6—9	174		861
47	9	99 1	84	146 2	161	5	637
4	461	100	15,16,23	148 12	19	6	243,287
5	277	3	140	149 1—4	20	11 2,3	355
48	29,37	101 2	790	2	283	6,7	235
49 11—15	458	102 12—16	208	150 6	182,188	9	942,944
50 14	926	19,20	834			10—13	943
15	24	26,27	144	PROVERBS.		12 1—6	592
51 6	336	103	39,90,91,	3 5,6	703,704	14 9	827
9—13	495		116,170	13—16	369	24 16	774
10	728	103 3	746	17	379	25 4	635
17	488	20,21	627	17	978	26 3	659,698,961
55 22	689,718	104	82	4 18	644,910	12	808
56 3—11	639	10—15	159	7 2	673,678	16	708,709
57 7—11	97	14,15	117	8 15	96	27 3	795
63	40,126,	107 1—8	207	8 21	380	4	579
	128,622	7	974	14 13	378	5	233,635
1	50	23—30	1001.	15 11	108,191	6	60,803
65	34		1002	18 10	645	13	354
2	668	30	152	19 2	980	28 9	664
11	157	32	18	22 6	971,972,980.	16	870
66 2	622	110 1	638		982	30 21	670,677
12	637,817,853	113	36	3 33	373,955.	33	827
19	651	6—9	163		956	32 2	635,654,996
67	939	114	106	23 17	956	33 5,6	835
68 4—20	6	116 6	595	26	163	17	462,466
18	276,735	8	607	29 25	915	24	462
19	989	12,13	175	30 7—9	561	35 1—7	731
31	933	12—15	1006			4	534,719
32—35	7	117	941	ECCLESIASTES.		5	403,531
71 6	160	118 1	144	4 9—12	856	8—10	512,537,
17,18	155	22—29	228	12	869		732,862,965
72	286,940	119,5, &c.	328	5 1,2	3—5	38 17	493
17	213	18	65	5 1,2	5	40 1	510
73 24	149	71, &c.	326	7 29	333	6—8	416
25	127,219,813	96	753	9 10	404	11	589,832
78 3—8	972	105	327	12 1	979	12	163,1002
79 11	526,527	130	329			18	105
80	865	121	620	SONG OF SOLOMON.		28	120,548
81 10	755	7	960	1 3	214	31	120,705739,
84	25,30,31	122	27,849	7	230		930
7	860	125	618	2 3,4	857	42 3	280,548,652
9—12	35	126 6	510	4	872	6,7	519
10	75	127 1	920	8 7	540,626,761	16	651
85 8	579,581	130	498,501			43 1—3	153,636
87 3	850	4	568			2	742,853

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

ISAIAH.		JEREMIAH.		DANIEL.		ZECHARIAH.	
Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn
43 5	721	2 13	652	3 24	687	9 12	512,536,729,
13	105,703	3 4,5	576,973	25	636		762,769
44 23	162	15	917	4 35	105	12 10	251,391,511,
45 8	57	4 1,14	789	6 22	151		831
11	656	5 24	158	7 9,10	448	13 1	255,335,358,
15	98,100,520	8 11	338	27	938		362
21—23	934	22	500	9 5—7	994	7	598
22	1,769	9 1	582	24	10,666	9	151,709
23	174,288,942	23	801	26	254		
24	539,586,801	10 24	991			MALACHI.	
46 4	154,160	13 23	531,550	HOSEA.		1 12	901
48 4	582	27	793	2 15	748	3 1	222,762,785
21	731	15 9	430	2 19	966	2	450,453
49 6	234	17 5	871	4 6	52	3 12	992
16	282,517,598,	7	91	11 1	493	16	851,856,858
	848	8	803	4	221,579	17	376
21	968	9	549	8,9	564	4 2	43,48,77,236,
50 2	197	10	108,109,544	14 1	368		324,533,548,
51 9	549,934	18 6	545	1—4	566,577,		828,834,910
9—11	768	7,8	996		582	MATTHEW.	
11	840	21 9	996	5	296	1 21	212,215
52 7—10	38	23 6	539,586,801	8	809	23	169,241,242
10	599	23 29	56,488,793			3 9	599
53 3—5	250,615	24 7	568	JOEL.		12	867
	699	28 16	986	2 23	858	4 16	599,861
4	511,718	31 18—20	493,564	28	12,60,935	23	244
5	267	20	543			5 1—12	374,669
6	200,393	33	59,669,724,	AMOS.		3—6	528
10	259,700		762,818	4 11—13	453	13	679
11	589	32 17—27	98	4 12	445	14—16	920
54 10	553	44 4	724			45	151
55 1	346	50 5	860,925	MICAH.		48	771
1—4	545	LAMENTATIONS.		2 10	470	6 6	1004
6	364,366,514	1 12	342,389	6 6	517	9—13	10—14
7	553	21	343,389,393	9	994,997	10	457,740,938
56 5	459		540	7 18	171	33	617
57 1,2	491	3 22,23	99	20	726	7 11	319
15	103,488	24	126,540,813			29	62
17—19	577			NAHUM.		8 25	571
58 8	197	EZEKIEL.		1 3	99,153,453	26	717
11	834	9 4	826	7	22	9 13	357
13,14	72—78	9 8	995			36	917
59 1	768	11 19	490,570,582	HABAKKUK.		37, 38,	696,916
16	330,572	16 6	493,542,602	1 13	517	10 25	806
19	967	62,63	673,752	2 3	534	11 12	629
21	893,981	63	338,581,775	14	935,942,944	19	347
60 1	528	18 23	350,399	3 2	403,995	28, 29	24,361,
2—4	939	31 348—351,399		17	585		395,623,770
3	234	33 11 348—351,364				13 16, 17	38
18—20	79,423		399	HAGGAI.		38—43	409
61 1—3	354,355	34 15	230	1 6	824	44—46	382
62 1	662,848	34 26,27	803	2 7	236,239,995	14 28,29	636
7	632	36 25—27	725,728,			36	788
63 1—3	191,711		773			15 7—9	54
3	251,711	29—38	774,775	ZECHARIAH.		8	51,338
5	330,599	37,38	63	3 2	571,914	22—28	556
7	968	37 9	513	4 7	764,765	28	726
64 1	530	11,14	830	10	748,749	30	398,403
66 2	491,672			9 9	283	16 18	635
66 8	830,944			10	940,942	26	413,414
9	834	DANIEL.		11	542	18 20	46,885
19,20	943	3	742			19 14	892,981
23	934,950						

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

MATTHEW.		LUKE.		ACTS.		ROMANS.	
Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn
21 9	206	16 24—28	482	1 4, 5	296	13 12	630
21 30	450	18 1—8	637,662	9, 10	276	14 8	807,808
45,46	991	10—14	489	2	59,60	11	934,942
25 1—12	437,456	19 42	404,410	1, 2	57,293	15 5	881—884
21	429,820	22 19	897	36	391	5—7	869,952
31	291,448	44	513,548	46,47	375	12	214,944
31—46	438,450	46	670,678	2 47	63		
41	451	61,62	489,493	3 22	66		
26 36	248	23 34	399	4 12	212,215,	1 CORINTHIANS.	
39	713,714	45	387,903		217,400,572	1 26—29	599,609
27 26—35	389	46	420,421	5 31	273,494	30	334,362
29—31	252	24 29	962,1013	7 59	420,421	31	503,801
38	253	32	332,502 613	10 36	284	2 2	265,304
45—51	251	34	71,271	38	222	9	461,464
46	725,903	50	67	39	253	3 11	878
51,52	390,903			44	318	16	309,317
28 19	894	JOHN.		11 18	56,487	21	616
20	1009	1 4	45,234	12 7, 8	597	6 19	45,300,
		9	210,519,958	13 39	401		757,766
		17	290	14 17	104,158	20	797
		29	1,61,397	22	611,806	10 4	257
			402,524	16 9	933	16,17	902
		32	355	31	401,494,	31	685,687,
		3 8	763		517,523,574		688,1009
		16	168,183,	17 28	99	11 24—26	896,900
			379,386	30	484	12 3	55
		4 10—14	313,747	20 28	848,913	7,8	321,880
		24	104,147	38	841	13 8	823
		36	948,949	21 14	713,714	14 15	600
		5 2—9	558	26 18	58	15 20	271,274
		6 37	361,397,			25,26,	433
			554,561			55	270,425
		67	852	ROMANS.		16 9	53
		7 37,38	345,352	3 17	497	13	675,694
		46	62,589	4 13—25	743	22	442,552
		8 12	45,644	25	273		
		32	782	5 2	185		
		9 4	406,694	5	744	2 CORINTHIANS.	
		10 10	267	6	264,625	3 14,15	55,506
		11—14	229,866	11	733	17	750
		11 44	652	6 1—12	672	18	766
		13 8,9	562,580	4—6	730	4 17,18	705,706
		14 6	226,537	7 15—21	485	5 1	471
		16,17	294,300,	24,25	650	14	61,487
			305,312,315,	8 1,2	585,597	17	377,541,
			317,320,591	15,16	304,322,		549,750
		21	328,648		385,734	20	61,353
		26	307,557,759	18	473,723	21	249
		15 4,5	231,815	26,27	536,632	6 2	365,405,979
		16	41,1009		656	7 5,6	918
		26	899,935	28	153,723,	8 9	193,518
		16 7—14	292,320		1010	9 9,10	863
		8	301,312	29	392	15	168,243
		9,10	55,301,	37—39	596,681	10 5	741
			302,304,591,	10 6—9	581	12 9	611,663,853
			598	11 26,27	553,831	15	914
		11	934	12 1	693,807,	13 14	70,889
		14	935,		810,909		
		24	772	2	648,886		
		17 20,21	879	4—6	880		
		19 30	254,559	10	822,859		
		37	388,511	12	637,729		
		20 21	912,1009		767,780,854		
		28	502	15	825,826		

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

GALATIANS.			PHILIPPIANS.			HEBREWS.			JAMES.		
Ch. ver.	Hymn		Ch. ver.	Hymn		Ch. ver.	Hymn		Ch. ver.	Hymn	
2 20	268,504,540,		4 13	655,663		1 10—12	102		4 14	405	
	727,736		19	111,719		14	380,619,963		5 16	667	
3 13	254,393,615		COLOSSIANS.			2 3	165,404,633		17, 18	660	
21, 22	521					14, 15	270,274		20	696,915	
4 6	302,591,598		1 14	512,586		18	548,699		1 PETER.		
5 22	299,322		19	189,217,341,		3 9—11	552		1 4	458	
6 2	859,868,872			378		4 1—11	783		8	215,372,601	
14	258,266		27	241,273,761		2	47		12	261,597	
EPHESIANS.			2 6	884,922		9	79,1011		17	672,678	
1 3, 4	117,882		3 1, 2	799,843		14—16	209		19	253,358	
10	847		3	191,515,951		15	279,280		2 7	210,211,213,	
13, 14	304,757		11	217—219		16	223,499			220	
15, 16	919		12—14	822,985		5 7, 8	578		21	246,247	
17	297		17	685,687,		6 6	564		21—25	700,887	
20—22	216, 611			688,1009		18, 19	569,639		24	904,909	
2 1	341,348		4 3	911		19	585,745		3 8	872	
13, 14	538		5	408,988		7 24	259		22	204,273	
20, 22	878		12	874		25	33,204,223,		4 7	437,439	
3 15	474,847		1 THESSALONIANS.				486,505,598		18	452	
16	49,739					8 1	281		5 3	911	
17—19	195,378,		3 13	779		9 14	298		7	639,703,718	
	393,761		4 3	788		24	259,278,282		2 PETER.		
4 4—6	877		13—16	427,436		10 1	260		1 4	377,721,762	
15, 16	880		14—17	433,443		4—10	256		5	693—696	
5 2	905		16, 17	289,445		13	277		6	687,711,809	
14	1,54,666		17	844		16	724,752,818		7	821—825	
16	408,985		5 17	631,657		19, 20	262,733		10	444,851	
20	2,140		18	142,168		21	279		21	64,323	
26, 27	376,864		23, 24	810,817		22	673		2 20—22	833	
6 4	971,972,980		24	104,762		23	121,853		3 7—10	440,450	
9	969		2 THESSALONIANS.			24	821,883		10	445,446	
11—18	630,631,					29	552,553,564		12	189,444	
	680		1 7—10	447,453			568,994		1 JOHN.		
12	596,681		1 TIMOTHY.			11 1	383,640		1 5	167	
13	590,674					5	573,750		7	255,551	
18	632,952		2 1, 2	835,838		8—10	87,88		9	371,729	
23	929,952		4	544,545		467,722,860			2 1	282,486	
PHILIPPIANS.			6	400,586		9—16	459,470		2	164,586	
1 10	189		15	708,709		13—16	722		5	737,746	
21	218,422,426		3 16	261,792		16	465,478		6	246,887	
22	816		5 5	431,698		17—19	649		9—11	822	
23	471,479		6 12	634,641		34	633		3 2	431,647,951,	
2 5	247,738		2 TIMOTHY.			12 1	467,643,921			1015	
6—11	184,269,					2	110,507,508		5	792	
	284,402		1 7	759,798		11	710,723		9	645,780,967	
8	193,194,529		3 5	336,836		22—24	923		20	673	
9—11	216,829		12	604,806		24	905,906		4 8	137,1008	
13	814		16, 17	323,325		13 8	232,340,		9—19	183,756	
15, 16	920		4 7	800			776—778		16, 17	137,546,	
3 8	265,648,653,		8	461,921		10	224		19	172,621	
	741,819		TITUS.			17	913		5 4	633,640	
8—10	218,258,					20, 21	818		10	55,303,379,	
	268		2 11	677		JAMES.			21	649,653	
9	496,513		14	187,758,786		1 2	611		JUDE.		
10	248		3 4—6	306		3, 4	700,723		3	853,883	
15	786		5, 6	297,895		17	98,99,814		4	672,633	
21	434,951		HEBREWS.			27	747,821				
4 4	144,283					2 18	883				
6	668,718		1 2, 10	191,208		21	649				
7	875,954		3	190,710		3 2	746				

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

JUDE.		REVELATION.		REVELATION.		REVELATION.	
Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn	Ch. ver.	Hymn
14	289,455	3 12	305,468	5 12—14	2,200,	19 6	94,950
18	380	14—19	836,837		201,203	7,8	456,605
20	851	19	692	6 12—17	289,440	20 11,12	448
22,23	914	20	356,363,366	7 9—12	89,475,	12,13	442,445
24,25	199	21	392,432		705	14,15	483
		4 8	80,81,89,	11,12	99,173	21	463,469
			123,125,177—	13—17	842,846		478
1 4—6	192,255,		179,628	14	476	6	359,360
	272,380	8—11	4,179	11 15	441,950	22	463,469
5	797	10,11	186,201,	15—17	198,201	4	423
5,6	802		288,424	14 3	203,204	9	83
7	444,455	5 6—12	907	13	419,424,	16	238
17,18	204	9	198,202		429,1012	17	291,360,
2 2	696	9—12	477	15 3	99,611		480,481,623,
4	372,573	11—13	186,200	16 17	453,454		785,937
11—17	461,952			17 14	936	21	889

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Abba, Father, Hymns, 302, 385, 598, 727, 772.
Abiding in Christ, 815.
Abraham, God of, 87—89.
Abraham's faith, 586, 649, 743.
Acceptable time, 344, 354, 404, 410.
Activity in Christ's service, 670, 682, 691, 694, 696, 991.
Admission of Church members, 603, 848, 850, 924, 925.
Adoption, 55, 302—304, 385, 587, 591, 598, 757, 759.
Adoration, 80—220, 321—323, 587, 589, 591, 628.
Advocate, 164, 219, 223, 278—282, 486, 539, 551, 772.
Afflicted, Hymns for the, 120, 131, 144, 153, 154, 155, 170, 172, 215, 217—219, 548, 611, 636, 637, 697—723, 1007, 1008, 1010, 1014.
Affliction, 697—728.
Aged, Hymns for the, 143, 144, 147, 155, 161, 213, 215, 739, 1014.
Aged minister's prayer, 739.
All in all, Christ, 210, 217, 219, 580, 581, 653, 727, 737, 775, 779, 793, 813, 814, 817.
All things possible to him that believeth, 781.
Almsgiving, 747, 821, 824, 825.
Ambassadors for Christ, 353, 819, 820.
Ancient Hymns, 16, 62, 80, & 184, 185; 83, 187, 192, 210, 220, 253, 281, 287, 298, 299, 300, 450, 478, 501, 514.
Angels, ministering spirits, 154, 373, 380, 381, 619; obedience of, 740; praising God with saints, 627.

Angels, evil, 630, 680, 682.
Antinomianism, 833.
Apostasy, danger of, 674, 676, 679; preservation from, 583, 584, 644, 645, 677, 853.
Arm of the Lord not shortened, 107, 285, 768, 787.
Armour, spiritual, 630, 631.
Ashamed of Christ, not, 258, 380, 604, 642, 734.
Atonement, 33, 164, 200, 203, 217, 251—261, 272, 387, 388, 394, 511, 517, 519, 559, 574, 586, 598, 615, 700, 898, 903, 905, 906, 909; the believer's plea, 33, 586.
Awakening implored, 666, 670, 671, 673—675, 990.
Backsliders convinced, 564—578; restored, 579—584, 748.
Band, Class or Society meeting, 885.
Baptism, of adults, 595, 691, 805, 810, 894, 895; of infants, 139, 890—893, 971, 972.
Barrenness confessed, 564, 987.
Beatitudes, 371, 528, 669.
Believers, blessedness and safety of, 129, 373, 380, 381, 384, 419, 420, 422, 424, 429, 470—473, 585, 586, 589, 601, 605; how they live and die, 872, 887.
Believing. See *Faith*.
Benedictions, 43, 67—70, 889.
Benevolence, Christian, 747, 821, 824, 825.
Bereavement, 713, 714, 718, 841, 1012.
Besetting sin, 544, 549, 643, 676.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Blindness of mind, 334, 340, 519, 520.
Blood of sprinkling, 278, 282, 562, 574, 580.
Bondage, spiritual, 339, 497.
Born of God. See *Regeneration*.
Brotherly-kindness, 821,—823, 869, 870, 872, 880.
Burdened sinner, 395, 396, 544, 770.

Cares cast on God, 12, 131, 154, 155, 639, 703, 704, 718, 816, 961, 1007.
Carnal mind, 333, 606, 675; *hope of deliverance from*, 784.
Charity, 747, 799, 803, 823, 825.
Children, 890—893, 971—982.

CHRIST—

Adoration of, 7, 9, 18, 97, 184—220, 283—288, 400, 589.
Adored by angels, 7, 186, 190, 192, 196, 198, 200, 201, 277, 288.
Advocate, 219, 223, 278—282, 486.
All in all, 210, 217, 219. See *All in all*.
All-sufficient, 1, 191, 193, 194, 197, 215, 217—219, 589, 604.
Altar, 224.
Ascension of, 6, 9, 275—277.
Atonement of. See *Atonement*.
Author and Giver of faith, 506, 507, 508, 511.
Bread of life, 210, 589; *Brother*, 605.
Builder of His Church, 208—205, 376, 765, 849, 878.
Captain of our salvation, 655, 680.
Compassion of, 267, 280, 548.
Corner-stone, 228, 764.
Creator of the universe, 188.
Death and sufferings of, 166, 249—254, 343, 387—394, 548, 551, 559.
Desire of nations, 236, 239, 291.
Divinity of, 9, 184—216.
Dwelling in believers, 241, 377, 588, 589, 725, 728, 747, 755, 765, 766, 786, 790, 792, 879, 889.
Example, 246—248, 665, 700, 738, 887.
Friend, the, 219, 232, 605.
Forgiveness from, 207, 570, 577.
Foundation, the, 228, 562, 585, 586, 878.
Giver of Repentance, 487—489, 492—494.
Head of the Church, 228, 611, 868, 879, 880, 937.
Hiding-place, 373, 535, 635, 654.
High-Priest, 222, 223, 278,—282, 486, 598.
I AM, 194, 702, 738.
Immanuel, 169, 241.
Intercession of, 33, 219, 221, 223, 278—282, 347, 486, 493, 517, 564, 598, 772, 987.
Judge of all, 184, 289, 290, 437, 438, 441, 445, 455, 457.
King, 9, 97, 198, 200, 205, 206, 227, 235, 277, 283—288, 589, 735.
Life, the, 226, 360, 589, 730.
Light of the world, 234, 519, 525, 644.
Looking to, 1, 344, 769.

CHRIST—

Love of, 163, 187, 195, 233, 258, 267—269, 387—394, 397—400, 533, 535, 540, 543, 756, 760, 802.
Love to, 210, 216, 219, 220, 227, 258, 691, 756, 760, 904.
Meekness and humility of, 247, 736.
Mind of, 736, 738.
Paschal Lamb, 200, 225, 900.
Physician, 244, 776—779.
Power of, to save, 1, 6, 7, 9, 18, 58, 191, 244, 245, 340, 341, 530, 531, 549, 550, 638.
Preciousness of, 1, 210—220.
Prince of Peace, 236, 241—243, 711, 954.
Prophet, 62, 66, 221, 222, 589.
Redeemer, 187, 192, 233, 274, 360, 531.
Righteousness, our, 334, 562.
Rock. See *Rock*.
Saviour, 1, 7, 9, 240, 340, 341.
Second coming of, 289—291, 437—457, 1000.
Seen of angels, 261.
Shepherd, 52, 221, 229, 230, 589.
Sinner's Friend, 396, 397, 521, 531, 536.
Sun of Righteousness, 48, 77, 547.
Teacher, 62, 66, 222.
Titles of, 193, 194, 212, 221—232, 589.
Tree of Life, 231.
Way, Truth, and Life, 226, 262, 537, 740.
Worthy of all praise, 186, 198—204, 264, 267—269.

Christian, 381, 819.

Christian fellowship, 851—855; *advantage of*, 856—859, 862.

Christianity, primitive, 375, 376.

Church, built by Christ, 208—205, 376, 849, 878; *joining the Church*, 924—603, 847, 848, 850; *love to*, 843, 849; *prayer for*, 863—889; *prosperity of*, 731, 732; *security of*, 37, 850. See CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Closet prayer, 632, 657, 741, 1004, 1005.

Coming to Christ, 344—347, 351, 352, 357, 395, 636.

Communion of saints, 877—889, 932, 952.

Condescension of Christ, 36, 235, 242, 264, 267, 518, 529.

Confessing Christ, 442, 642.

Confession of sin, 371, 495, 497, 565, 566.

Conscience, tender, 673, 678.

Consecration to God, 546, 595, 603, 702, 805, 810, 925, 966.

Conversion, 396, 592, 609, 624; *late lamented*, 606.

Conversion of penitents, prayer for, 385, 444, 492, 508, 521, 541, 549, 550, 795, 796, 1004.

Conviction implored, 51, 54, 56, 61, 487.

Covenant of grace, 553, 752.

Covenant, renewing of, 925, 926—603, 604, 805—811, 909.

Creation, 15—17, 23, 132—140, 188.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Cross, taken up, 604, 663, 700, 705, 710, 711, 723, 806, 819, 854, 915, 918.
Curse for us, Christ, 615.

Daily Bread, 12, 14, 107, 110, 112, 145—148, 714—721.

Danger, in, 635, 651.

Day of grace, 404—410.

Dead, spiritually, 341, 348; quickened, 341, 743.

Dead to the world, 648, 871.

Death, 411—413, 416; of believers, 419, 421, 426, 427—432, 436; preparation for, 414, 417, 418; triumphant, desired, 420, 468, 479, 800; victory over, 274, 422—425, 434, 435, 472, 473, 479, 610.

Deceitfulness of sin, 566.

Dedication to God, 546, 595, 603, 805—813, 925.

Delay, danger of, 366, 404—410, 529, 552.

Disensured by sin, 340, 341, 521, 522, 525, 776—778.

Doing all in Christ's name, 33, 685, 687—689, 691, 1009.

Doxologies, 16, 20, 180—182, 959, 1016—1019.

Drunkards, swearers, &c., redeemed, 401—396, 599.

Duty, 682; way of safety, 644.

Dying believer, Hymns for, 211—213, 215, 217—219, 229, 274, 415, 419—424, 429, 434—437, 456, 458, 461—465, 468—481, 535, 611, 612, 636, 700, 705, 710—720, 816, 842—846, 1011, 1013, 1015.

Early Piety, 206, 365, 369, 405, 414, 416, 973—978.

Earnestness, 406, 682, 691, 696, 990, 991.

Education of youth, 891, 892, 971, 972, 980—982.

Entire sanctification, prayers for, 306, 562, 724, 725, 727, 728, 730, 733, 734, 737, 740, 741, 744, 749, 750, 758, 766, 767, 773, 791, 796, 864, 884, 889; the promise of, pleaded, 726, 729, 739, 743, 762, 773, 781, 796.

Evening hymns, 959—964, 1013.

Example of Christ, 246—248, 665, 686, 700, 738, 887.

Excellency of religion, 369—384, 975.

Expostulation, 348—350, 391, 452.

Faith, Christ the Author and Giver of, 383, 506—508, 511.

Faith, its object in justification, 1, 255—257, 335, 401, 517, 526, 527, 559, 560, 574, 633.

Faith, the gift of God, 541, 542; of the Spirit, 55, 301, 342.

Faith, the life of, 590, 614, 633, 677, 708, 817, 871.

Faith, powerful, 633, 636, 640, 726, 743, 781, 795, 796.

Faith, prayer for, 55, 257, 494, 506—508, 526, 549.

Faith, shown by works, 797, 799.

Faith, signs of, 384, 385.

Fall of man, 333, 516, 520—522, 541, 542.

FAMILY.

A Selection of Hymns specially adapted to Family Worship, viz:—

Adoration, 2, 20, 36, 39, 40, 81, 87—90, 92—105, 123—134, 172, 206, 210—220.

Affliction, 697—700, 710—712, 718.

Children and youth, 973—979.

Death of Children, 436, 699, 710, 713, 714, 718.

Death of Christian friends, 422—424, 427—430, 841.

Devotion to God, 595, 603, 604, 682, 686—691, 810.

Example of Christ, 246, 247.

Faith in Christ, 255, 257, 258, 267, 523, 524, 535.

Godliness, 687—689, 691.

Happy home, 872, 874—876, 954, 955.

Heaven, 458—460, 463—479, 842—846, 1011.

Holiness, prayer for, 724, 728, 733—738, 766, 768, 780.

Holy Spirit, invocation of, 60, 64, 292, —319.

Longing for God, 40, 126—128, 540, 546, 612, 613, 622, 626.

Lord's prayer, 10—14.

Marriage, 873—129, 145, 172.

Morning and Evening hymns, 78, 547, 567, 671, 688, 811, 957—964, 1013.

New Year, 983, 985—991.

Omnipresence and Omniscience of God, 108, 109, 976.

Our Country, 835, 992.

Providence of God, 85, 96, 111—117, 142—161, 616—620.

Resurrection, 433—436.

Sabbath day, 71—79.

Seasons, 156—161.

Submission to God, 702, 713, 714, 716, World, prayer for, 60, 935—937.

Fatherless, Hymns for, 6, 129—131, 145—149, 154, 617, 698.

Fear of God, 569, 671—675, 678, 679, 683, 684, 956.

Fear of man, 915.

Fellowship of saints, 375, 376, 851, 856, 857—859, 868, 869, 876—880, 883—885, 919, 924.

Fight the good fight of faith, 637, 641, 655.

Fire of the Holy Spirit, 45, 59, 60, 292, 314, 687, 691, 734, 744, 756—758, 791, 793, 820, 861, 875, 886.

Followers of Christ, 851, 877, 952.

Following Christ, 702, 711, 712, 754, 854.

Forbearance of God with sinners, 552, 564, 569, 579.

Forgiveness, 39, 90, 171, 371, 495, 498, 501, 584; implored, 52, 494, 495, 498,

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Forgiveness—

505, 509, 512—514, 515, 523, 524, 536, 543, 557, 565, 1004.

Forgiveness, praise for, 39, 90, 91, 396, 602.

Formal religion, 336—338, 836.

Fountain open, 255, 257, 358, 362.

Fruitfulness, spiritual, 731, 732, 803.

Fruits of the Spirit, 321, 322, 731, 882.

Fulness in Christ, 217, 378.

Fulness of God desired, 647, 746, 755, 785.

Gifts, spiritual, 880.

Giving, 747, 821, 824, 825.

Glorifying God, 80—220, 592, 599, 600, 863, 881.

Glory of Christ, 184, 190, 198, 200, 271, 277, 525.

Glory of God, our end, 685—691, 808—811.

Glorying only in Christ, 213, 258, 801.

GOD—

All-sustaining, 11, 85, 112, 115.

Attributes of, 98—125.

Compassion of, 112—114, 116, 119, 120, 162.

Condescension of, 36, 82, 163, 166.

Creator, 15—17, 132—142.

Eternity of, 101—103.

Fatherhood of, 6, 10, 11, 130, 587.

Faithfulness of, 115, 120, 121, 347, 534, 548, 650, 731, 743.

Goodness of, 20, 22, 34, 85, 93, 110—120, 138, 140.

Guide, 37, 145, 149, 155, 590, 596, 604.

Holy, 122—125, 179, 628.

I AM, 10, 84, 87, 106, 702, 738, 743.

Keeper, 620.

King, 84, 94—97.

Light, 167.

Love, 137, 397, 532, 533, 1008.

Love of, 20, 137, 162—172, 386—403, 540.

Majesty of, 5, 80—84, 98, 163, 177.

Mercy of, 114—119, 564, 585.

Omnipotent, 15—18, 21, 82, 84, 86, 93—96, 98—101, 105—107, 133—135, 530, 637.

Omnipresent and Omniscient, 108, 109, 131, 239, 506, 867, 964, 976.

Our Portion, 126—130, 594, 653, 720, 787.

Our Refuge, 129, 131, 373, 701, 787.

Providence. *See Providence.*

Shepherd, 146—148.

Truth of. *See Faithfulness of.*

Unsearchable, 98, 100, 101, 153, 518.

Wisdom of, 99, 111, 133, 135, 716.

Godliness, 687, 685—691, 805, 807—811.

Grace before meat, 150, 339.

Gratitude, 39, 86, 90, 91, 111, 116, 140—144, 151, 154, 160, 161, 168, 170, 172, 175, 195, 267, 587, 592, 593, 606, 607—609, 810, 909.

Growing in grace, 868, 880, 882—884.

Happiness of believers, 215, 217—220, 369—381, 384, 592, 593, 601, 605, 613, 787.

Harvest, 93, 157—159.

Healing, spiritual, 500, 522, 531, 558, 739, 756, 776—779.

Heaven, described, 88, 89, 419, 423, 426, 428—431, 458; desired, 201, 462—465, 473, 477—480, 843—846, 951, 1011, 1015; sabbath of, 79; worship of heaven, 4, 5, 8, 89, 475—477, 846.

Heavenly-mindedness, 459, 470, 478, 659, 686, 689, 722, 798, 799, 802, 813.

Hell, 482, 483; dreaded, 578.

High Priest, Hiding Place. *See Christ.*

Hindrances to salvation, 544.

Holiness, 377, 724, 746, 752, 758, 763, 767, 773, 774, 807, 884, 889.

Holiness, atonement plea for, 33; prayer for, 392, 393, 737.

HOLY SPIRIT.—

Convincing of sin, 59, 297, 301, 342.

Convincing of righteousness, 55, 301, 302—304.

Convincing of judgment, 934.

Departure of, 552.

Free for all, 57, 345, 352.

Fruits of, 321, 322, 882.

Prayer for, 55, 59, 60, 64, 65, 557, 656, 659, 747, 750, 757.

Sanctifying power of, 734.

Witness of Adoption, 55, 302—304, 385, 591, 598, 757, 759.

Hone, 534, 536, 569, 729, 745, 780, 784, 786, 857.

Hope of glory, 185, 262, 470, 472, 473, 860, 862, 951, 952, 965.

House of God, 25—27; 29—32, 34, 35, 42, 44, 76, 78, 927—932.

Humility, 5, 122, 321, 580, 581, 602, 665, 728, 763.

Hungering after righteousness, 374, 392, 528, 669.

I AM, 10, 84, 87, 106, 194, 702, 738, 743.

Ignorance, 334, 340, 519, 520.

Image of God, desired, 377, 497, 566, 726, 730, 736, 751, 754, 876.

Impenitence, 54, 453, 492.

Importunity, 556, 657, 662.

Impotency, moral, 335, 656, 814.

Indwelling sin, freedom from, 650, 742, 750, 751, 764, 765, 769—771, 779, 786.

Instruction, 307, 408, 413, 609, 741.

Intercession, 826—838.

Intercession of Christ, 33, 219, 221, 223, 278—282, 347, 486, 493, 517, 564, 598, 772, 987.

Invitation to sinners, 343—346, 351, 352, 357, 361, 362, 364, 365, 379, 395,—398.

Jews, prayer for, 830, 831, 943.

Journey, on a, 467, 613, 701, 860.

Joy. *See Happiness.*

Judgments, national, 994—1000.

Judgment, the final, 289, 290, 437—457.
Justification, 33, 498, 501, 517, 562, 585, 586, 588, 597, 598, 614, 615. See *Forgiveness*.

Kingdom of Christ, 283—288, 933—950.
Kingdom of grace, 10, 45, 235, 528, 617, 638, 735, 797, 802, 847, 857, 889, 919.

Knocking at the heart, 356.

Knowledge of Christ, 265, 518, 536.

Knowledge of God desired, 502, 508, 569, 514, 518, 520, 536, 547, 646, 647, 664.

Labour. See *Working*.

Law, shadow of good things, 260.

Law, condemns, 336, 517, 753.

Law, written on the heart, 724, 818.

Life of faith, 517, 523, 585, 586, 588, 590, 614, 633, 639, 677, 708, 817, 871.

Light, God is, 48, 167.

Light of the Gentiles, 234, 519, 644.

Light, spiritual, 334, 340, 506, 509, 518, 520, 525, 528.

Lord's Supper, 210, 266, 272, 282; a memorial of Christ's sufferings and death, 259, 391, 896—899; a means of grace, 900—902, 904—908; a pledge of Heaven, 475, 476, 847; as implying a sacrifice, 33, 260, 903, 905, 906; as implying self-consecration, 807, 808, 810, 909; after the sacrament, 81, 164, 272.

Love, 606, 621, 626; desired, 233, 511, 538—540, 645, 646, 648, 760, 761, 766, 875; perfect, 783, 784, 813.

Love, importance of, 822, 823—233, 538, 821, 872, 875, 880, 995.

Love of Christ to sinners, 119, 195, 233, 267, 269, 387—394, 397, 400, 533, 535, 540, 543, 756, 760, 802.

Love to Christ, 196, 201, 205, 210—220, 267, 540, 549, 593, 606, 612, 621, 625, 626, 756, 802.

Love to God, 86, 91, 103, 111, 119, 126, 130, 175, 179, 691, 727, 823.

Love to the Church, 848—850, 919, 932.

Lovefeast, 881—886.

Luke-warmness, 836.

Mahometans, prayer for, 828.

Malefactor's prayer, 526, 527.

Mariner's hymns, 1001—1003=106, 107, 129, 131, 132, 138, 152, 373, 619, 620, 721, 722.

Marriage Hymn, 873, 953, 955,=129, 144, 145, 172.

Master, duty of, 969, 970.

Means of grace, 336, 337, 856; improved, 887.

Meditation on the Scriptures, 332; on God, 126, 128, 622; on Heaven, 478, 842, 843.

Meekness desired, 634, 665.

Members of Christ's body, 802, 880.

Mercy implored, 515, 525, 543, 556, 564.

Mercy-seat, 24, 449.

Mind of Christ desired, 545, 644, 736, 738, 746, 770, 882.

Miracles performed by Christ, 244, 340, 341, 398, 530, 531.

Morning Hymns, 77, 78, 547, 567, 671, 688, 805, 807—811, 957, 958.

Music, abuse of, deprecated, 600.

Mystery of Providence, 153; of redemption, 597; of the Trinity, 176—179.

Name of Jesus, 151, 211—220, 420, 502, 505, 518, 532, 533, 602, 633; praying in, 33, 509, 656.

Nation, prayer for, 61, 835—837, 992, 994, —999.

New Birth. See *Regeneration*.

Obedience of believers, 328, 638, 688, 689, 691, 740, 821, 887.

Offices of Christ, 193, 194, 217, 219—221—234, 589, 598, 605, 609, 611.

Omnipotence, 15—18, 21, 82, 84, 86, 93—96, 98—101, 105—107, 133—135, 156, 530, 531, 637.

Omnipresence and Omniscience, 108, 109, 131, 289, 506, 867, 964, 976.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

A selection of Hymns adapted to the opening of Worship; specially Sabbath morning Worship, viz:—

Adoration of Christ as God, 6, 7, 9, 184—220, 228, 229, 283—289.

Adoration of God, 2—5, 34, 40, 80, 82—105, 111—117, 119—125, 130, 132, 144, 154, 160—164, 165—172.

Adoration of the Trinity, 173—179, 628.

Advent of Christ, 233, 235, 239—243.

Calls to worship, 15—24, 263.

Delight in worship, 25—32.

Invocations, 41—63, 69, 145, 227, 230, 234, 292—301, 540.

Lord's Prayer, 10—14.

Pilgrimage to Heaven, see 458 to 479, 869.

Preciousness of Christ, 210—220, 535.

Resurrection of Christ, 271, 274, 277.

Sabbath Worship, 71—79.

Thirsting after God, 40, 50, 126—128, 514, 622.

For Sabbath evening Worship, see also many of the *EXTRAORDINARY HYMNS* of the Second Division, *THE GOSPEL CALL*, and *TIME AND ETERNITY*. Many other Hymns are equally suitable for the opening of Worship.

Pardon, 114, 171, 353, 361, 362, 364, 365, 602. See *Forgiveness* and *Justification*.

Parents, duty of, 971, 972.

Parting Hymns, 67—70, 921—923, 951, 952.

Patience, 697—723.

Peace, National, 827, 993.

Peace with God desired, 512, 515, 561, 566.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- Penitents*, praying. See for Mourners convinced of sin, 495—561; prayer for, 834.
- Perfect love*, 733, 737, 744, 756, 760, 761, 766, 771, 772.
- Perfection*. See *Entire Sanctification*.
- Persecution*, 197, 374, 604, 669, 676, 806, 819, 853, 915.
- Persistence*, 461, 467, 682, 815, 853.
- Pilgrimage*, 459, 467, 470, 471, 722, 768, 840, 843, 860.
- Pleasantness of Religion*, 369—385, 592, 847. See *Believers Rejoicing*.
- Praise*, 2, 4, 9, 34—40, 80—220, 263—269; for spiritual blessings, 587, 589, 591, 592, 593, 596, 599, 602, 615, 627, 628, 852.
- Prayer*, 632, 656—668; prevalence of, 532, 533, 536, 661, 667; private, 632, 657, 741, 1004, 1005.
- Preacher*, concerned to save sinners, 693, 819, 914, 915, 1009; infirm and aged, 739.
- Preachers*, faithfulness of, 396, 682, 819, 820, 913, 915, 991; prayer for, 632, 910—913, 916, 917.
- Preachers*, hymns for, 634, 646, 647, 660, 691—696, 738, 806, 809, 810, 819, 820, 848, 910—923, 947—949, 968, 991, 1009.
- Pride*, 566, 655, 673, 678, 734—736, 832.
- Primitive Christianity*, 375, 376.
- Prisoners of hope*, 512, 519, 536, 542, 762, 769.
- Prodigal*, 367, 563, 587.
- Profession of Christ*, or profession of religion, 442, 603, 604, 642, 653, 756, 787, 805—813, 816, 851—858.
- Promises of God*, 121, 499, 721, 726, 729, 739, 740, 743, 745, 762, 796.
- Prosperity of the Church*, 863—865.
- Providence*, 82, 85, 93, 94—96, 111, 112, 114, 115, 117, 140—161, 172, 616, 617, 639, 690; trust in, 703, 704, 1007, 1008, 1010.
- Publican*, prayer of, 489.
- Purity of heart*, 647, 648, 728, 734, 744, 773, 789, 793, 817, 874.
- Quickening*, Spirit and Word, 295, 341, 342, 743, 749, 798.
- Race*, Christian, 467, 470, 676, 677, 722, 821, 921, 985, 990.
- Ransom*, Christ our, 586, 700, 829, 909.
- Reconciliation*, 43, 353, 512, 780.
- Redemption*, 162—172, 187, 190, 195; found, 585, 586, 592, 598, 602, 614, 733.
- Redemption*, for all, 1, 61, 114, 119, 164, 168, 222, 231, 236, 254, 273, 343—368, 369, 386—403, 508, 519, 533, 534, 535, 586, 592, 602, 615, 748, 760, 818—820, 829, 916, 917, 934, 936, 937, 942.
- Refuge*, 18, 86, 95, 129—131, 154, 155, 196, 197, 373, 535, 574, 610, 611, 636, 654, 698, 701, 787.
- Regeneration*, 51, 342, 497, 549, 550, 566, 666, 724, 734.
- Reliance on Christ*, 33, 37, 199, 215, 217, 219, 223, 232, 254, 256, 257, 259, 278, 282, 335, 337, 521—523, 554, 614, 708, 817, 871.
- Religion*, described, 351, 372, 375, 377, 380, 381, 383—385, 747.
- Renouncing all for Christ*, 604, 648, 649, 653, 727, 793.
- Repentance*, 351, 485—578; the gift of God, 485—494; of believers, 47, 233, 573, 579—584, 652.
- Resignation*, 604, 639, 702, 710, 713, —716, 740, 763, 812, 816.
- Rest in Christ*, 355, 379, 395, 770, 783.
- Resurrection of Christ*, 71, 74, 270—275, 799; of the body, 433—436.
- Retirement*, 632, 741, 1004, 1005.
- Reverence*, 3—5, 672, 736, 741, 752, 804.
- Revival*, prayer for, 58, 60, 61, 63, 208, 293, 294—297, 311, 314, 316—319, 803—865, 868; thanksgiving for, 403, 539, 944, 945.
- Righteousness of faith*, 588.
- Risen with Christ*, 271, 798, 799.
- Rock*, Christ a, 122, 257, 346, 453, 454, 635, 646, 961, 966.
- Sacrifice*, Christ a, 6, 33, 164, 166, 168, 184, 187, 198, 200, 221, 251, 260, 272, 343, 388, 393, 394, 511, 598, 615, 700.
- Salutation on entering a house*, 954.
- Salvation*, 162—171, 382, 609, 944; free for all, 346, 382, 553; offered, 343—368, 395—398; praise for, 1, 86, 166, 172, 173; prayer for, 495, 538, 539, 543, 662, 728, 750, 770, 789, 793, 796.
- Samaritan*, 500.
- Sanctification*. See *Entire Sanctification*.
- Saviour*, Christ the only, 219, 517, 519, 521, 549, 814.
- Scriptures*, excellency of, 324, 326, 327, 330, 331; inspiration of, 64, 323, 329; divinely applied, 62, 64—66, 323, 329; improved, 332, 590.
- Sea*, under God's control, 106, 594, 651, 1001—1003.
- Seal of the Spirit*, 302, 303, 759, 775, 873, 874, 888.
- Seasons*, Spring, &c., 156—159.
- Seeking God*, 508, 514, 515, 520, 528, 532, 534, 543, 554.
- Self-denial*, 604, 648, 649, 653, 702.
- Self-righteousness*, 338; renounced, 504, 516, 517, 521, 614, 664, 670.
- Seriousness desired*, 412—415, 438, 441.
- Serving God*, 683—688, 691—696, 805, 807—810, 931.
- Shepherd and sheep*, 52, 146—148, 229, 230, 370, 493, 832, 865.
- Shield of faith*, 631, 633.
- Sick*. See *Afflicted*.
- Singing*, duty of, 2, 6—8, 21, 144, 172, 263, 470, 477, 965, 984; with the Spirit, 600; songs in the night, 964.
- Sinners*, chief of, seeking salvation, 504, 505, 523, 550, 552, 564, 568.
- Sleeper awakened*, 54.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

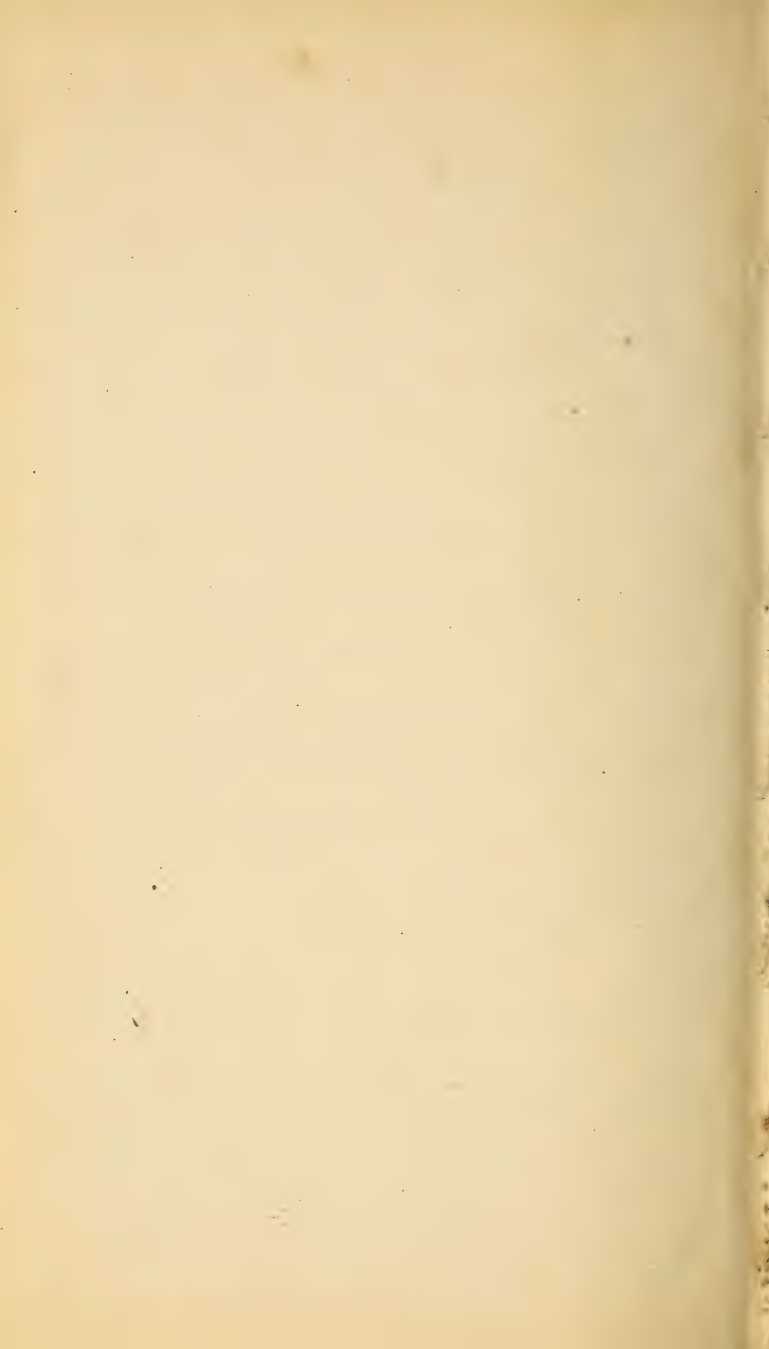
Sobriety, 663, 798, 799.
Socialism, 189, 828.
Sovereign, prayer for, 835, 838.
Sowing and Reaping, 409, 510, 861.
Spirit. See HOLY SPIRIT.
Spiritual mindedness, 459, 665, 956.
Stewards, faithful, 812; unfaithful, 994.
Submission. See *Resignation*.
Sunday-Schools, hymns for, 973—982.
 See also Index of Occasions, and JUVENILE HYMN BOOK.
Sympathy, 669, 747, 821, 825, 826, 880, 882, 885; of Christ, 279, 280, 548.
Te Deum Laudamus, 80, 184, 185; other versions, 83, 192.
Temperance, 339, 683.
Temptation, prayers in, 535, 645, 650—654, 674.
Thanksgiving. See *Adoration and Thanksgiving*. 80—220, 587, 589, 591, 593, 596, 597, 599, 602, 748, 749.
Thirsting for God, 40, 50, 126, 128, 345, 446, 552, 374, 481, 528, 622.
To-morrow, 405.
Trafficker's Hymn, 152.
Trinity, praise to, 2, 8, 19, 173—183, 628; prayer to, 43, 69.
Trouble, Hymns for times of, 18, 61, 611, 996, 1000.
Trust in God, 37, 82, 86, 92, 95, 129, 131, 154, 155.
Trust in Providence, 639, 703, 704, 714—719, 1007, 1008, 1010.
Trusting in Christ. See *Reliance*.
Turning to God, 350, 364, 367, 368, 379, 384, 568, 582, 587.
Unbelief, 508, 511, 542, 717.
Unchangeableness of God, 89, 98, 106, 115, 208, 383, 708.
Unfaithfulness, 573, 576, 579—581, 748, 994.
Union with Christ, 567, 734, 767, 785, 868, 877, 879, 880.
Unity in the Church, 858, 859, 866, 868, 869, 870, 872, 875—877, 879, 880, 919, 922, 955.
Usefulness desired, 376, 693, 803.
Waiting upon God, 120, 534, 575, 577, 739, 771, 888.
Walking in Christ, 566, 677, 688, 886; in the light, 593, 644, 780, 847, 884; with God, 573, 956.
War, evil of, 827, 993; prayers in time of, 996, 998, 1000.
Watch-night hymns, 2, 438, 456, 670, 675, 676, 680, 681, 984, 985.

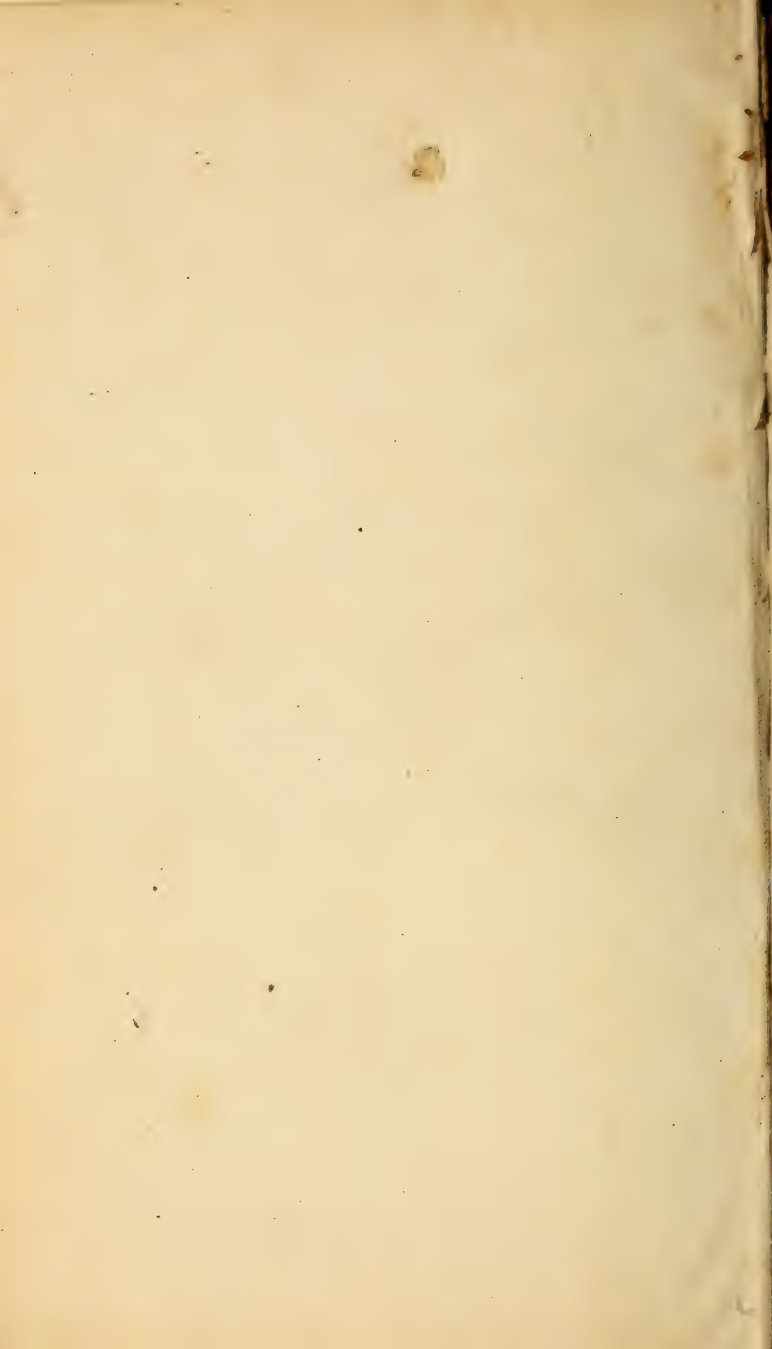
Watchfulness, 437, 438, 456, 666, 670, 672—679.
Way, Christ the, 207, 226, 567, 677, 733, 740.
Wedding hymn, 873—129, 144, 145, 172.
Whit-sunday, 55, 57, 59, 60, 292—320, 345.
Widows, Hymns for, 6, 129—131, 145—149, 154, 610, 611, 698, 703—705, 710, 713, 714, 716—721.
Will, depraved, 339, 516, 521, 522, 538, 549.
Will, freedom of, 348—350, 404, 406, 410, 553.
Will of God, done as in heaven, 638, 740, 749, 797, 886.
Wisdom's excellency, 369, 683, 684.
Witness of the Spirit, 55, 302—304, 352, 384, 385, 591, 598, 757, 759.
Witnesses for Christ, 782, 817, 881, 915, 919.
Word of God, 64—66, 323—332, 590.
Working for God, 682, 685—689, 691—696, 803, 805, 807—810, 911—916, 923, 949, 968, 991.
Works do not merit salvation, 337, 504, 517, 539, 614.
World renounced, 258, 265, 266, 604, 648, 649, 653, 702, 799.
Worldly-mindedness, prayer against, 339, 659.
Worship, blessings received in, 25—31, 120, 856—859, 862; duty of, 2—9, 11, 15—24, 36, 37, 39, 80—83, 141, 198—200; Lord's prayer, model of, 10—14; reverence in, 3—5.
Wrestling with God, 532, 533, 543, 546, 660, 888.
Year, Old and New. See Index of Occasions.
Yoke of Christ easy, 688, 821.
Yoke-fellows in the Gospel, 919.
Young, the, hymns for, 973—979—19, 48, 78, 104, 105, 108—110, 113, 114, 127, 145, 149, 170, 174, 183, 190, 203, 240, 247, 249, 255, 257, 284, 293, 302, 359, 365, 366, 368, 369, 404, —410, 413, 414, 416, 417, 439, 460, 463, 478, 484. See also JUVENILE HYMN BOOK.
Young converts prayed for, 832.
Zeal desired, 682, 691, 692, 695; for God, 760, 875, 920; for men's salvation, 396, 399, 634, 693, 695, 819, 820, 914, 915, 991, 1009.
Zion's glory, 37, 462, 469, 475, 478, 479, 849, 850, 860, 993.

REFERENCE TABLE,

POINTING OUT THE WORKS IN WHICH THE HYMNS BY J. & C. WESLEY,
INCLUDED IN THIS COLLECTION, ORIGINALLY APPEARED.

DATE.	TITLE.
1738.	A Collection of Psalms and Hymns.
1739.	Hymns and Sacred Poems, by J. & C. Wesley.
1740.	Do. do. do. do.
1741.	A Collection of Psalms and Hymns, by J. Wesley.
1741.	A short view of the difference between the Moravian Brethren now in England, and J. & C. Wesley.
1741.	Hymns on God's Everlasting Love.
1742.	Hymns and Sacred Poems, by J. & C. Wesley.
1744.	A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems, by J. Wesley. Hymn 381.
1744.	Funeral Hymns (24 pages).
1744.	Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord.
1744.	Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution, by J. & C. Wesley.
1745.	Hymns for Times of Trouble, for the year 1745.
1745.	Hymns on the Lord's Supper, by J. & C. Wesley.
1746.	Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father, by J. & C. Wesley.
1746.	Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection.
1746.	Hymns for Ascension Day.
1746.	Hymns on the Great Festivals, by C. F. Lampe.
1746.	Gloria Patri, or Hymns to the Trinity.
1747.	Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ.
1749.	Hymns and Sacred Poems, 2 vols., by C. Wesley.
1750.	Hymns for New Year's Day.
1750.	Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake.
1756.	Do. do. do. second edition. Hymns 453, 454.
1756.	Hymns for the Year 1756, particularly the Fast Day, February 6.
1758.	Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind.
1759.	Funeral Hymns (70 pages).
1759.	Hymns on the Expected Invasion.
1762.	Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures, 2 vols., by C. Wesley.
1763.	Hymns for Children (and others of riper years, by C. Wesley.)
1767.	Hymns for the Use of Families, and on Various Occasions, by C. Wesley.
1767.	Hymns on the Trinity.
1782.	Hymns for the Nation.
1789 to 1800.	Arminian Magazine.
1842.	Original Hymns. Edited by J. Leifchild, D.D.
1854.	Poetical Version of nearly the whole of the Psalms of David, by C. Wesley. Edited by H. Fish, M.A.







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